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“THERE GOES ‘OLD FAITHFUL’!”—Page 288.

FOUR BOYS IN THE YELLOWSTONE

HOW THEY WENT

AND

WHAT THEY DID

BY

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

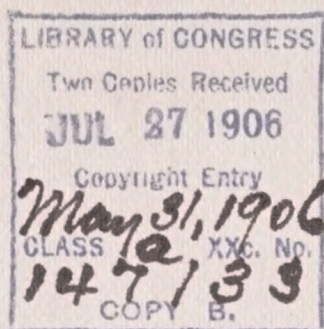
AUTHOR OF "THE BOY SOLDIERS OF 1812," "THE BOYS WITH
OLD HICKORY," "TECUMSEH'S YOUNG BRAVES," "CAMP-
ING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE," "THE HOUSE BOAT ON
THE ST. LAWRENCE," "THE RIDER OF THE BLACK
HORSE," "THE RED CHIEF," "WARD HILL
AT WESTON," "THE WINNER," ETC., ETC.

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BOSTON

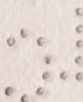
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FOUR BOYS IN THE YELLOWSTONE.



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PREFACE

SURELY for Young Americans, whatever may be the advantages of travel in Europe, — advantages which the writer in no way attempts to belittle, — there is special need of an appreciation of the vastness, the beauty, and grandeur of the land of their birth. If America's rocks and rills and vales and templed hills are to be loved, not only must their praises be sung, but they themselves must be seen and known.

In this account of the experiences of "Four Boys in the Yellowstone," the writer has endeavored not only to tell a story, but also to arouse an interest among his readers in some of their own marvellous possessions. Yellowstone Park, as all know, belongs to the nation. Above the beautiful arch at the entrance to the wonderful region is carved in stone — "FOR THE BENEFIT AND ENJOYMENT OF THE PEOPLE."

If pleasure shall be found in reading this story and an increased interest and pride in "their own, their native land" shall be created among its readers, the writer will feel that his purpose has been accomplished.

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

ELIZABETH, N.J.

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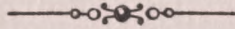
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FOUR BOYS IN THE YELLOWSTONE



CHAPTER I

THE CARDINALS

“JACK, that name looks good on the printed programme. I congratulate you. ‘John Adams Field, Jr.’ You don’t often hear a more high-sounding name than that.”

“I’m afraid the name isn’t the real measure of the man,” replied John Field to his friend, Larcum Brown, with a light laugh. The latter was holding in his hand the printed statement of the closing exercises of the school year at Wendell Academy, and both boys were members of the class which was about to be graduated.

“‘Valedictory — John Adams Field, Jr.’” continued Larcum, reading aloud. “That’s pretty good, I take it! You won’t be receiving epistles from home like those which have been coming to me of late from my parental domicile bidding

me to 'do better,' and 'work harder,' and 'make a name for myself,' and all that. When I was at home for the Easter vacation, my mother one night, when we were at the dinner table, suggested to me that I should emulate the worthy example of my father, and graduate at the head of my class as he did. You know, Jack, my father was a Wendell boy, too. He fitted for college here."

"Yes, I know," responded John. "What did you tell your mother?" As Larcum Brown was known as a student whose prowess on the athletic field was much greater than in the classroom, and he never studied, as he himself expressed it, unless he had to, the smile on John's face as he asked the question was in no way irritating to his friend.

"Why," drawled Larcum, "I told her she was the best little mother in all this land, and I'd do anything in my power for her — except that. There were imperative reasons why I was compelled to decline her invitation, though I did it with thanks and the most complete sense of the honor she had done me by the suggestion."

"What did your father say?" inquired John, lightly.

"What did he say? Why, he didn't say anything. He just laughed." Larcum's manner

was so serious that his friend was compelled to laugh too. "I don't see anything about that that's so terribly funny," continued Larcum. "I don't know why it is that whatever I say or whatever I do, I always seem to provide my friends with a great store of amusement."

"You can't help that, Larc," exclaimed John. "It's the way you're made."

"Am I any different from — from you or any of the Cardinals? Oh, yes, I'm no Pharisee, but still I'm thankful I'm not just like some people I know. Now there's Lee Harris," he added, as the young man in question entered the room in which the two friends already referred to were seated. "I'm glad I'm not like him, for example."

"You couldn't be, suh, if you did your prettiest," responded Lee, as he flung himself on the divan. "Jack," he added, "I congratulate you. It's an honor worthily bestowed. To be the valedic in a class of sixty is not —"

"Yes, Jack leads one end of the class, and you and I, Lee, are nip and tuck for the other end," broke in Larcum. "If you don't look out, Lee, I shall be graduated —"

"I congratulate you," interrupted Lee. "I don't

believe there is a fellow in Wendell Academy that ever would have believed it."

"Oh, the work's all in, the certificates are all signed, and my name's on the list. I saw it myself."

"Was mine there?" inquired Lee, quickly.

"'Twas too much work to look so far down the line, so I can't tell you. I didn't get as far as 'H.'"

"Then I shall have to do that myself," sighed Lee.

"Oh, you're all right, Lee; you know you are," said John, quickly.

"Yes, I know *I* am," responded Larcum; "I'm not so sure, though, about Lee."

"Well, whatever may be my shortcomings," said Lee, "you can't say the Cardinals haven't done themselves proud. Here's Jack is valedictorian of our class, and Scott Gordon is fourth man, and even if you and I, Larc, do bring up the rear guard, why, a rear guard is necessary. It's a place of honor. There was a gentleman named Clearchus who held that position in the march of the ten thousand —"

"Sure 'twas Clearchus, Lee? Wasn't it Cyrus?" inquired Larcum.

"If my memory serves me correctly, suh, his

name was Clearchus. I'll leave it to our friend Jack here to decide."

"Oh, never mind him," said John. "Where's Scott? I sent for him to come over to my room, as Larc had something he wanted to say to us, and this was about the last time the Cardinals could get together."

"He'll be here all right. You needn't worry about Scott, when I've got a proposition to make like the one I'm going to give the Cardinals," said Larcum.

"Are you going to give it right soon?" inquired Lee.

"Just as soon as the points of the compass are complete," said Larcum. "*You* might be willing to leave out the North, but we wouldn't."

"I'd not leave out Scott Gordon for all the North or East either," said Lee, warmly. "To my mind, he's —"

"To your *what?*" interrupted Larcum.

"To my mind, suh," retorted Lee. "I do not wonder that the word strikes you with surprise. Is it the first time you ever heard it?"

"Yes, it's the first time I ever heard it used in such a connection."

Lee joined in the laughter of John at his friend's thrust, and then said: "I say, fellows, I feel like I was leaving home to-day. I wish Scott would come. I want to see the old man before I go South. You know I have to leave right soon."

"No!" exclaimed Larcum. "You don't mean that! You are going to stay to Commencement, aren't you?"

"Oh, thank you," laughed Lee. "I fancied I was on the point of departure for the Southland, but since the leader of my class — he himself says leading is merely a matter of direction — tells me I am mistaken, why, I suppose I am. I suppose I am."

"But I've got something to say," protested Larcum.

"I'm mighty glad to hear it. It must be a decidedly novel experience to you," said Lee.

"You'll think it is when you hear it. Now be sober for a minute, fellows," pleaded Larcum. "Just think of us four. I don't wonder the whole school called us the Cardinals. Here's John Adams — he's the Eastern representative. I think you said your home was in Boston?" and Larcum bowed low to his friend as he spoke.

"You are correct," assented John.

"Put it in the paper. It'll be news to everybody that Larc Brown was for once in his life correct," suggested Lee.

"Never you mind that!" exclaimed Larcum. "You listen to me, and you'll learn something. To go on with the Cardinals — there's Jack from the East, and Lee here — well, he *tries* to represent the South. He does the best he can, so we mustn't be too hard with him. Then Scott is the Northern representative, and I'm from the West."

"Very much so!" remarked Lee.

"Yes, and I'm proud of it, too!" retorted Larcum, turning to face his friend.

"I'm not surprised. But permit me to inquire how the West feels about it. Does the West reciprocate the feeling?"

"I'm afraid you wouldn't understand."

"It looks like I wouldn't. That's so."

"Well, let me go on," pleaded Larcum. "Whenever I think of the Cardinals, I'm fired with enthusiasm —"

"You'd be fired with still greater enthusiasm if I had my way," interrupted Lee.

For a moment, as even Larcum was compelled to join in the laugh that greeted Lee's words,

it looked very much as if Larcum was about to roll his friend from the divan to the floor. As Lee was a dark-haired, black-eyed, slight fellow, and Larcum was a young giant, the best "tackle" Wendell Academy had had in many years, the contest would have been somewhat uneven, but all danger was gone when John said quickly:—

"Here! none of that! I've been working for days to get my room in shape for my visitors at Commencement, and you fellows aren't going to have any 'rough house' here now, let me tell you!"

"There wouldn't have been any rough house. I was only going to spank an impudent little boy," explained Larcum, soberly.

"He means he was about to try it," suggested Lee.

Once more there were signs of a friendly conflict, but peace was restored by John, who, being in the secret of the proposition Larcum was about to place before them, was eager for him to proceed.

"I was saying," began Larcum once more, "I was not surprised that the school has dubbed us the Cardinals, since we are supposed to represent the four cardinal points of the compass. For three years now we've been together and

every one in his place — except Lee, who has done his best, and we must not be too sharp with him. And now —”

“Now, here comes Scott the long-lost,” interrupted Lee, as the fourth member of the Cardinals entered John’s room. The newcomer paused upon the threshold and gazed inquiringly at his friends. He it was who represented the North in the quartette, and his vigorous air, his well-knit and well-dressed frame, his general appearance, presented a sharp contrast not only with the burly frame of Larcum and the slighter physique of Lee, but to the serious and shrewd expression that appeared on John’s face.

“Have a chair,” called Lee. “We were just discussing your name —”

“I was talking about the Cardinals,” broke in Larcum. “Your name, Scott, did come up half an hour ago, but that’s as near to being on time as Lee can be, I suppose.”

“What’s in a name, anyway?” inquired Scott, as he seated himself in one of the chairs, which he immediately tipped back against the wall.

“It depends,” said Larcum. “Now I fancy Lee here is just about as much like Robert E. Lee as Jack is like John Adams.”

“Fellows,” said John, more soberly, “do you know I’ve been thinking about that a good deal lately? The truth is, every fellow is bound to make a name for himself whether he wants to or not, and it doesn’t make a bit of difference what his given name is, either. The blackest man I ever saw was a darkey preacher named Adoniram Judson White. The shortest man in our class is Tom Long, and the dullest one is Joe Sharp. He wouldn’t know an idea if it hit him squarely in the face. But we’re all like the Indians — we give names to one another that fit the man. It’s been the way of the world forever. When Jacob changed his nature, his name was changed to fit it. So was Saul’s name changed, and Simon’s. Just think of ‘Stonewall’ Jackson, William the ‘Silent,’ ‘Fighting Joe’ Hooker. Why, we give names to almost every fellow in our class, and I tell you the names we give one another, though no one knows them but ourselves, are the names that really describe us —”

“Yes, look at my name,” interrupted Larcum, ruefully. “The fellows all call me Larc. Now I’m just like a lark — anybody can see that. I’m always up early and I soar and sing —”

A shout of laughter interrupted the huge

tackle's lament, but Larcum was not to be quieted. "I tell you it's a shame, fellows, for a chap to have to take a name like mine just because it happened to be his mother's maiden name. She ought to have had more consideration for my delicate feelings. I'm about as much like a 'lark' as Lee is like a general."

"Oh, you needn't worry," suggested Lee. "It wasn't that kind of a lark the fellows had in mind when they named you."

"I never thought of that," said Larcum, solemnly, whereat the delight of his friends became still more marked.

"How is it with the names of the faculty, Jack?" inquired Scott. "You know they don't all go exactly by the names and titles that appear in the catalogue."

"I think it's the same way there," replied John. "Every man of them might do well to think pretty seriously over the names the boys have given them. I've been reading 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and I've been interested in the names John Bunyan gave his heroes. There was Mr. Ready-to-Halt, Mr. Great-Heart, Mr. Slothful, and all the rest. It was the same way with him that it is with us and was with the wild Indians.

Every man gets the name he deserves, before he's done with it. Some get the name of being 'square,' and some 'straight,' and some 'crooked,' and some 'slippery.'"

"Right you are, Jack," responded Scott. "But what has all that to do with the proposition our Larc has got to make to us, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing. But I'll let him tell his story for himself," replied John, and the eyes of all the boys were at once turned to their friend.

CHAPTER II

A DISCUSSION

"I SAY, fellows," began Larcum, in his most drawling of tones, "which would you rather do, go abroad or have a trip in your own country?"

For a moment his friends stared at the representative of the West, and then Scott said, "Is *that* what you got all the cardinal points together for? Just to ask that fool question?"

"For my part I think I'd prefer a trip to the moon," suggested Lee. "I've always had a longing to see the 'crater.' I don't know, though, but I'd rather go to the planet Mars. The people there are said to be pretty queer, and I'd like to see some of their canals and things."

"You needn't laugh, fellows," retorted Larcum.

"Far be it from me even to smile," said Scott, in mock seriousness. "I'm alarmed, I am. I'm afraid our friend Larc has been living so high

and studying so hard of late that he's gone out of his head."

"That's my fear, too," suggested Lee. "I think we ought to hold him down and make a good search for the place through which he escaped. It wouldn't be very large, you know, and it might be a bit hard to find it; but if we could find it, we'd help him back into himself. Wouldn't we, fellows?"

"You might try it," retorted Larcum, grimly. "I tell you I may not know very much about history and physics, but there are times when a knowledge of the science of football stands a man in good stead." As he spoke, the young giant pushed back his huge shoulders and smiled grimly at his friends as if he was inviting them to attempt to test Lee's suggestion.

"'Science'!" exclaimed Lee. "'Science! Science in football!' I'd have you know there's about as much science in football as there is in a prize ox at a county fair."

"That's all you know about it!" exclaimed Larcum, as his friends joined in the laugh that arose at Lee's words. "I'll leave it to you, fellows, if there's a student in Wendell that yells louder or gets more excited at a football game than

Lee himself. Why, in the last game we had with the freshmen I couldn't hear a sound on the grid-iron, Lee here was squealing so up on the bleachers. Perhaps he called it a yell, but —"

"Never you mind, suh," interrupted Lee. "I was interested in the science of the game."

"'Science'? I thought you just said there wasn't any science in football," retorted Larcum, warmly.

"You are mistaken. There isn't a game in all this land that is its equal for science, unless it's bull-fighting."

"'Bull-fighting'? That's just brute force. I never saw a bull-fight in my life, but from what I've heard it's the most brutal thing going."

"Right you are! It is the most brutal — except football. But what I meant was, that they both gave a great show for science — I mean, of course, the science of the surgeon."

"Lee," laughed John, "I'm afraid you're a bit out of your head, too. That diet at Dr. Hale's doesn't seem to have agreed with you."

"It hasn't, it hasn't! And I can tell you, gentlemen, that I didn't seek it of my own accord, either. My father is a good man, but he didn't know what he was doing when he advised me to

board with Dr. Hale for the last two months. Oh, I know he did it out of the kindest of motives. He thought if I went to live with the doctor, I'd become a bit more interested in my Latin and Greek, since Dr. Hale was the teacher. But it didn't work. It wasn't like he thought, suh. I've had plenty of plain living and mighty little of the high thinking I've heard so much about."

"Didn't they feed you well?" inquired Scott, with a laugh.

"Well, that depends," replied Lee, shrugging his shoulders. "Perhaps the way they looked at it, it was all right, but it wasn't exactly like — like what I should expect in such a family."

"Oh, you wanted fried chicken and hoecake every meal, that's all," said John.

"That would have been better. When you come down to my home, I'll show you! But these fishballs and baked beans of the East —"

"Didn't they give you any steak, Lee?" laughed Larcum.

"Well, that depends. Yesterday morning they gave me a piece of what they *called* steak and I began to work upon it. If I'd been tackle on the football team, I might have made an impression on it, but though I was doing my best, I

didn't succeed very well in finding a vulnerable part. Finally Mrs. Hale seemed to be sorry for me, and she said, 'Mr. Harris, I'm afraid your meat isn't very good. I paid twenty-five cents a pound for that steak.'"

"What did you say then, Lee?" inquired John, who was aware of his friend's prejudice against what he termed "New England thrift."

"What did I say?" retorted Lee, his eyes twinkling as he spoke. "Why, I just said, 'Mrs. Hale, that's tough.'"

A shout of laughter greeted the young Southerner's words, and when a measure of quiet had been restored, Larcum said, "But you don't answer my question, fellows."

"Let me see. What was your question, Larc?" inquired Scott, soberly.

"Which would you rather do — take a trip abroad or one in your own country?"

"If you ask me," replied Scott, "I'd rather take one in my own country."

"You've been abroad, Scott. You're no judge," said John.

"Yes, I've been abroad," assented Scott, "but that may be just the reason why I am a judge."

"Didn't you like it?" inquired John.

"Yes, I liked it, but I'd rather see my own country first.

"I love thy rocks and rills;
Thy woods and templed hills.' "

Scott hummed the words of the song and then turned to Lee, and said, "Now if I was like you and didn't know any song but Dixie, I might feel differently about it, you see."

"Dixie is all right!" retorted Lee, shortly, a slight flush appearing in his cheeks.

"Oh, yes, it's all right. Everybody likes it. It's a mighty stirring little tune, but then think of 'America'! That's got a dignity and a swing to it."

"I'm not saying anything against 'America,'" insisted Lee, "but you'll have to own up it's only a plagiarism on 'God Save the King.'"

"Here, you fellows, quit that, I say!" said Larcum, fearful that the friendly discussion was becoming a trifle too warm. "Tell me, Scott, why you say you'd rather travel in your own country first."

"Just because it is my country," said Scott, eagerly. "I tell you this is the most wonderful land in all the world. I haven't a bit of patience

with the people that always want to see something else before they've even seen anything of their own. I tell you there are lots of men and women who go abroad and all they bring home with them is an aped English accent and two or three little French phrases. But just think of what we've got right here at home! Did you ever see such mountains? Where in the world are there such rivers and plains? Just see the wealth we're getting out of our mines and digging out of our great farms! No, sir! give me America every time. And I've never seen much of it, either," he added lugubriously.

"Hear! Hear!" shouted Lee, in mock enthusiasm.

"I think it all depends," suggested John, seriously. "I've never been abroad, and I've never seen much of my own country, either. If one wants to see what man has done, he ought to go abroad. If it's nature he wants, he can find plenty of it right here at home! I think Scott is right about that."

"The proper study of mankind is man," said Lee, musingly.

"That's not original. I've heard that before," retorted Larcum.

"I've always thought I'd like to see the pictures in the galleries of the Old World," suggested John. "They're 'way ahead of us on art."

"Yes, I suppose they are," assented Scott. "But, Jack, honestly, how many times have you been up to the Boston Museum? Do you go to the Metropolitan when you're in New York?"

"I *have* been to both places," replied John, with a smile.

"Yes, I suppose so. But usually it's your man from Kalamazoo or Oshkosh, who makes a trip once in his lifetime to the city, that does the museums. It isn't the man that lives right there and who can go any day he wants to. Only the trouble with him is that he doesn't want to."

"All the same, I should like to see those pictures," asserted John.

"Oh, they're great, I'm not denying that," acknowledged Scott. "But it's nature against art I'm talking about. And then, too, some of those old fellows made the most outlandish mistakes too."

"And waited all these years for you to correct them?" inquired Lee.

"I'm not trying to correct them," retorted Scott, ignoring the laugh that arose at Lee's

question, "but I know what I know, all the same. Why, I saw a painting of Tintoretto's entitled 'The Children of Israel gathering Manna,' and he had every Israelite armed with a gun. Now what do you think of that?" he demanded.

"I think it was a good trick," replied Lee. "They were troubled with hornets, weren't they? Well, they could shoot the little pests."

"With guns? More than three thousand years before gunpowder was invented?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that," said Lee, drolly, whereat every one laughed.

"And then Cigoli painted Simeon with spectacles," declared Scott.

"Why didn't he paint with brushes?" demanded Lee. "Weren't they invented then, either?"

"He had the spectacles on Simeon," explained Scott.

"Why not? He was an old man. He had a right to use spectacles, hadn't he?"

"A thousand years or so before they were invented?"

"Oh," murmured Lee, and his companions laughed again.

"Then I saw in Berlin a picture of the Virgin and the Child listening to a violin."

"No harm in that, so far as I can see," suggested the irrepressible Lee.

"And Dürer has a Roman soldier smoking a pipe in his painting of 'Peter denying Christ.' I wonder what Sir Walter Raleigh would have thought about that?"

"My! but you know a lot about art and things, don't you, Scott?" said Larcum, in mock surprise.

"No, I don't, but I wish I did," replied Scott. "There's a big difference between knowing the names of some artists and understanding or appreciating what they did."

"I'm afraid you looked for the flaws and forgot to see the good things, Scott," suggested John.

"No, I didn't either. My aunt was along with me and she knows a lot about such things. She pointed out to me a good many things I'm glad now I saw. But what I mean is that I'd rather any day see a mountain than just a picture of a mountain. I'd rather see a great river like the Mississippi than see a little piece of canvas with a painted picture of water on it. I don't care what the name of the artist is. See what I mean?"

"Yes, we see; but what's that got to do with Larc's question?" inquired Lee.

"Wait till I explain," said Larcum, quickly. "You know my father is a railroad man, don't you?"

"It's not his son's fault if we don't," assented Lee.

"Well, he has written me that if I'd like to, we can take his private car this summer and have a trip over the Northern Pacific Railroad out to the Yellowstone Park. Of course he wouldn't want me to take along any objectionable character and all that, and whoever went would have to behave himself, you understand."

"Larc, that's great!" exclaimed Scott, enthusiastically.

"Is *he* going?" inquired Lee, quickly rising and pointing at Scott as he spoke.

"He is," replied Larcum.

"Am *I* going?" demanded Lee.

"That's for you to say."

"For me to say? Well, I don't know what to say. It'll depend on the report of the secretary of the treasury —"

"Hold on! You won't have to consult him," laughed Larcum. "This is my treat, or rather my father's. We'll have a private car, you see, all to ourselves. We'll have everything sup-

plied, — two men on the car, all we want to eat, no tickets; just a good time, and no frills either.”

“It’s a great temptation, but I can’t tell the tempter to get behind me this time,” said Lee. “In spite of all you say a few shekels will be necessary, I fancy. When I was home at Christmas, my father laughed and said if I didn’t do better, he’d have to cut me off with a shilling. I’ll think I’ll telegraph him now to send that shilling along. I may need it before we get out of the Yellowstone.”

“All right. You won’t need much more, though, for it’s my treat, as I told you,” laughed Larcum. “But that isn’t all I want to say. I’ve got something else to propose, too.” And his eager friends crowded about him to hear what he was about to say.

CHAPTER III

PERPLEXING PROBLEMS

“THE suggestion I wish to make,” resumed Larcum, “is that we should all meet in Buffalo and take a trip up the Great Lakes. I can arrange for our passage, and it’ll be a great trip! We can take one of the steamers of the Anchor Line. Their boats are new and everything is first-class, and they stop at several places along the route, so that we can have a peep into some of our American cities, even if we can’t stop long enough to let all the towns honor us as we deserve. And then our car can meet us at Duluth. What do you say?”

Larcum’s eagerness was as contagious as it was impressive, and his friends stared at him for a moment as if they were too astounded to reply.

“How long will that trip take?” inquired John, who was the first to respond.

"Up the Lakes? Four days if we go by the Anchor Line. That will give us two hours in Cleveland, two in Detroit, two at Mackinac Island, two at the Saulte, two at Marquette, and four at Houghton. If we leave Buffalo Monday morning, we'll arrive at Duluth Friday morning."

"What's the matter with taking in Niagara Falls if we meet at Buffalo," inquired Scott. "I've never seen that."

"And yet you've seen a picture of the aged Simeon with spectacles on," murmured Lee.

"I'm not bragging about it," retorted Scott.

"I don't think you need to," replied Lee. "I say, fellows, this is a chance of a lifetime," he added enthusiastically. "I move a vote of thanks to Larc and his pater, and I'll take back all I said about the prize ox, too. Football is a great thing."

"Never mind that!" laughed Larcum. "Will you all go? That's what I want to know, so that I can telegraph my father."

"When does the magnate propose to start?" inquired Scott.

"Why, I thought as our graduating exercises are this week, and we'll all be having our college

entrance exams next week, we might go up to Buffalo by a week from Friday, and then we'd have a chance to see Niagara, and rest up over Sunday, and be ready to take the boat that leaves at nine o'clock on Monday morning."

"Just listen to that, fellows," exclaimed Lee. "And yet Larc declares he never can tell whether the ten thousand were marching into Persia or out of it. My, what a head he's got, when he once lets it go."

"The question is whether or not you'll go."

"You want our verdict now?" inquired Lee.

"Yes, I'm just hanging on it," retorted Larcum.

"You won't be the first to hang on the jury's words," said Lee, glibly.

Ignoring the laugh which followed, Larcum said quickly: "Of course I don't want to urge you, fellows, but if you really think you'd like to go, I'd be glad if you'd telegraph home and find out if it's all right, and then we'll be able to fix everything."

"Larc, we'll all telegraph this minute!" exclaimed Scott. "Come on, fellows!" he added to his companions; "let's put straight for the telegraph office and relieve Larc's anxiety."

All the boys instantly responded to the appeal,

and at once left the room in the dormitory and sought the local telegraph office. Their messages, after some thought and comparison, were all worded alike and duly despatched, and then, still excited over the proposal of their friend, the boys returned to John's room. There the excitement increased as they conversed, and the attractiveness of the proposed trip became more marked with every passing moment.

"I wish we had time to read up for the trip," suggested John, seriously.

"That would be fine, but we can do some reading afterward, anyway. We'll understand it better if we've seen it first," suggested Scott.

"Yes, but we'd understand what we shall see better if we'd done some reading first," responded John.

"You're both right," said Lee, "but this is not a time to worry about that. John here can do the reading for the crowd. He won't have to cram up for his exams, while poor Larc here will have to —"

"I'll pass higher than you do!" interrupted Larcum.

"I fear me you can't do it. Not that your standing would be so high even then as to let

you in; but self-confidence will be your ruination, Larc. I say," he added, "why don't you wear your sweater with the 'W' in it and state at the top of your examination paper that you weigh two hundred and five pounds?"

"Who told you of that?" demanded Larcum, sharply.

"Oh, 'twas a secret you told Tom Baker, and Tom told me, but he said I mustn't tell; so don't you tell, Larc, that I told you that he told me what you told him not to tell."

"I never told Tom Baker any such thing in all my life," said Larcum, seriously, — so seriously indeed that his friends broke forth into shouts of laughter. Aware then that Lee had been "guying" him, the young giant smiled foolishly, but his manner, nevertheless, caused John to glance meaningly at Scott.

That evening John and Scott received replies from their fathers, granting the desired permission to go with their friend, but the following day passed and still Lee had not received any word from his home. Larcum had wired his father as soon as his two friends had received the replies to their messages, and then all three waited patiently for Lee to have a similar permission

granted. Commencement Day came, and not even the interest and excitement of the occasion served to relieve Lee from the feeling of anxiety that possessed him, which was shared also by his friends.

When the final scenes had been enacted and the assembly dispersed and all the visitors had departed, still Lee had received no word from home, although he had twice telegraphed to his father. It had been arranged that he was to go home with Jack and spend the days that intervened before the taking of the college entrance examinations. At the station the Cardinals parted, for Larcum and Scott were to return to their own homes and each take his examination in the city in which he dwelt.

"Never mind, Lee, old man," said Larcum, sympathetically. "I'll see you in Buffalo. You'll get word and be on hand, I'm sure. Why, man, there wouldn't be any fun in the trip anyway if you weren't along."

"It won't be my fault if I'm not there, Larc," replied Lee, as he warmly grasped his friend's extended hand.

"Oh, you'll come," said Larcum. "You'll be there. We've got to have one model fellow

with us to give the right tone to the party, you know."

"You think I'm a model?" inquired Lee.

"Of your kind, yes," laughed Larcum.

"Do you know what a 'model' is?" demanded Lee.

"I've an idea."

"I question it. I looked it up in the dictionary the other day, and I know what the words mean. Oh, I'm not taking any credit to myself," he added hastily. "It was an accident, just a pure accident. But such as it was I'm rather glad I had it, for I know now what a 'model' is."

"What is it, Lee?"

"Why, the dictionary gave this definition: 'Model — a small pattern or miniature of something on a larger scale.' Now, suh, if you think I'm a model —"

"I'll take it back, Lee!" exclaimed Larcum. "You aren't a model — at least, not very much of one," he added as his friends laughed. "But, honestly, old man, I shall be more disappointed than you can think if anything does happen to prevent you from joining us. But there won't! It can't! I say, Lee, how would it do for all of us to telegraph your father?"

“It’s kind of you to suggest it, but it wouldn’t do any good.”

“Why not?” persisted Larcum. “Now, if it was my father —”

“But it isn’t. It happens to be mine,” suggested Lee, and the expression in his eyes caused Larcum to drop the subject instantly.

“Here comes our train, Scott,” he called, as the whistle of the locomotive was heard in the distance. “Good-by, fellows!” he added, as he turned again and shook the hands of John and Lee. “We’ll see you a week from Friday in Buffalo!”

The rumbling train drew to a standstill, and the two boys clambered on board, and taking a position on the rear platform of the crowded cars, waved to their friends as long as they remained within sight.

A half-hour afterward, when the train arrived which was to bear John and Lee to Boston, the two boys took their seats and departed from the place where for three years the Cardinals had been almost inseparable. Whether it was the thought of this final departure from the familiar and well-loved scenes or the failure to receive a reply to his telegrams that caused Lee, the usually irre-

pressible, to be silent, John was not able to determine. But they had arrived in Boston and gone to John's home in one of the suburbs before the light-hearted lad had regained a measure of his cheerfulness.

The subject of the proposed trip was seldom referred to in the days that immediately followed, as the dreaded examinations soon engrossed time and thought alike. There was no question as to John's ability to meet all the requirements, but Lee had been an indifferent student, sometimes doing brilliant work and then again failing with equal persistence and brilliancy, if "failure" can ever be termed brilliant. His quickness of mind and readiness of speech enabled him to grasp easily certain superficial points in a lesson, but he had never studied hard or gone much below the surface of his tasks. And the time of testing was something which he feared.

However, the tests must be met and a definite estimate of his knowledge had to be given, and there was no way of escape. Late into the night he studied now at the close of each day, and the task was even more difficult because of his knowledge that John was not studying at all. If Lee realized that his friend was relieved from all

anxiety in the testing time because he had done his work faithfully and every day in the preceding terms, and that his own difficulties were vastly increased because of his failure to do that very thing, he gave no expression to his thoughts, and worked early and late, striving desperately to make up for neglected opportunities and duties spurned.

At last the final examination had been held and the two friends were on their way together to John's home. John himself, quiet and confident, was inquiring of his companion what answers he had given to various questions in the paper, and Lee's confidence one moment that he had succeeded would be followed by a corresponding feeling of depression when John would explain what the correct answers should have been.

When they arrived at the house, Lee flung himself into an easy chair on the piazza and exclaimed: "I don't care! I'm not going to worry about it another minute! It's done, whatever it is, and can't be helped now. I say, John," he added in a manner that betrayed his anxiety, in spite of his high-sounding words, "how long will it be before we hear?"

"From the exams? About two weeks."

“That won’t be until after you’ve started,—yes, and are a good way on your trip.”

The reply on John’s lips was checked as the postman approached the house, and after he had handed him two letters he added: “I’ve another letter here. It is for Lu Harris. Is there a young lady here by that name?”

“It’s for Lee Harris,” exclaimed Lee, leaping to his feet, “and I’m the man.”

The carrier good-naturedly delivered the letter, and Lee at once reseated himself and began to read. John restrained his impulse to inquire if the letter was from Lee’s home, but as he glanced occasionally at his friend he could see from the expression upon his face that he was seriously perplexed or troubled.

Lee reread the letter and then for a time was silent, looking thoughtfully out over the lawn and apparently unaware of his friend’s presence. At last he looked up and said quietly, —

“Jack, I’m afraid I can’t go.”

“That’s too bad,” replied John, sympathetically. “Isn’t your father willing?”

“He doesn’t say so.”

“What does he say?”

For a moment Lee was silent. Then he said

slowly: "I don't know, Jack, that I ought to hesitate to tell you, but I don't believe he can afford it. You see my expenses haven't been light, and there's little Jack, — Stonewall Jackson Harris," he explained smilingly, "he's not to lose his part because his big brother takes it all."

"But it's Larc's treat. It won't cost you anything," urged John.

"Oh, yes, I know what a big heart Larc has. It's the heart of a prize ox. But how can I put myself under obligations to him?"

For a moment John stared at his friend and then laughed.

CHAPTER IV

TWO TRAVELLERS, AND A THIRD

“LET me ask you a question, Lee,” said John. “If you had plenty of money, you wouldn’t hesitate a minute to take up with Larc’s offer, would you?”

“No,” responded Lee. “But you see in that case —”

“No, I don’t see,” interrupted John, sharply. “I don’t see anything at all. Here’s Larc Brown, as you yourself say, one of the biggest-hearted fellows in the world —”

“A regular ox heart,” suggested Lee, cordially.

“That’s all right,” assented John. “Now just look at it! This trip isn’t going to cost him anything, — I mean any work or expense on his part. And you know what he thinks of you. Why, he just sticks to you like a bur. He’ll be all broken up if you don’t go. Just think,

Lee, what it will mean to him. Don't you think you are under obligations now to prevent him from losing heart and depriving all the rest of us of a good time? Think of it, Lee," persisted John. "It isn't as if you were seeking some favor of him, you know. He's seeking the favor of you."

"That may all be so. I'm willing to do anything that one gentleman can do for another."

"That's right. Now look at it! Next year or some other time you can pay it back. Perhaps next summer we'll all come South —"

"If you would," interrupted Lee, "I shouldn't hesitate a moment."

"Well, I'll come. You can rest easy about that," laughed John. "You see I'm not squeamish. I'm promising to come before I'm really invited —"

"My dear fellow," said Lee, quickly, "your invitation is a standing one. You know you are welcome." Lee's eyes were shining as he spoke. "If I only thought the other Cardinals would come too —"

"You needn't be worried about that. They'll come fast enough, and I'll be the one to arrange it. I'll promise you that."

"But how'll I know?" inquired Lee, already wavering in his purpose.

"I've given you my word, haven't I? After we've seen the Northwest we'll all be glad to get a look at the South. You can rest easy on that score. Of course we shan't have time now to get word to the fellows and back again, but it will be all right. I know it will."

"You really think so, do you?" inquired Lee, hesitating.

"I know it! You'll go on this trip, Lee?"

"On that condition."

"Good for you, Lee!" exclaimed John, with unwonted enthusiasm. "I knew you would do it when you saw it just as it was. We'll start for Buffalo to-morrow night. Or say, Lee, wouldn't it be better to go though in the daytime? We'll see something of the Empire State if we do that."

"I'm agreed."

"Then come on. I'll 'phone for seats, and then we'll have a game of tennis before dinner. I feel as if I needed something to stir my blood after those exams. I'm glad I'm done with them."

"I wish I was done with them, too," said Lee. But the enthusiasm of the moment was too keen

to permit even the outcome of his recent examinations long to cool his ardor, and while John telephoned his message to the station, Lee wrote a letter to his father in which he explained his decision to accept the invitation of Larcum.

Early on the following morning, in high spirits, the two boys took their seats in the car which was to run through to Buffalo. The brightness of the summer sunlight seemed like a reflection of the glow in their own souls, and as the train sped swiftly on through the rugged fields of Massachusetts, John in his eagerness was warmly praising the beauties of the rough country, the thrift and enterprise of Worcester, Springfield, and other towns and villages through which they were darting.

"It's all right," assented Lee, as he listened to his friend's enthusiastic words, "but you should see my country. We aren't shut in there. We haven't so many cities, but we have plantations that contain thousands of acres, and when the cottonfields are white and the negroes are at work, and the air is like a dream, why, you forget that there is ever such a thing as ice and snow. You people know how to work, Jack. You can make a dollar more easily than we can, but I

wouldn't give it up for all your dollars. You people don't know how to live like we-all. Why, the faces of the men, and of the women, too, around here look like they were worrying where that dime had gone and how they would ever make up for it. That's not what I call living."

"They want to get a dollar's worth for every hundred cents they spend," laughed John.

"That's all right. I don't object to their getting their dollar's worth. What I do object to is that they should lie awake nights and waste the hours when they ought to be asleep in scheming how they can get a hundred and five cents' worth for every dollar they spend. That's not worth it."

"Perhaps that's the way they get their fun."

"Well, suh, then all I can say is, that I don't like the way. Why, Jack, you pointed out houses to me in your town where people that owned the places lived upstairs and rented the lower part of their own house, and yet you said some of these people that did that were wealthy! For my part I can't understand that. In our country we think we must have room, — room and air, and plenty of both. What's life for, if it isn't to enjoy a little the very world we're in?"

"And yet you came up here to school and are going to college here," suggested John.

"Yes. So I am. But that doesn't mean that we haven't any schools and colleges. My father thought it would be better for me to see some other part of the world, too."

"And that's what we're going to do, Lee!" said John, warmly, glad to change the topic of conversation, which he long ago had discovered was likely to lead to a discussion as warm as it was profitless. His own manner was far less demonstrative than that of his friend, but each respected the prejudices of the other, and the friendship between them had become increasingly strong with every year that had passed since they had been classmates in Wendell Academy.

At Albany their car was to be switched to another train, and during the half-hour that intervened before the arrival of the other train the two boys walked up to the Capitol building and were shown through the various rooms. The imposing building made a deep impression on their minds, and as they walked back to the station, Lee said thoughtfully: "That certainly is a great building, Jack. It's a pity, though, it hasn't more ground. I don't believe the

Dutchmen who founded this town believed in wasting very much ground anywhere, judging from the narrow streets. I don't like it myself. Where I live we believe in plenty of room."

"So you said, Lee," replied John, somewhat annoyed by the superior air of his friend, who perhaps unconsciously was continually contrasting what he saw with the scenes with which he himself was more familiar. "Now look here, Lee, which do you think is better, to have less ground and take good care of it or have more ground and let it go to waste?"

"I'd have more ground and take good care of it, too."

"But they tell me you don't always do that where you live. I heard a man say the other day who had just come back from a trip in the South that in almost every town he'd see pigs and cows and horses and mules running loose in the streets. He said he saw poultry in the yard of the State mansion of one of your governors. Why, he said he'd seen cows pastured right in the front yards of some of the most beautiful houses on the handsomest street in—I guess I won't tell you the name of the city," John added, with a laugh.

"You are mistaken!" retorted Lee, hotly, his face flushing as he spoke.

"Oh, I didn't say *I'd* seen it. I said a man had just told me who had been down there."

"Then he was — mistaken! Who was the gentleman?"

"My father."

"Well, Jack, I can't say there isn't any truth in what you say. I wish I could. But the truth is the South is so busy raising gentlemen it hasn't much time to waste on such things as you mention."

"You think, then, do you, that 'such things' are a part of the training?"

"I didn't say so. I didn't say so at all!" retorted Lee, angrily.

"Now look here, Lee," began John again, "you've been in Boston, and I took you for an automobile ride out through the Newtons and the Fells, and Brookline, and Cambridge, and a good many other places, too. Now, honestly, Lee, did you ever see anything like it?"

"It certainly was very beautiful," acknowledged Lee.

"That's good of you to say so. Now, Lee, you like your own home, and I don't blame you

for that. I wouldn't think much of you if you didn't. But I like my home, too, and so does Scott like New York, and Larc likes his, or pretends to, anyway. Now they've all got their good points, and what's the use in forever bringing what we happen to believe is best to down the other fellow with?"

"I'm not doing that," said Lee, warmly. "Now if you had seen the South before the war —"

"But I didn't," interrupted John, quickly. "I have to take things as they are. We aren't looking back all the while. Up here we look ahead once in a while. That's what we've got to meet. I should think you could do it, too. What's the use in always looking behind you? The war is over, and now it's time to stop looking back, and begin to look ahead."

"You don't know what you're talking about!" retorted Lee, now thoroughly angry.

"Yes, I do, too! A Southern girl told me not long ago about something that happened in her Sunday-school class. She was a teacher in the primary department and had asked her little class one day what the difference between the Old and the New Testament was. Finally one little tot piped up that she knew, and when she was

given an opportunity to impart her information she declared that the 'Old Testament was written before the war and the New Testament was written after the war.' What do you think of that?"

"I think if you knew more about the war you wouldn't be surprised at anything. But our babies aren't born with goggles on like they are in Boston, anyway. We don't study the dictionary to find all the big words and try to show how much we know. Why, Jack, I heard of a parrot in Boston the other day that said, when a visitor asked her if 'Polly wanted a cracker,' 'I require no sustenance at your hands whatever.' And I can believe it, too! There was a minister from Boston at our home a year ago, and he said he could stand on the porch of his church and throw a stone and hit more 'isms' than you could find anywhere else in the world. He said you couldn't find a fad so rank or so foolish that if you brought it to Boston there wouldn't be a set that would take right up with it. Modern Athens! Boston culture! I tell you that they can brag all they want, but they can't beat the negroes at their own game, and I believe they're about as gullible as any people on earth."

“I say, Lee, let’s drop it. We’re getting too pronouncedly personal.”

“Yes, we’ll drop it for the present; but when you take it up again —”

“But I shan’t,” protested John.

It was nearly time for the train to depart, but the two friends, now thoroughly in accord once more, were still standing on the platform. Near them, and watching them so keenly that both boys were aware of the scrutiny, was a man apparently in middle life, whose appearance, in spite of his neat dress, had somehow caused John to glance at him suspiciously. The bland smile upon the stranger’s face did not change, and somehow seemed a reflection of the shifty expression in his eyes.

John, who by nature was more reserved than his friend, was annoyed when the stranger smilingly approached, and speaking in a voice that seemed to indicate that he was deaf, said: —

“I beg pardon, but didn’t I see you get on the train at Boston?”

“Yes, sir,” replied John, quietly. “We got on there.”

“How?” inquired the stranger, placing his hand behind his ear. “Speak a little louder. I’m slightly deaf.”

"Yes, sir," shouted John.

"Ah. Thank you. Thank you. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say —" began John, suspicious now as well as annoyed.

"How?" shouted the stranger.

"I didn't say," repeated John, in louder tones.

"I didn't quite catch it."

"I didn't say, but my name is Field," roared John.

"Field? Any relation to John?"

"Yes, sir. He's my father."

"I knew him some years ago."

"So did I," shouted John, as he quickly turned and stepped on board the train, which was now beginning to move.

CHAPTER V

LEFT

LEE was still laughing over John's reply to the insistent stranger after they had taken their seats, but their chagrin was marked when the man entered the car and took the chair next to John's. The man glanced smilingly at the boys, and then taking a book from his satchel at once settled back into his seat and busied himself in the perusal of the story.

Meanwhile the heavy train was being assisted in the ascent of the steep grade, and both boys were silent as they gazed with interest out of the car windows.

"It's a shame, isn't it, Jack," said Lee, "that this country should be disfigured the way it is by those signboards? Who wants to think of tooth-powder or the cheapest place in the world in which to buy shoes, when he's seeing

for the first time in his life the great Empire State?"

"People sometimes need what they don't want."

"That may be so; but you don't mean to tell me that you approve of all this?"

"I'm afraid it won't make any difference whether I approve or not."

"There's Schenectady," suggested Lee, hastily, as the swiftly moving train swept past the great electric works and darted through the town.

"What's this place celebrated for, anyway?"

"Oh, it's another settlement of the Dutch. You know you like their careful ways and frugal manners," laughed John. "There's a college here too. My grandfather—my mother's father—graduated at Union. They had a great president here in those days—good old Eliphalet Nott. He got some money for the college one time by a lottery —"

"What?" interrupted Lee.

"Yes, sir," responded John, with a laugh. "That's what my grandfather told me. He said the State established a lottery for the benefit of the colleges in New York, and Dr. Nott bought out the other colleges and got the whole thing for Union."

“Dr. Nott ought not to have done that. Surely Nott would not.”

“It was Nott that did it, whether or not Nott ought to have done it or not.”

“Ah, well, let us not be too hard on Nott.”

“I didn’t think you would be guilty of such things,” said John, reprovngly.

“Well, if Nott did not do what he ought not, then it’s not wrong for me to do what Nott —”

“Quit!” exclaimed John. “You’ll drive me to desperation! Men have committed suicide for less than that.” As he glanced at the man in the seat near him, he perceived a smile of amusement on his face, but the stranger was deaf, he assured himself, and therefore could not have heard what the two boys were saying.

“We’re getting into the Mohawk Valley now,” continued John. “I don’t suppose there’s a more beautiful or fertile region in the country than this —”

“Except the Shenandoah Valley,” interrupted Lee.

John smiled in a manner that was somewhat irritating to his friend, but Lee was too deeply interested in the view from the window to continue his defence of a region that frequently

caused his friends to joke with him, for his praises of the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah were so frequent that their justice was sometimes ignored by his bantering comrades.

The sight which now greeted his eyes was certainly one of marvellous beauty. The waters of the swiftly flowing Mohawk River sparkled in the clear light of the summer day. Fields carefully cultivated and rich with promise of abounding harvests, cattle sleek, contented, and of a high breed, farm buildings and dwellings that showed plainly the prosperity of their owners, could be seen on either side of the railroad, and the framework of the beautiful picture was provided by the hills that were beyond all the low-lying meadows. The train darted past little hamlets and sped through larger villages and towns, and everywhere there were the same evidences to be seen of rich fields and richer owners.

"Isn't this great, Jack?" demanded Lee, with enthusiasm.

"It certainly is. Comes almost up to the valley of the Shenandoah, doesn't it, Lee?"

"You wait, that's all I will say! Next summer you may see more, and I'll leave you till then."

"Ah, don't leave me!" pleaded John.

"I don't mean that I shall *leave* you; but I'll just leave you to draw your conclusions after you have seen a little more."

"That's good of you. Honestly, Lee, I didn't mean to bring that up again."

"You are very excusable. I know your Yankee traits, and when you once get hold of an idea, or what you fancy is an idea, you can't let go of it."

"We ought to have arranged for Scott to come on this train," suggested John.

"That's so. Pity we didn't think of it. It's such a pretty day, too."

"What kind of a day?"

"A pretty day. It sure is." And Lee again glanced out of the window as if to convince himself of the truthfulness of his assertion. "It's a pretty day—it's a right pretty day," he added emphatically.

"Why do you call it a 'pretty' day, Lee?"

"Because that is what it is."

"'Pretty?' 'Pretty?' I'd call a little child 'pretty'; I'd speak of a ribbon as being 'pretty'; but I'd never call a day that. It isn't dignified."

"What would you call it?"

"I'd say it was beautiful. I guess that would be a better term."

"Why can't I break you of that habit of saying 'I guess'? You mean you fancy, don't you? You aren't guessing at it. That dialect of yours requires correctin'."

"I own up, Lee," laughed John. "We're coming into Utica now," he added as he peered out of the window again.

"Yes, this is Utica," remarked the man near them. "Do you get off here?"

Lee laughed, but John almost stared at the man as he said quietly:—

"Thank you. No, we do not expect to get off here."

"Neither do I," responded the man as he resumed his reading.

"That's strange," said John, in a low voice to his friend. "That man was, or pretended to be, deaf back in Albany. How did he hear us?"

"Oh, you were speaking in a louder tone than you thought. That peculiar New England vibratory tone can go through a stone wall, Jack. Now in the South you'll hear the softest voices —"

"I'll take your word for it. Let's get out for a

minute," John added as the rumbling train came to a standstill.

The two boys at once departed from the train, and learning that several minutes would elapse before its departure, they went out upon the streets of the city and in the brief time afforded them explored the town. The wide streets and stately buildings marked the inland city as one of unusual wealth and beauty, but there was no opportunity to inspect the residential portion, for they were compelled to hasten back to the station.

"You must show your tickets," demanded the door-keeper as they attempted to pass out to the platform.

"But we left them on the train," protested John, aghast.

"Here's mine," explained Lee, as he displayed the slip he had received from the conductor.

The door-man inspected it with a frown, and then said: "I'll let you pass. The other man'll have to show his ticket. Step aside. You're blocking the way."

"I'll stay with you, Jack, anyway. That's a shame! What does he mean by not letting us through? If we get off the train, why can't we get on again?" demanded Lee, angrily.

"Here! Come on, Lee!" called Jack, hastily. "We haven't a minute to spare! We'll make a run for the station master. No, you get aboard! I may be left over till the next train. You look after the things. I'll meet you in Buffalo."

John Adams Field, Jr., had already disappeared from sight, and after a momentary hesitation Lee at once turned, and passing through the doorway returned to his car, but instead of entering it he remained anxiously upon the platform, peering about for his friend in the midst of the throng.

"How much longer have we before the train pulls out, boy?" Lee demanded of the colored porter.

"I don't know, sah. 'Bout three minutes, I expect, sah."

In his excitement Lee ran toward the engine, still looking eagerly about him, but John was nowhere to be seen. Again he ran back to his own car, but his friend was not there.

"All abo-o-a-a-rd!" came the prolonged call, and there was a jangling of a bell which could not be seen. The porter reached for his step and tossed it on to the platform of the car, and stepping on board, prepared to close the gate. In an agony of suspense Lee was still peering out from

his own position there, and just as the wheels began to turn, he caught sight of Jack running swiftly toward the car.

"Here you, boy!" shouted Lee, excitedly, to the porter. "Keep the gate open! Let that man get on board!"

"Can't do it, boss," responded the porter.

"You —" began Lee, but he stopped abruptly when he perceived that John, too, had stopped where he then was, at least twenty yards from the car, and, waving his hand at his friend, whom he had discovered, he said something which Lee could not hear.

The train was already under headway and its speed was increasing. There was no prospect that John would be able to get on board, and it was manifest too that he had abandoned all attempts. As long as his friend could be seen, Lee remained standing on the platform, and then, with a feeling of mingled anger and amusement, he slowly passed into the car and resumed his seat.

"Did anything happen to your friend?" inquired the man whose seat was next to John's (or the one which had been John's), as he perceived the expression on Lee's face.

"Yes, suh," replied Lee, politely, but briefly.

"Get left?"

"Yes, suh."

"How did that happen?"

"Why, suh, that gateman wouldn't let him through without showing his ticket. And he left his ticket here, suh," he added as he picked the white slip from John's hatband, for his friend had discarded his hat for a light cap as soon as he had entered the car. "I think that is an outrage, suh."

"Oh, they'll refund the money to him."

"'Refund the money,' suh? It wasn't the money he wanted; it was the ride to Buffalo he'd paid for! Yes, suh, he'd paid for it, and it's enough to drive a man crazy to be cheated out of it by such red tape!"

"Oh, well, if your friend is crazy, there's an insane asylum right there in Utica. It's one of the best in the country. They'll look after him."

"I don't wonder, suh, that they have to have an asylum there," said Lee, angrily. "Is the railroad working to provide inmates for it?"

"The railroad brings the inmates."

"Yes, suh, and provides them, too!" retorted Lee, warmly.

The man laughed, and then pointing to the tall

shaft of a monument which could be seen on a knoll at some distance from the train, inquired, "Do you know what that is?"

"No, suh. I can't say that I do. It's the first time I have ever been here."

"That is the monument of the battle of Oriskany. Of course you recall what and when that was."

"I have heard of it, suh. But I can't say that I recall the details."

"It was fought August 6, 1777. General Herkimer was marching with a force of militia to the aid of Colonel Gansevoort, who was up here at Fort Stanwix or Fort Schuyler. That fort was in what is now the city of Rome, and we shall soon be there. Here at Oriskany, Joseph Brant had arranged an ambuscade, and when Herkimer's men began to move into that ravine yonder, the Indians and Tories that were with Brant let fly at them. It is said that it was the bloodiest battle in the entire Revolution. Men fought with guns, clubs, pistols, knives, fists. It must have been indescribable."

"Did you say Fort Stanwix was in Rome?" inquired Lee.

"Yes."

"I notice on the time-table and the map that there are a great many classical names for the cities and towns of Central New York. Here's Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Cicero, Sempronius, Cato, Camillus, Marcellus, Ovid, and a good many more. How did that happen? Do the people up here all talk Latin?"

"Scarcely," replied the man, smiling as he spoke. "No. I have heard that the civil engineers who laid out the county were Latin students and gave the names to the places they surveyed because of their own preference. It's peculiar, but then every part of our country has its own peculiarity; only when we happen to be familiar with it, it doesn't seem to be peculiar to us, that's all."

CHAPTER VI

THE MEETING AT BUFFALO

FOR a time Lee became silent as the swift train sped on through a level stretch of country with numerous villages in it that for a moment could be seen and then were left far in the rear. The man near him had resumed his reading, and after a smile at the recollection of John's error in believing the stranger to be so deaf that it was necessary to shout in his ear in order to make one's self heard, and a slight feeling of being puzzled by the man's manner, Lee soon endeavored to busy himself in the sights to be seen from the car windows. It was not long before the train approached Syracuse, and as it entered the city, he perceived that the tracks were laid directly through one of the long and narrow streets, with houses close to the train on either side. The sight was so novel that Lee was

instantly interested, and the friendly stranger smiled and said:—

“Syracuse.”

“Queer how the cars go through the street here.”

“That’s one of the peculiarities here, like those I was speaking of a little while ago. The people here don’t think of it now.”

“What’s this place celebrated for, suh?”

“Why, originally, it was for the salt. Now it’s a live town and has a great many interests. It’s a natural distributing point for all this region. Sometimes I think its greatest product is — politicians. But then that is a crop which nearly every New York State town produces. They have a college here, too.”

“Utica has an insane asylum, and Syracuse a college,” laughed Lee.

“Ah, yes, but Utica has two colleges close by her. There’s Hamilton at Clinton, and Colgate at Hamilton.”

“Next to politicians, then, it seems to me the best crop in these towns is colleges.”

“There certainly is no lack of them. Our next stop is Rochester, and there is one there, and at Buffalo there’s still another.”

On sped the train, and Lee was again silent, watching the panorama from the windows of the car. There was the same beautiful country, fertile and cultivated to an extent with which he was not familiar in his own home. It was all exceedingly interesting, however, and when the train had stopped in Rochester, and Lee had inquired of the genial man who was his neighbor for what this town was best known, he was informed that originally the city had been known as the Flour City, but within recent years that industry had been largely surpassed by the mills of Minneapolis. "The homes are beautiful here," continued the man. "There is wealth and culture in this town, and though the city is not quite so aggressive as some of the other New York State cities, the people here rather pride themselves on that very fact."

Once more the train sped onward, its last stop now having been made before its arrival at Buffalo. Still thrifty towns and thriving villages were passed, and the fruit-growing region of New York was seen in the dim light of the departing day.

It was dark when Lee arrived at Buffalo, but he had no difficulty in making his way to the

hotel where it had been agreed that the boys were to meet. When he had registered he looked carefully through the list of arrivals, and soon discovered that both Scott and Larcum were already there. Leaving directions with the porter concerning his baggage, Lee at once sought the elevator and was "lifted" to the seventh floor, where the room of his two friends was. In response to his knock on the door he was bidden to enter, and instantly was greeted rapturously by both boys.

"Where's Jack?" demanded Larcum. "I thought he was coming with you."

"He started all right enough, but he got off at Utica," laughed Lee, as he explained what had befallen his companion.

"That's a good one on our careful friend from Boston!" shouted Larcum, in delight. "He'll come crawling in along toward morning, and we'll have to sit up to welcome him."

"You can sit up if you want to, but I'm going to bed. Say, fellows, I had an interesting experience coming up, too," said Scott.

"How did you come?" inquired Lee.

"Oh, I came up on the Lackawanna. I'd been over the other road so many times I thought I'd

try something new. Well, there was a fine old chap on the car who said he'd never been outside the county in which he was born until this trip. His son, who had been down to the city and built up a successful business, determined to get his father down and show him the sights. He had to go and bring the old man, for he was too sceptical of the cars to try it alone, and now the son was taking his father back home. The old gentleman was still somewhat nervous. He didn't like it a bit, though he told me — for he was very social, and would talk with every one on the car who would listen to him — that he had had a good time 'down to the city,' and he was immensely proud of his son. Well, when the train ran into the long tunnel, the old gentleman's fears got the better of him. The porter had been a little slow in lighting up, and it was pretty dark in the car. The old man lost all control of himself, and shouted so that you could hear him all through the car: 'There, Tom! I knew somethin' dreadful would happen, an' it has! I'm struck blind! I can't see nothin'! I tell ye I'm blind's a bat!' and the poor old man's voice kept getting louder and louder. Just then the cars came out into the light again, and you ought to have seen the

expression on the face of the old gentleman. But it wasn't anything compared with what was on the other faces in the car."

"Look here, Scott, that's a pretty big story," said Larcum, soberly. "I don't know whether I'd better believe it or not."

"Oh, it sounds all right, anyway," said Lee, laughing.

"You fellows needn't believe anything," retorted Scott. "You won't believe Jack's ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*."

"Oh, yes, I'll believe it. I've been up in Boston," exclaimed Lee. "I'll believe they came over that way."

"Why? You didn't see the *Mayflower*, did you?"

"Oh, no. I didn't need to see her. But after I had seen the people I understood just why it was that the Cavaliers who settled in the South came singly, and why the people in the *Mayflower* came as they did."

"Why was it, Lee?" inquired Larcum, soberly.

"Why, they got special rates coming as they did in the *Mayflower*. It was a sort of an excursion party, and they chartered the whole thing, and then offered the tickets at such a low figure that

the people just jumped for 'em. It was such a 'bargain' that they had to take advantage of it. Couldn't do anything else."

"Well, what about the Cavaliers that settled in the South?" laughed Scott.

"Oh, they didn't travel in excursion parties."

"You don't dare tell Jack that when he comes," suggested Larcum.

"I don't wish to tell him. I had a fine time in his home, and I couldn't have been treated better. It wasn't Jack's ancestors I was thinking of in particular, but of the New England thrift I've heard so much about. And after I'd been up there and seen it for myself, I could understand just why it was that the *Mayflower* had such a crowd on her as they say she did have."

"You think every passenger thought he was getting low rates and a special bargain, and had to come, anyway?" inquired Scott.

"Yes. That's just it. That's it exactly. I think if a Yankee was offered a special rate on a trip to Dante's Inferno he'd have to take it so that he could get the bargain."

"They say the New Englanders *do* like to travel," said Scott, "and after all, if they could get good rates to the place to which you refer

and could see what was to be seen there and come back again all right, I don't know that I could blame them. I wish Jack was here to speak for himself."

"I wish he was here, too."

"I say, fellows, let's go down and get some dinner," suggested Larcum.

The other boys readily assented, and as soon as their ablutions had been completed they at once descended to the dining room. When they were directed to a table, Lee perceived his recent friendly neighbor on the car now seated at an adjoining table. He nodded pleasantly as he recognized the young traveller, and Lee at once related to his friends the mistake Jack had made in believing the man to be deaf and the somewhat curt response he had made to the man's remark concerning Jack's father. "He said every part of the country had its own peculiarity," continued Lee, "only it didn't realize that it was peculiar, because it was so familiar with it that it didn't seem peculiar at all. I've been thinking a good deal about that, and I believe he's about right."

"What do you think is the peculiarity of New Yorkers?" inquired Scott.

“Oh, I know,” retorted Lee, quickly, aware of the implied superiority in Scott’s manner. “I know *you* think that any one who doesn’t do things the way they do them in New York is the peculiar fellow.—Yes. I’ll have some soup,” he said in an aside to the waiter.

“Oh, no, we’re not quite so provincial as all that,” retorted Scott. “I’ll own up we do think New York is a pretty good town. So do you, don’t you?”

“Why, it’s the *biggest* town in the country. No one disputes that. But still it has its peculiarities.”

“What? Just mention one,” said Scott, warmly.

“Well,” drawled Lee, winking at Larcum as he spoke, “I don’t know that that is so very difficult. Now just tell me, for one thing, with which hand do you stir your coffee in New York?”

“Why, the right hand, of course. Nothing peculiar about that, is there?”

“‘Peculiar’! I should say there was. Now, down South we all stir our coffee with a spoon. It does strike me as a trifle peculiar that in New York you all stir it with your hand.”

Larcum threw back his head and laughed so

loudly that Scott's face flushed slightly, and his Western friend instantly assumed a more dignified manner, although his delight was still too keen to be entirely repressed.

"The way it is with the New Yorkers," said Larcum, "is that they are so cock-sure that they're all right that you can't often induce them to come out West where the real life is. Why, half of them don't know that there is any city worth mentioning west of the Alleghany Mountains. That's one reason why I'm glad to have Scott go on this trip. It will give him an idea that there is a thing or two outside his old Dutch town."

"I suppose you think I'll find it in the West?" suggested Scott.

"No, I'm not at all sure *you'll* find it," retorted Larcum. "All I say is that it's there."

"It seems to me you two fellows have been plotting to see how you can down me," said Scott, good-naturedly. "Jack ought to be here to help me out."

"What's the matter with this?" inquired Lee, as he placed on the table beside his plate one of the folders which the steamship company provided. "Here are some facts about Buffalo.

I didn't know them before, and I'll venture Scott here didn't either."

"Go ahead. Let's have them," suggested Larcum.

"Well, first off, here's the fact that Buffalo has four hundred thousand inhabitants and the city covers twenty-six thousand eight hundred and eighty acres. Got that down?"

"Let's see," said Larcum, "that will be about three-fiftieths of an acre for every man, woman, and child. There ought to be plenty of elbow room."

"Oh, that takes in the parks and streets and everything," said Scott, quickly. "You mustn't think Buffalo does the way your Western towns do — annex all of the State they can lay hands upon, and call it a part of the city corporation."

"Never you mind," retorted Larcum. "New York had to annex Brooklyn so that Chicago wouldn't get ahead of her."

"Brooklyn was already a part of New York — all but in name. We didn't go out on the prairies, jumping over miles of mud where there wasn't a sign — except a huge sign stuck up everywhere, 'Go West by the Blank Route' — as if a man would ever go West if he didn't have to;

we didn't take in mud and sky — we took in people who were already in."

"Here," suggested Lee, looking up from his paper, "what do you fellows always want to be fighting over your cities for? Listen to this: 'Buffalo has more smooth, paved streets than any other city in the world.' I'm not so sure of the English of that statement, but the fact is all right. 'In its commerce it is the fifth city in the world. The Lackawanna coal trestle — a mile in length — is the largest in the world —'"

"I'll take your word for the rest of it," said Scott. "Let's get out of this and see Buffalo for ourselves."

CHAPTER VII

NIAGARA

A WALK through the streets of Buffalo was interesting to the three boys, but the sights did not differ materially from those which are to be found in most of the large cities. It was a relief, however, to be able to move about, and when they returned to their hotel, all three declared themselves to be ready for bed. John had not yet appeared, but word was left with the clerk that when he should come he was to be shown at once to Lee's room.

In the morning when Lee awoke it was broad daylight, and as he glanced at the other bed in his room, his astonishment was great when he beheld John in it.

"I say, Jack, when did you come?" he demanded as he leaped from his bed.

"Oh, I got in a little after midnight," drawled

John, sleepily. "Pity none of you fellows would sit up to welcome me. I couldn't even wake you up when I turned on the lights."

"We all were pretty well done up, Jack," replied Lee, a little foolishly. "But I'm glad you got here all right. Did you have any trouble?"

"Not after you left me. I bought another ticket, and if you saved my slip I'll send it on and request the proud corporation to disgorge. The tribulations of travellers ought not to be made a basis of increased dividends for the stockholders."

"I say, Jack, you do manage to get in a small dictionary every time you say anything, don't you," laughed Lee.

"I was not aware of any predilection in that particular direction."

"Boston! Boston all through!" sighed Lee, in mock despair as he hastily dressed. "Jack, it's raining," he added as he looked out of the window.

"Well, I'm sure we can't prevent it," retorted John, as he too followed the example of his friend. "We'll have to wait for breakfast if we don't get word to the other fellows. Here, I'll telephone them," he added quickly as he took down the receiver.

"They're up, Lee," he added a moment later. "They say they're all dressed and waiting for us."

"They won't have to wait long, then," declared Lee, as he hastened his preparations for breakfast.

In a few minutes the two boys were ready, and descended to the lobby, where their friends were already awaiting their coming. John was greeted effusively, and many bantering words were spoken over the "delay" that had compelled him to remain in Utica. They were all too hungry, however, to indulge even in this pastime long, and soon made their way to the dining room.

"We'll go out to the Falls first thing," declared Larcum. "It's too bad it rains, but we can't afford to stop for a little thing like that."

"How long will it take?" inquired Scott.

"About an hour and twenty minutes, if we go by trolley," replied Larcum, "and I think that's the better way to go."

In a brief time the four boys, with their rain coats, were on the corner, waiting for the car which every fifteen minutes departed to the Falls. It was by this time raining hard, but they were soon safely ensconced within the shelter of the trolley car, and were being swiftly borne to

the destination they were seeking. One side of the car was still left open, so they were able to see much of the region through which they were moving.

At the expiration of the allotted time they arrived at the place where they were to change cars, and then they began their ride along the banks of the rushing waters. All four were so deeply impressed by the sight that it was seldom any one spoke. The great sweep of the rushing river, the tokens of its resistless power, the grandeur of the sight, were sufficient to make even their restless spirits quiet for the time. Logs and pieces of timber could occasionally be seen in the rapids, and the contortions and leaps of the inanimate objects were suggestive of the compelling might of the rolling, tossing, angry waters. The whirlpools and the rapids were deeply impressive, and when at last the ride was completed and the return was begun, Lee was the first to speak.

"That is certainly the greatest sight I ever saw," he murmured.

"Just wait till we see the Falls!" exclaimed Larcum, his own enthusiasm increasing as he perceived how enthusiastic his friends were.

"Glad you didn't stop on account of the rain?" he inquired whimsically.

"Rain! What has the rain to do with such a sight as that?" said Scott.

"Not much," laughed Larcum, "only it's not quite so comfortable, that's all. Now we'll go back and cross over to the Canadian side and get a peep at Niagara from that shore. I tell you, fellows, this is a great country."

No one appeared to be prepared to dispute the assertion, and the boys became silent again when the car crossed on the lofty bridge and turned up the Canadian shore.

"If any of you fellows are interested in history, you can just make a note of Queenstown Heights and Lundy's Lane —"

"Lundy's Lane!" interrupted Lee. "Why, one of the questions in our entrance exams was about that battle. I'd never thought of it as being anything real. It always seemed to me like the crater of the moon. If I had only been here before I took that exam," he added dolefully, "I might have done a little better."

"This is the way for me to study history!" declared Larcum. "I don't want any one to ask me too many questions, though. But I

believe I will look up those two battles when I get home."

"Do so! Do so by all means!" said Scott, encouragingly. "Then you can tell the rest of us all about it."

"Some people like to do all their studying by proxy," suggested John.

"Well, this isn't by proxy, anyway," retorted Larcum. "This is a *magna pars fui*, as Vergil said."

"Good! Good!" shouted Lee as he slapped his friend upon the back.

"Keep still, fellows!" pleaded John. "We're coming to the Falls and you're making so much noise we can't even hear the roar."

The boys were now peering eagerly out at the sight which greeted their eyes. From the place where the car stopped they were able to obtain a sight of both the American and the Canadian side, and the music of the tremendous roar of the falling waters was in itself almost appalling.

High above the Falls dashed the spray like a cloud, and the steady, persistent tumbling of the immense volume of water was a sight that made every one for the moment silent. The very grandeur was oppressive. Here all the waters

of the Great Lakes leaped over the rocky cliffs and plunged for a hundred and eighty feet straight down upon the rocks below. And yet how easily the fall apparently was made. In the midst of the turmoil there was an air of ease, almost of dignity, in the calm, ceaseless plunge. As long as the car remained, the boys stood silent in the rain, watching the majestic sight before them.

At last the warning bell sounded, and all four clambered back into their seats. A reaction had come now, and the tense feelings quickly gave place to those that were at the other extreme from those which had been holding them.

"I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed that sight for a farm," exclaimed Larcum as he placed his hand on John's shoulder.

"I am not impressed by the immaculateness of your prehensile manipulators," retorted John as he shook off his friend's hand. "This ride has not been altogether conducive to cleanliness, and I object to attempts to render the Canadian earth-marks less transitory than by the inherent conditions of the atmospheric pressure they were designed to be."

"Oh, Boston! Boston! What sins are committed in thy name," declaimed Lee, as his com-

panions broke into shouts of laughter. "Didn't I warn you that Jack had been working on the dictionary day and night?"

"I merely wished to elongate my vocabulary so that it might be commensurate with the gigantic manifestations of nature's inimitable and unequivocal manifestations of her primeval possibilities," declared John, solemnly.

Again the delight of his friends found noisy expression, a delight increased by the apparent astonishment expressed on John's face. There were only a few other passengers in the car, and their interest in the boys was marked by the smiles with which they watched the young travellers.

The car was now speeding through the national park, and the boys looked about them with interest, although in comparison with the sights they had just seen the quiet beauty of the landscape seemed tame and sober. In a brief time they had been transferred to the car which was to carry them back to the city, and then the full reaction came.

"It's a pity," said John, "that there should be even a fear that a corporation might destroy such a piece of nature's work as Niagara Falls by

turning it into a money-making concern. It's bad enough for a man to do that with himself, but when it comes to such a piece of vandalism —"

"I don't just know what 'vandalism' is," interrupted Larcum, quickly, "but if Niagara can be made useful, I don't see why it shouldn't be done."

"Yes, that's the Western idea. You'd sell the sky for thirty cents if you could get hold of it," retorted John. "You don't seem to be able to see anything in the world that is good for anything unless it pays. You wouldn't have any flowers, for you wouldn't waste the color. You wouldn't have any poetry in life; you'd make it all prose."

"I'll show you just as much 'poetry,' as you call it, in a thousand-acre wheatfield as you want," replied Larcum, good-naturedly. "I don't think there's any less poetry because wheat is growing in the field where a little while before there was nothing but wild, coarse, prairie grass."

"But you are so material in all your views."

"I'll leave it to the crowd which squeezes a penny harder — your poetic New Englander or your man from what you call 'the wild and woolly West.'"

"We're not going to get into this quarrel," said Scott. "I want you all to take particular notice that we're just flying," he added, as the speed of the car markedly increased.

"Do you mean flying or fleeing?" demanded John.

"I mean what I say, my erudite Bostonese. But a fly can flee if it wants to, can't it?"

"So I fancy. But a flea cannot fly."

"Oh, yes, it can. A flea can say to a fly, 'Let us flee.'"

"It can flee, but it can't fly. I told you that."

"But you are mistaken. A fly and a flea one time flew through a flaw in the flue —"

"Oh, quit that!" exclaimed Scott. "Pretty soon you'll be telling us that you saw a cowslip or heard a crocus —"

But a groan from his companions caused Scott to subside, and for a time the boys were comparatively silent.

"I say," began Scott, "if this storm keeps up, Lake Erie will be pretty well stirred up by the time we're ready to sail. I don't suppose these little inland ponds amount to much in a storm, but I'd be willing to donate a dollar to some worthy object just to see Larc seasick."

"Were you sick when you crossed the ocean?" demanded Lee.

"Not a minute. Didn't lose a meal," replied Scott.

"You needn't make fun of us if we happen to give in," said John.

"Oh, don't you worry about that," laughed Scott. "I'll be on hand to help you out. But it is funny to hear these inland fellows talk about the seas and ships when they don't know the difference between a belaying pin and a fo'castle yarn."

"Do you know the difference?" demanded Larcum.

"I'm not boasting," replied Scott, "but I always think it's great when I hear a man from the prairies talking about ships. There was a member of Congress at our home not long ago, and he was telling at the dinner table about a congressman from Arkansas who was a member of the committee on naval affairs, and he never once in all his life had been on board any sort of a boat. Well, one day he went down to Newport News to 'inspect' one of the new battleships they were building there. A young naval officer had him in charge, and was pointing out to the

congressman some of the special points in the construction of the new battleship. They were on the deck of the ship and walking about when all at once they came to an open hatchway, and the Arkansas statesman stopped as if he had been shot, and grabbing the officer by the arm, he looked down the hatchway and exclaimed: 'She's a fraud! She's all hollow! Yes, sir, she's hollow, and I know she is. I'll report it to Congress just the minute I'm back in Washington.'"

"Scott," said John, seriously, "what was the name of that man?"

"I don't know."

"What was the name of the battleship?"

"I don't know that, either."

"When did this occur?"

"I can't say."

"My friend, I don't mean to impugn your veracity, but I question the reliability of the sources from which you derived your information."

CHAPTER VIII

ON LAKE ERIE

IN spite of the storm the young travellers arranged for a drive in the city in the afternoon. The wide boulevards, the streets with beautiful homes on either side, the air of enterprise and prosperity that was apparent wherever they went, were all deeply impressive as well as interesting, and when they returned to the hotel it was Scott who admitted that Buffalo certainly was one of the most beautiful cities he had ever seen.

“Good for you, Scott!” exclaimed Larcum. “I have hopes of you yet. When you get over your narrow New York provincialism and begin to see with your own eyes that there is something worth seeing outside Manhattan Island, you’ll become as enthusiastic an American as I am.”

“But you can’t show us another such city as this,” protested Scott.

"You wait," replied Larcum, with a laugh.

"Scott, do you really think I'll be seasick?" inquired Lee.

"Seasick! The man who would get sick on one of these ponds isn't worth mentioning in good company! I'd as soon think of getting seasick in a bath-tub."

"I think I'd be willing to try it myself if I could only have your company," exclaimed Larcum. "But I suppose it's too much to expect of a man who has crossed the ocean and has seen Cigoli's picture of the aged Simeon wearing spectacles. Still, we'll live in hope."

The storm showed signs of breaking when on Monday morning the four friends made their way to the pier where the *Juniata* was lying. Even Scott acknowledged that she was a much larger craft than he had expected to see, and as soon as the boys had received the keys to their rooms they at once followed the porter who took their bags. The rooms were adjoining and comfortably furnished, and they immediately unpacked some of their belongings and made their arrangements for the voyage of four days which was about to begin. Scott and Larcum were to occupy one room, and the other was assigned to John and Lee.

When the four made their way again to the deck, Scott awoke the enthusiastic plaudits of his companions over the garb he had donned. A natty suit of blue and a striking white yachting cap adorned his person, and with every appearance of being impressed the three boys expressed their delight.

"Let's toss up to see who's to have the upper and who the lower berth," suggested Scott, in an attempt to divert the marked attentions of his friends.

"Go ahead," responded John, as he drew forth a coin from his pocket. "Larc and I'll take heads, and if it comes down heads, then he and I'll have the lower berths."

John tossed the coin into the air, and as it fell upon the deck all four crowded about it.

"Tails it is," exclaimed Lee. "We are all right, Scott. The fates are with us, and we'll take the lower berths."

"That's just my luck," responded Larcum, in apparent despair. "I'll have to wire my father, I think. He's always telling me 'there's room at the top.' He'll be encouraged about me when he learns that I've started out so well."

His friends laughed, and then began to watch

with interest the huge boat as it swung loose from the dock and began to move slowly out toward the lake. The rain had ceased falling, but the wind was still strong, and as they drew near the massive breakwaters, they could see that the open lake was a mass of tossing waves.

"We'll get a little taste of a good sea, after all," said Scott, gleefully. "I don't think it'll amount to much, but if I could only see you fellows hanging over the rail for half an hour, I'd die content."

"You may have your wish," said Lee, a trifle apprehensively, as the boat, now under the full force of the wind, began to roll and pitch.

"Oh, the *Juniata* has a bilge keel and all that," said Larcum, lightly, "so there won't be any trouble. I don't just know what a 'bilge keel' is, but it's a good thing for seasickness, I understand."

"If you're not afraid, you won't have any trouble," said Scott, lightly. "Half the cause of seasickness, anyway, is in being afraid you'll get it."

"I'm not afraid," laughed Lee. "Come on; let's go on the sheltered side."

"You mean the 'lee' side, don't you?" inquired Scott, blandly.

"There are some things worse than seasickness, and if Scott Gordon dares to try that again, I move that we fire him overboard," exclaimed Lee.

"He deserves it," laughed John. "That certainly is the worst I ever heard. But we don't want to break up the party that way. We'll have to do as B. Franklin suggested to Congress, — 'hang together or we'll be hanged separately.'"

"Speak for yourself, Scott!" exclaimed Larcum.

"But it's better to keep together, whatever you say," protested Scott. "In onion there is strength."

A groan greeted Scott's deformed pun, and Lee said, "That's a poor one. It's a regular Hibernian."

"You mean Gaelic, don't you?" retorted John.

"No, I meant Garlic," said Scott, in a low voice.

"Whew!" exclaimed Larcum, as he gave Scott's chair a push that almost sent its occupant to the floor. "This is too strong for me."

"Don't do that again," said Scott, soberly. "I don't feel very well this morning."

"Seasick!" exclaimed the three boys, delightedly.

"No such thing!" retorted Scott, sharply. "I've just got one of my headaches. It'll be gone when we have our luncheon."

"To say nothing of the luncheon going, too," exclaimed John.

"Would you feel better, Scott, if we left you alone?" inquired Larcum, in apparent sympathy. "Isn't he better when he's alone?" he demanded, turning to his fellows as he spoke.

"I never happened to be with Scott when he was alone," said Lee, demurely. "Did any of you-all?"

"Can't say that I did, for one," said Larcum. "I declare I do believe Scott's face is getting pale. Is the headache worse, my poor boy?"

"I'm all right," retorted Scott; but his face certainly was pale, and his unsympathetic friends noisily expressed their delight.

"I say, Scott," suggested Larcum, soberly, "you said something a while ago about your preferring a bath-tub to one of these fresh-water ponds. If you'd like me —"

"I'd like you to keep still," muttered Scott, no longer able to conceal his misery. "I'll get over

my headache pretty soon and be all right again."

"Want me to go down and get you something to eat?" suggested Larcum. "Some nice sweet apples, or some salt pork —"

"No. No. I don't want anything," broke in Scott, unable to endure even the suggestions his friends had made. "Just leave me alone."

"Figuratively, actually, physically, or metaphorically?" inquired John. But his friend made no response, and sat with his head leaning back against the side of the cabin. His "headache" manifestly was becoming more severe. The three boys gazed at their friend with delight, but his eyes were now closed and apparently he was indifferent to his surroundings or companions.

"This certainly is a pretty 'pond,' as Scott called it," suggested Lee, as he looked across the wide expanse of tossing waters. The sun was now struggling to appear, and the low-lying clouds were scudding across the face of the sky. The billows were tipped with foam, and the great waves could be seen on every side. The stanch *Juniata* rolled and pitched as she steadily ploughed her way onward, and the experience was certainly an enjoyable one to all except Scott, who, if the

color of his face was any indication of his feelings, was suffering from a "headache" which gave no promise of speedily departing.

"Where do we stop first, Larc?" inquired Lee.

"Cleveland. Due there about dusk."

"Do we have any chance to see the town?"

"Two hours."

"That's better than nothing. How large a place is it?"

"More than a half million," suggested John, who had been "reading up."

"On paper or on the earth?" inquired Lee, derisively.

"On earth," retorted Larcum, warmly. "Cleveland's a fine town. Why, Euclid Avenue alone has fifteen miles of beautiful homes; it's a hundred and sixty feet wide and paved the whole length of it. Everybody knows it's the most beautiful residence street in the world."

"Who acknowledges it?" demanded Scott, opening his eyes for a moment. "The people that live in Cleveland, I fancy."

"Everybody that has seen it says so," said Larcum, warmly. "If your headache lets up, Scott, you'll be able to see for yourself."

But the "headache" apparently was too severe

to permit Scott to continue the conversation, and he resumed his former position, and sat with closed eyes and colorless face, with his chair tipped back against the wall.

"Cleveland is the largest ship-building centre in America," continued John.

"Good! Good!" murmured Lee.

"More nails and wire are manufactured here than at any other plant in the world."

"Good! Good!" repeated Lee. "You are going one better all the time. First it's 'America,' then it's 'the world.' Now what does Cleveland surpass the universe in?"

"The largest sewing-machine manufacturers in the world," read John, with a laugh.

"You refer to the dimensions of the avoirdupois personality of the gentlemen who own the factories, I fawncy. At least, suh, that's what I should 'fawncy' I'd say if I was a native Bostonian," said Lee.

"Largest paint manufacturers in the United States," continued John, reading from the circular in his hand.

"You're getting into narrow ways again," suggested Lee. "That isn't much. Now if you'd say that they could beat the painter of the rainbow or give points to Aurora —"

"Largest manufacturers of electric-light carbons in the world," read John, ignoring the interruption. "Largest manufacturers of saddlery hardware in the world. One of the finest park and boulevard systems in the United States —"

"I say, John," interrupted Larcum, as he glanced at the pale face of Scott for a moment, "anything said there about the size of the headaches they manufacture out here?"

"Say, fellows," said Lee, quickly, "listen to this; it's right in our line — or Jack's anyway, with the size of his stories." As he spoke, Lee unfolded the morning paper in his hands and began to read: "A woman living in a town not far from New York commissioned her husband while in the city to purchase a motto for the Sunday-school. After he had left, it suddenly occurred to her that she had neglected to tell him the desired inscription or the size of the card. Going to a near-by telegraph office, she wrote out a message to her husband containing the necessary information and handed it to the operator. It read as follows: —

"John Johnson, — Broadway, New York City.

"Unto Us a Child is Born — 8 feet long and 5 feet wide.'"

“What’s that got to do with Scott’s ‘head-ache,’ I’d like to know?” demanded Larcum, when the shout that had greeted Lee’s reading had subsided.

“Oh, nothing much,” responded Lee. “I was just thinking of the *size* of Scott’s headache. I ‘fawncy’ Jack might incorporate — I think that’s the word — might incorporate in the literature he’s reading to us that Cleveland — at least Lake Erie — manufactures the largest headaches in the world. How is that, Scott?”

But the wretched young traveller made no response as he suddenly darted to the rail. The shouts of his comrades apparently had no effect, for, ignoring their bantering words, he grasped the post and stood leaning over the rail, the picture of abject misery.

“Scott seems to be interested in the heaving waters of this fresh-water pond,” suggested John, gravely.

“It isn’t the heaving *waters* that are interesting him just now,” remarked Lee. “Here, I’m going to help him if none of you fellows will.”

The impulsive young Southerner at once ran to the side of his suffering friend, but the wind was still blowing strongly, and just as he gained

his place a sudden gust lifted Scott's natty yachting cap from his head and carried it far out to sea. Now up and then down it was carried; now whirling about like a thing alive, and then skimming the water like a flying bird, it was borne a hundred feet from the *Juniata* before it fell into the lake and disappeared.

"Oh, that's too bad!" exclaimed Lee, sympathetically.

"I don't care. Let it go!" the wretched Scott managed to say. "I don't care if the wind takes my head, too!" he murmured.

"Come on, old fellow, we'll go down to the cabin. You'll feel better when you can lie down. I've had just such headaches myself."

Obediently Scott suffered himself to be led away by Lee; but Larcum, apparently without mercy or sympathy, called after them:—

"I say, Scott! Looking for that bath-tub?"

CHAPTER IX

AN ALARM

It was not long after the retirement of Scott and Lee before the wind shifted and the sun appeared. The tossing waves became quiet and the shallow waters of Lake Erie speedily became like those of the fresh-water pond of which Scott had spoken so disdainfully. The three boys, with their chairs on the upper deck, were seated together, for Lee had soon returned, and were enjoying the scene which spread out before them. In the distance on their left they could see the shores of the United States, and on the opposite side the surface of the lake was unbroken except by the sight of an occasional distant sail or the trail of smoke that indicated the passing of some steamer. The spirits of the boys were high, and now that Scott was not present in person to listen to their bantering words they had nothing but expressions of sympathy for their missing comrade.

When an hour had elapsed, however, Scott himself joined them, and his appearance was at once the signal for a derisive shout from his merciless friends.

"I say, Scott," was Larcum's greeting, "I've got a nice picture of you when that 'headache' was getting in its fine work. I snapped you when that be-eau-tiful yachting cap of yours set sail out over this 'fresh-water pond.' I'm going to send it home to your mother."

"You're going to do nothing of the kind!" retorted Scott, striving to display an air of indifference which he was far from feeling, as his friends well knew.

"Oh, yes, I am," asserted Larcum. "She really ought to see how you look when you have one of your frightful headaches."

"She'll know it was a headache, all right enough. My mother is a good woman and she won't believe any lies about me," retorted Scott.

"Your mother doesn't count," suggested Lee. "Even 'Heaven *lies* about us in our infancy.'"

"Never you mind, Scott," said John, soothingly, when his friends shouted their approval of Lee's words. "I believe you had a headache. You had every one of the symptoms. I don't think you were putting anything on at all."

John's sympathetic words, however, only called forth another derisive shout from the boys, but as Scott soon became quiet and refused to reply to their words, the pleasure of tormenting him was gone, and the boys gave themselves up unreservedly to the enjoyment of the day.

"I think this line ought to be called the 'Hanker' line," suggested Scott, as the noon hour came. "It's Anchor with a rough breathing if I can judge by my feelings. I never was so hungry in my life. I'm ready for luncheon."

"They say that one of those 'headaches,' which a man sometimes gets out here on this fresh-water pond, is very likely to affect him that way," said Larcum, soberly.

"Never you mind that!" retorted Scott, who now was fully recovered from his attack. "It was just a headache, whatever you say. I'll show you how I feel now when we get into the dining room."

"We'll go in ten minutes," explained Larcum, as he glanced at his watch. "I arranged for our seats at the first table."

"Good for you, Larc!" said Scott, enthusiastically. "Let's go down now so that we shan't lose our places, anyway."

Apparently the boys were all agreed, and at once departed for their rooms to prepare for luncheon. When they met again, as they did in a few moments, they found a crowd already assembled before the dining-room entrance, but the doors were not yet open, and they were therefore compelled to wait with the other passengers. In a brief time the door was opened, and displaying their meal tickets, the boys were speedily admitted and assigned to four seats at a table where they were told they were to report for each meal during the four days of their voyage.

To the surprise of Lee and John, they perceived that seated directly opposite was the smooth-visaged man who had introduced himself to John at Albany and with whom Lee had journeyed from Utica to Buffalo. The discovery apparently was not altogether pleasing to John, but the stranger smiled a recognition and was plainly disposed to enter into conversation. Lee, who had not been so strongly prejudiced against the man as his friend had been, was inclined to reply to his questions, but John seldom glanced toward the stranger, and when he was compelled to say something, did so briefly and quietly.



“HERE HE IS NOW,” EXCLAIMED JOHN. — *Page 109.*

"You young gentlemen are bound for Duluth, I suppose," suggested the man.

"Yes, suh," responded Lee. "And beyond there, too."

"Indeed. Where are you going, may I ask?"

"Yellowstone," said Lee, ignoring the momentary glance of disapproval that appeared on John's face.

"That is great!" said the stranger, cordially.

"I am expecting to go there myself."

If the boys were impressed by the information, no one betrayed it, and as soon as the luncheon had been eaten they at once returned to the deck.

"I don't like the looks of that man," said John to Lee as they took their seats.

"What's the trouble with him?"

"'He's too sweet to be wholesome,' as our cook said of our grocery man once when she found he was short in his weights."

"Well, you don't have to cultivate his acquaintance if you don't desire it."

"Oh, I shan't cultivate it. I'm afraid he'll cultivate ours, though. Here he is now," exclaimed John, in a low voice, as the stranger approached them and, uninvited, smilingly took a chair and joined the circle. The boys were too

polite to leave at once, and apparently unaware that his presence was not desired, the man immediately began to talk.

"Ever taken this trip before?" he inquired.

"No, sir," replied Scott.

"Great trip."

As no one seemed to be prepared to dispute the assertion, there was a silence for a moment, and then the stranger began again, evidently striving to interest the boys. "I can't walk very much to-day," he suggested.

"Fortunate for you that you don't have to," said Scott, although the stranger's inability to walk was not obvious.

"Came about this way," continued the man. "I was spending a part of last week with a friend at his home in one of the suburbs of New York. He had a new house, and he was very eager to have me see it, as it had all the latest improvements, including hardwood floors, so hard and slippery that one could slide the length of the room if he happened to strike a rug just right. Well, last Friday night was a very sultry, warm night, as you may recall, and I didn't sleep very well, — the hot weather and the mosquitoes together kept me awake, — and about daylight I

became so thirsty that I decided I must have a drink of water. So just as I was, and without dressing, as I knew no one would be stirring at such an early hour, I slipped out of my room and went down to the dining room in my bare feet, as I knew there was ice water there. Well, I had my troubles just the minute I struck the hardwood floors. The wood was all new, as I told you, and, though my friend insisted that the oil was dry, I very soon discovered that it was not, for my bare feet stuck almost fast with every step I took. But I kept on to the dining room and found the ice water just as I thought I would, and I stood there and drank three glasses before I stirred. Then when I tried to get away I found I couldn't, for both my feet were fast to the floor. I tugged and pulled, but it wasn't of any use, for I was anchored in my tracks, so to speak, just glued to the floor. And the soles of my feet were very tender, too. Well, I tried pulling at my ankles, then I tried to crawl away, but it didn't do any good. I was there fast and for good. At last I had to call my friend, and when he came in answer to my shouts he managed to pull me loose, but it was a good deal like tearing paper from the wall. He laughed and laughed, but I

can assure you that I couldn't find anything very funny in it. It hurt me, too, and I left the bottoms of my feet there in my friend's dining room. He assured me that the oil couldn't have been dried, after all, and I agreed with him. I have been lame ever since."

"I didn't see you limp," suggested John, soberly.

"No, I don't limp much, but it is because one foot is just as sore as the other," replied the man, laughing loudly as he spoke.

Lee was the only one of the boys to join in his laughter, the others all following the example of John, who had not even smiled during the recital of the man's mishaps. Indeed, his feeling of irritation at the presence of the stranger was so keen that it was only with difficulty that he repressed it.

The man, however, still apparently unabashed by the lack of interest, was not able to remain silent. "I've come out on this trip all alone," he explained. "I need a change, a rest. Boys, what relative of his wife is a man most fond of?" he demanded suddenly.

"I'm sure I don't know. It depends on the man, doesn't it?" inquired Scott.

“Not at all. It’s true of every one. The relative of his wife that a man is most fond of is his wife’s husband. See?” And the stranger threw back his head and laughed loudly at his own joke.

The boys failed to respond, even Lee remaining silent, and John was on the point of leaving when suddenly a commotion became apparent and there was a rush of the people toward the stern of the boat.

“What is it?” demanded Lee, in excitement.

“A fire, I think,” replied the man.

The boys waited to hear no more, and in intense excitement ran to join the throng. John glanced anxiously toward the distant shore, trying to estimate what his chance would be if he should be compelled to swim. His face was colorless, too, and stories of fires at sea came to him like a flash. He could see that all his friends were as excited as he, except Scott, who was coolly watching the crew on the deck below as they prepared to man the life-boats. Indeed, a smile appeared on his face that was so irritating to John that the latter exclaimed sharply:—

“What are you laughing at? It is no time for a grin, let me tell you!”

"Isn't it?" responded Scott, amiably. "Don't be nervous, my friend. This fresh-water pond has other ways of giving people headaches than by kicking up a heavy sea."

"But, man alive," exclaimed John, "if there is a fire —"

"That's only a fire-drill," interrupted Scott.

"What! Isn't there a fire?"

"Only under the boilers and perhaps in the cook's ranges."

For a moment John stared blankly at his friend and then looked around him at the assembled people. Some of them were laughing, others were chatting, but no one seemed to be alarmed as they all watched with interest the drill of the crew on the lower deck.

"I say, Scott," said John, foolishly, "I don't think I'll ever refer to the 'headaches' again if you'll forget about the fire-drills."

"And you are sure you won't mention them when you get back?" inquired Scott, a broad smile appearing on his face.

"Honor bright."

"Well, I'll think about it," said Scott, tauntingly. "I'll wait and see how it affects you and the other fellows. If they or you —"

"I'm not responsible for what they may say," interrupted John.

"Oh, yes, you are; yes, you are. I'll hold you responsible."

"Well, hold away," broke in John; but his friend only laughed in response.

The fire-drill by this time was ended and the boys sought seats in the stern of the boat. There a great flock of gulls were following in the steamer's wake, now swooping low to the water's edge and then rising in graceful curves, but never leaving the *Juniata* far away. Tirelessly, ceaselessly, the beautiful birds followed, their weird, mournful cries piercing the air, and the interest of the passengers in the great cloud seemed to be undiminished as the hours passed. The too friendly stranger had not reappeared, and the boys, rejoicing in their freedom, watched the circling gulls or read their magazines for several hours.

"I suppose Detroit is quite a good-sized town too, Larc," suggested John at last.

Instantly rising to the implied slight and failing to see the twinkle in John's eyes, Larcum said: "If that isn't like you Boston people! Just like you! You don't know any more than the New Yorkers what your own country is like.

‘A good-sized town!’ Why, I’d like to have you know that Detroit has more than three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants!”

“Indeed?” drawled John. “You surprise me. But then these new Western towns have a way of springing up in the night.”

“Don’t you know Detroit is one of the oldest towns in the United States?” demanded Larcum, warmly. “You could tell to a dot how many men, women, and children were in Rome or Athens or Carthage, but you don’t know half as much about your own country as you do about cities that have been dead and buried a thousand years. And you call that an education!”

“Ignorance is bliss sometimes,” drawled John. “Larc, do we stop at Podunk?”

“We stop at Cleveland.”

“Ah, so we do. That’s in Ohio, isn’t it?”

“Humph!” sniffed Larcum, as he looked away to the gulls.

The boys had just risen from the dinner table when the huge steamer came alongside a long dock, and it was announced that they had arrived in Cleveland.

CHAPTER X

ON SHORE

THE four boys rushed from the dining room, and hastily exchanging their caps for hats (a duty in which Scott, however, was not compelled to join), at once prepared to take advantage of the two hours during which the *Juniata* was to stop at Cleveland.

As they approached the gang-plank, they perceived that two women were standing upon it engaged in the pleasing task of exchanging long and heart-breaking farewells. The boys were unable to pass them, and being too polite to crowd the ladies, they were compelled to wait and listen to the oft-repeated words.

“Good-by, Sarah,” exclaimed one of the women as for the fifth time she embraced her friend.

“Good-by, Martha,” responded the other woman returning the embrace.

"Don't forget to write me."

"I won't. And you must be sure to write me."

"I will. Give my love to Will and the boys."

"You didn't forget any of your wraps, did you?"

"I don't know. I think I have everything."

"Well, good-by," and again the two women embraced.

"Good-by. Good-by!"

"When will you come back?"

"Oh, I don't know. I may stay a month."

"Well, don't forget to write."

"No, I won't. Give my love to everybody."

"What a delightful trip we had, didn't we?"

"Yes. Perfectly lovely."

"Good-by."

"Good-by," and again the woman saluted.

"This seems to be a sort of 'Much adieu about nothing,'" suggested Scott, in a low voice.

"Excuse us, ladies, but will you kindly permit us to pass?" inquired Larcum of the two women, who as yet had not moved from the gang-plank.

The two women moved sufficiently to enable the boys to reach the dock and, beginning to run, they made their way swiftly to the terminal of the trolley cars. There would be an opportunity only for a brief ride, and they quickly decided to

make the circuit in the car which they had boarded.

Threading its way in and out among the tangled streets, the car took the boys past many stately buildings and through wide and imposing streets until at last they were on the avenues. There the beautiful residences could be seen on either side, and as Larcum at once entered into conversation with the conductor, they had many a place of special interest pointed out to them.

"There's one thing I'll confess," said Scott, when at last the car turned and began to retrace its way to the point from which it had started.

"One!" exclaimed Lee, in mock surprise. "One! Well, we ought to be thankful even for that much, I 'fawncy.' This trip will not be in vain if —"

"What I was about to say," interrupted Scott, "was that the willingness of these trolley men to answer questions is refreshing. Just think of a New York conductor doing such a thing!"

"It's impossible even to think of it," retorted John. "The last time I was in New York the conductors couldn't stop a car long enough to let one get on board. He'd get one foot on the platform and then somebody would grab him by

the arms, the bell would ring, and off the car would go at break-neck speed. Why, in Boston they will stop long enough to let you on."

"Oh, Boston is good at stopping," admitted Scott, with a laugh, for however much he might abuse his own city, he would not permit another to decry it. "We all know Boston stops. It's done that better than any other city in the United States. The trouble is that they don't know they've stopped, that's all."

"They've got a college here," suggested Larcum; "it's too bad —"

"That is unfortunate," remarked Lee, soberly. "Every one of these towns has to have a college, but to have a 'bad' college — that's almost too much."

"I didn't say it was a 'bad' college," retorted Larcum, warmly. "I said it was too bad we couldn't see it."

"Yes, and all the avenues and boulevards and parks and Garfield's monument —"

"Just now I want to see the *Juniata* more than anything else," broke in John.

"This is no pent-up Utica, Jack," suggested Lee. "You won't get left here, suh; at least you won't be alone if you do."

"We've plenty of time," said Scott. "I think we've seen Cleveland under the very best of lights," he added soberly.

"Lights!" exclaimed Larcum. "Why, it's too dark to see what it really is."

"That's what I meant."

As his companions laughed, Larcum said: "Let me tell you that Cleveland doesn't mind your opinions. She'll get along all right without them. I don't see why you fellows are forever looking for something to poke fun at."

"We aren't, Larc," said Scott, quickly. "We see the good side, but the trouble is I have to make everything so plain to these fellows that sometimes what I say sounds a bit like a kindergarten talk."

"Which means that he does the very highest that's in him," said Lee.

"Say, fellows, you don't suppose we'll have any such time in getting aboard as we had in coming ashore, do you?" inquired John. "If two female women should happen to be saying good-by, we'd have to make plans for spending the night here in this smoky — I beg pardon, I mean this beautiful city."

When the boys arrived at the dock, however,

they discovered that there was no one to block their progress, and soon after they were on board the *Juniata* resumed her voyage, and the twinkling lights of Cleveland speedily faded away in the distance. It was not long before the four friends were attracted to the music room by the sounds which were rising from it, and as they entered they became aware that their fellow-passenger, who had on previous occasions made himself known and obnoxious to them, was seated at the piano and with loud voice was singing for the benefit of the assembly "Old Black Joe."

"I say, John," whispered Scott, "I always thought 'Old Black Joe' was a pathetic piece, didn't you?"

"It's supposed to be."

"Well, what are all these people smiling about, then, I'd like to know?"

As John glanced about him he could see that his friend had spoken truly, for a partly suppressed smile was apparent on certain faces, while on others an expression of delight could be plainly seen.

"That isn't exactly the way he affects us, is it?" queried John.

"It's affecting. 'I'm going — I'm go-o-ing,'" hummed Scott, in imitation of the supposedly pathetic tones of the singer, and he at once departed from the music room.

A half-hour afterward his friends joined him on the deck, and as they approached, John said, "Who in the world invited that man to sing?"

"I 'fawncy' it was his wife's husband," replied Lee.

"Poor woman!" sighed Scott. "I've been looking up the facts about Detroit," he added. "I thought I'd improve my mind while you were enjoying the music."

"Good idea!" assented John, cordially. "Well, sir, are you prepared to inform us in what particulars Detroit surpasses the rest of the world?"

"I am," replied Scott. "'Largest chemical laboratory in the world. Largest manufacturers of stoves in the world.'"

"More hot air here than anywhere else in the universe, then," broke in John.

"'Most unique park in the world,'" continued Scott, reading and ignoring the interruption. "'Only marine mail delivery in the world' —"

"Only *what*?" demanded John.

"'Here the United States Post Office steamer

Florence B. in one season delivered to passing boats 345,956 pieces of mail and received from them 101,626 pieces.’”

““Only marine mail delivery in the world,”” repeated John.

“Must have been some boats passing that season,” suggested Lee.

“There were. The figures are 20,249. More workingmen and mechanics own their homes in Detroit than in any other city in the country.”

“Good for Detroit! That’s something to take back to Boston, John,” began Larcum.

“You see — Just look and see what you see, fellows!” he hastily added in a lower tone.

Near them was the “musical” stranger, and as soon as he spied them he at once took a chair, and without waiting for an invitation again joined the group.

“You heard me singing?” he inquired. “I saw you in the music room. I am one of those who believe it’s only fair to add what you can to the pleasure of the passengers. So I sang.”

“The people seemed very happy. I saw a smile on almost every face,” suggested Scott, dryly.

“Yes, it’s wonderful, isn’t it? Strange what a

little thing does in such a place as this. By the way, boys, which is the most lucky letter in the alphabet?"

"Most lucky *what*?" inquired Larcum, sharply.

"The most lucky letter. You'd never guess it, so I'll tell you. It's *E*."

"How is that?" asked John.

"Why, it's always in peace and never in war. It's always in wealth and never in want. It's in ease twice as much as any other letter. It comes at the very beginning of existence and without it there wouldn't be any earth, or heaven or meal or life. Do you see? If you don't, I'll explain it to you. Now the letter *E* is the first and the last letter in the word 'ease.' See that?"

"Yes, I see," replied John, soberly. "But I should not always agree with you. *E* is always in trouble, in theft, in bores, and in deadheads. It ought to be in jail, but it is in the pen anyway. It's in the devil, and the devil is in it, and it's the end of hope. Good-night, fellows," he added. "I'm going to bed. We are due in Detroit early in the morning, and I'm going to be up before the Larc. I'm going to see this town."

"We'll all turn in," said Scott, hastily, and politely bidding their unwelcome guest good night, they at once departed.

The sun was shining brightly when the boys arose on the following morning, and as they peered out of their stateroom windows they could see that they were already within the limits of the Detroit River. The sight was a sufficient incentive to hasten their preparations for breakfast, and all four were soon in their seats in the dining room. Ample justice was done the food, despite their eagerness to witness the landing, and when they made their way to the deck, the great steamer was already close to the dock. Interested as the boys were in the landing, they nevertheless were not unmindful of the sight which the many boats on the river presented. Crafts of all kinds and sizes were plying up or down the stream, and in the glow of the perfect summer day seemed almost like things alive. On the opposite shore of the river they could see the buildings of the Canadian town of Windsor, and the fact that they were so near the border of their own country lent an additional element of interest to the view. It was not long, however, before the boys had made their way to the dock and there engaged a carriage

for the two hours which were to be granted in the city.

First they were driven to some of the principal business sections, and the circular streets were as interesting as they were novel.

“No old cowpaths here,” exclaimed Larcum to John. “They didn’t take an old lane and turn it into a street the way they did in Boston.”

“Oh, well, the chief thing about a street,” laughed John, “is that it leads somewhere. These circles are all right enough for those that like them, but I should think people would become wearied by perpetually bringing up just where they started.”

“That isn’t the way of it at all!” said Larcum, warmly. “You see they studied a spider’s web, and found that it covered the most space and with the most convenient paths. So they let go of their old-fashioned ideas and just went to the ant and the spider — and were wise.”

“It certainly is fine,” admitted John.

When they turned into the leading avenue and the wide stretch of the beautiful street with its imposing residences and wealth of shade trees and lawns as green as nature and cultivation could make them, the enthusiasm of the young travellers became more manifest.

"It is certainly a beautiful city," said John, when at last their carriage turned back toward the dock. "And there is considerable refinement here for a new town, too," he added graciously. "Everything seems to be in quite good taste."

"Humph!" snorted Larcum, half angrily. "That's mighty kind of you. Detroit isn't such a 'new' town. I told you that before, though I'd rather be 'new' and alive than 'old' and dead, any day."

"Tastes differ," remarked John, in a manner that increased Larcum's anger.

"Larc is right," said Scott. "I've been looking the town up, you know. It was in 1701 when Sieur Antoine de la Matte Cadillac built Fort Pontchartrain right where the heart of Detroit now is. And La Salle had been here thirty years before that, too. The British gained possession of the place fifty-nine years after the French built the fort here, and then three years after that Pontiac besieged the place with his Ottawas for fifteen months. Oh, Detroit has a history, let me tell you, Jack, even if you can't read it on top of Bunker Hill."

"Oh, that's all right. It was here, too, in the

War of 1812, as I happen to remember reading, but *that* doesn't make it so much of a town *to-day*," replied John.

"Listen, my erudite Bostonian," said Scott, reading from the paper in his hand: "'During the eight months that navigation is open on the Great Lakes more tonnage passes Detroit in the Detroit River than enters London, the largest port in the world, in the entire year.'"

"I don't know about that," said John, dubiously. "None of my teachers in Boston ever told me so."

A shout greeted the serious declaration, but the flush that for a moment appeared on John's face departed when they now approached the dock.

CHAPTER XI

WILD "BORES"

STANDING near the gang-plank, and with every appearance of having been awaiting the return of the boys, was their talkative and unwelcome friend.

"There seems to be an air of superincrustation of transcontinental pedestrianism about that man," said John, irritated by the broad smile with which the man greeted them. His dislike of the too friendly stranger he could not explain even to himself, but it was no less real because of his inability to define it.

"Well, my friends," exclaimed the man as the boys came aboard, "what did you think of Detroit?"

"It's a very pretty city, suh," responded Lee.

"You may well say that. Perhaps you boys are a trifle hungry after your jaunt. I shall be

very glad to have you share with me some of the food I purchased." As he spoke, the man drew from his pocket a greasy package containing several small pies and offered them to the boys.

In spite of their inclination to laugh, Scott politely declined the offer for his companions as well as for himself, and all four at once departed hastily for the upper deck. To their delight, the man did not follow them, and when they had seated themselves, the *Juniata* had already cast off and was moving swiftly up the beautiful river.

The sight which greeted their eyes was one of remarkable beauty, and the crafts of various kinds which they met, the wooded banks, the beautiful island parks and summer homes along the shores, in the bright sunlight of the summer day were inspiring. All except John seemed to give themselves fully to the joy of the hour, and at last Lee, impressed by his friend's continued silence, turned to him and said: —

"What is it, old man?"

"I'm thinking of what that man wanted us to eat."

"Those pies?" laughed Lee. "That ought

not to trouble you. I thought all the Yankees lived on pie."

"'Pie'? You call those things pies? They were nothing but sarcophagi of flies!" retorted John, in disgust.

"Well, never mind," said Lee, soothingly. "You didn't have to eat them."

"No; but just fancy what you fellows would have had to put up with if I had. It was a narrow escape."

The steamer by this time had entered Lake Saint Clair, and even John no longer cherished his grudge as all four of the boys gazed eagerly over the waters. The channel was plainly marked, and it was evident that in many places the lake was shallow. Vessels laden with lumber, grain, or iron ore were frequently met, and on board of many of the last class the boys perceived parties of young people on deck or peering from the cabins, and the never-failing greeting of travellers was given and returned. Plainly, many of these parties consisted of people who by preference or opportunity in this manner had made the trip up the Great Lakes and were now on their homeward voyage.

When the *Juniata* passed out upon the broad

expanse of Lake Huron, the scene changed again, and only the shore upon their left could be seen. But the exhilaration of the glowing sunlight, the clear air, and the glistening waters was continuous, and the spirits of all four boys were high.

When they had returned to their places on the upper deck, however, after luncheon, a groan escaped John's lips when he perceived that the man who had so frequently pestered them was once more about to join them as an unbidden and unwelcome addition to their party.

"Just look at him," muttered John. "There he comes pushing that smile of his before him like a man rolling his burden up the hill."

"Keep still, Jack," laughed Scott. "We'll fix it so that he won't stay long."

John's mood manifestly was unchanged when the "familiar stranger" drew his chair alongside the young Bostonian's and beamed upon the boys.

"So this is where you keep yourselves, is it?" he demanded, an expansive smile spreading over his face as he spoke. "I've been looking for you all over the steamer. I tell you this is like the good old days," he added as he glanced for a moment at the shore. "I know every foot of the

way, but travelling now isn't much like what it was when I first came up here."

"Was that many years ago, suh?" inquired Lee, politely.

"Yes, more than I like to think of. Still, I do like to think of those times. I am a great believer in the simple life, and it was all simple then."

"Sometimes there isn't much difference between a simple life and an idiotic life," suggested John, demurely.

Ignoring the irritation of John, the stranger, his expansive smile still adorning his countenance, said: "That's because you live in an old town. That's why you feel about it as you do. But just think for a moment how simple everything hereabout must have been a half-century ago. No complex civilization, no unnatural dress, no late hours, no —"

"That's so," interrupted John. "No cooks, no beds, no lights, no streets, no wash-tubs, no books, no ideas, no — strangers. For my part I think these days are good enough for me. There's lots of nonsense talked about the simple life. I don't object to civilization myself."

"You are quite right," assented the man, blandly. "But still the older civilization has its

disadvantages. There are times when years are not the best measure of values."

"That's so," acknowledged John, soberly. "I was reading the other day about a time when the most fashionable color was 'l'Isbeau,' or 'the Isabella.'"

"I don't think I ever saw or heard of that color," said the man.

The three boys were looking keenly at John, for by the tone of his voice they were aware that he was about to "say something."

"It came about in this way," began John. "Isabella, the daughter of Philip II, vowed not to change her apparel until Ostend was taken. The siege lasted something like three years, and the color of the lady's apparel no longer retained the tint of its former immaculateness. It was of a highly subdued brownish tint, but immediately it became all the rage. It had the flavor of age and the sanction of royalty. But it still was one of the things that belonged to the 'good old days.'"

"Ah, yes. Quite right. Very humorous. Very humorous indeed," said the stranger, unabashed by the shouts of the boys. Then abruptly changing the topic of conversation, he inquired, "Will you boys stop to do any hunting on your trip?"

"We don't expect to," said Larcum, shortly.

"That's a pity. There is rare sport to be had."

"I thought they wouldn't let any one shoot the game in the Yellowstone," said Scott.

"In the Yellowstone Park — yes," assented the man. "But one doesn't have to do his hunting there. I myself have had some great experiences in Minnesota. Why, one time — this was fifteen years ago, I think — I was hunting near one of the lakes in the upper part of the State. You know the word 'Minnesota' is an Indian word, and means 'many lakes' — there are a thousand of them within its borders, I understand. Let me see. Where was I? I have lost the thread of my story. Oh, yes. I was telling about my hunting moose, I think it was."

"Do they have moose in Minnesota?" inquired Scott, quietly.

"Certainly. They can raise anything there that grows in this country. Well, I was out hunting, — as I was saying, — and I think it was late in the fall. Yes, I know it was, for there are reasons that make the date very clear in my recollection. But I'll tell you about those some other time. Well, I was hunting up near one of the lakes in Northern Minnesota, that particular

morning — it was the 8th of November, as I explained to you, and about ten o'clock. I had my gun with me —"

"Do you usually take your gun when you go hunting, suh?" inquired Lee.

"Ah, yes. That's a good one," replied the man, joining in the laugh of the boys. "That's very good indeed. I did happen to have my gun with me on this particular occasion, and it was very fortunate for me that I did, too, for I came right to a spot where I could see an immense buck standing on a knoll not fifty feet in front of me. I fired at him, and he must have leaped five feet into the air and then fell in a heap, dead, or at least I thought he was dead. He had every appearance of it. I drew my knife and ran up to bleed him, but I hadn't touched his throat when he jumped up, and he was full of fight, too. To save myself I just grabbed him by the horns, and as luck would have it I managed to get a good hold. Then the buck dashed away, and there I was hanging to his horns for dear life."

"'Twas good of him to wait until you had a firm hold on his horns," suggested Scott, quietly.

"It certainly was very fortunate," assented the man, not aware of anything implied in Scott's

words. "He took me at a lively pace over jagged rocks and through the thorny and tangled underbrush, banging me against the rocks and trees until my clothes were in tatters and my body a mass of bruises. We must have gone in that way half a mile before at last the buck stumbled over a log. The shock was so great that I was thrown ten feet in front of the log, and just the minute the buck found himself loose he started away —"

"Did he ever come back, suh?" inquired Lee.

"Why, no, of course not. Why should he have come back?" said the man, simply.

"I have heard there are a great many bears in the Yellowstone," said Larcum.

"There are — a great many."

"Do you suppose we'll see any?"

"Lots of them. Just as many as you want to see."

"Do they bite?"

"They do not."

"If not, why not?" persisted Larcum, soberly.

"Because no one is allowed to harm them. A bear won't give you any trouble unless you make him angry. But speaking of bears — that reminds me of another very strange and exciting adventure I once had with bears, and that, too,

was in this region north of here. I had gone to Isle Royale with some friends, but we had gone to fish, and not to hunt bears. But we caught one and in the most peculiar manner. Now how do you suppose we caught it?" he demanded.

"Search me. I don't believe you'll find a guess anywhere on my person," drawled Larcum.

"Well, it was this way. We were fishing on the Big Siskiwit River. I think I told you of that, didn't I? Well, that's where it was, and my recollection is that at the time we were near the mouth of the river. I had a good-sized shiner on my hook, and I let the leader float down the stream. I saw that my line was carried by the current around a sharp bend so that I couldn't see my bait. All at once I felt the most savage pull you ever heard of, and a yank that almost took my rod out of my hand. Now what do you suppose I had hooked?"

"A bear," suggested Scott.

"Yes, sir, that's exactly what I had. A young bear was on the bank fishing, too, and when he saw my shiner he must have made a grab for it, and when he swallowed the bait, the hook caught him right in the lip. He was fast hooked."

"Is he there now?" demanded John.

"Why, no, certainly not. We took him back with us to Duluth."

"Did you ever come across a wild 'bore' in your travels in this part of the world?" inquired John, innocently.

"No, I can't say that I have," replied the man, gazing in surprise at the boys, who had all laughed at John's query.

"I saw one back in Detroit," said John.

"It must have been in the museum. Was it in captivity?"

"This one I saw wasn't," remarked John, soberly. "It ought to have been, but it wasn't."

The four boys arose and sought another part of the steamer, but they had not long been there before their "friend" appeared once more and joined them. Nor were they able to free themselves from him for much of the time throughout the day.

At last, when Lee and John retired for the night to their room, Lee said: —

"What are we going to do, Jack, with that 'cheerful idiot'?"

"We'll have to do something. We're due at Mackinac Island early to-morrow morning, and they say it is one of the most interesting places in

all our trip. I wouldn't have that man along with us for anything."

"We mustn't — that's all. You can't give him a hint that he is capable of taking. But we must think up some way to head him off. I may dream out something to-night, and I'll be up with it early in the morning. You know, Jack, that those of low 'berth' are usually the first to rise."

With a groan John reached for his pillow, and for a time there was a contest over the possession of the "weapon," but at last both boys desisted and sought their berths, with thoughts somewhat divided between the cheerful idiot and the beauties of Mackinac.

CHAPTER XII

A GAME OF BAGGATIWAY

To the delight of the four young travellers their "friend" did not appear at the breakfast table when they met there, nor had he come when they hurriedly departed from the dining room, as the word was passed about that the *Juniata* was within sight of Mackinac Island. They sought their accustomed places on the upper deck, and for a brief time no one spoke as they gazed upon the marvellous sight before them. So smooth were the waters of the lake that scarcely a ripple could be seen, and the air was so clear that the outlines of the fort and the large hotels and even the dwelling houses on the island could be distinguished in the distance. The shore not far out from which the steamer was passing, the straits in the distance, the islands far away on the horizon, the glorious air of the summer day,

the blue of the sky, the high and rounded form of Mackinac Island, toward which they were steadily and swiftly moving, all combined to arouse within the hearts of the boys a glow of enthusiasm that seemed to be felt by every one of the passengers. It was a scene of marvellous beauty, and the thoughts of the associations with which the historic island was linked—of the Frenchmen, the missionaries, the traders, the soldiers, the Indians with their light canoes, as well as the more stately ships of war that all had been over the very waters over which they themselves were now sailing—aroused a feeling of deep interest.

The numbers of the watching people on the deck steadily increased, and when three-quarters of an hour had elapsed the great steamer drew alongside the dock, and the passengers were all informed that they would have exactly two hours in which to view the wonders and beauties of the famous island. In spite of the early season many of the summer people were already here, and there was a goodly crowd assembled to watch the landing of the *Juniata*.

Our four boys were among the first to leave the boat, and passing rapidly up the street came to the place where the carriages were in waiting,

and after a hasty conversation with the driver Larcum secured what John termed a three-seated buckboard, and they were the first party to start on the drive around the island.

"Aren't there any men in the fort here now?" demanded Scott of the driver as they passed along the road underneath the low walls of the old fort.

"No'p. Government abandoned post here in 1895," replied the driver.

"Why was that done?"

"Give it up. Don't know. Seems queer that such a place's this shouldn't be kep' up. Control o' three lakes right here, too."

"I see, driver," said Lee, "that this island is claimed to be not only one of the most beautiful in the whole world but one of the most healthful, too. Is that so?"

"You bet 'tis."

"No malaria here?"

"Not a mite."

"No seasickness?"

"On the island? Never heard o' none," responded the driver, in surprise.

"Any headaches?" persisted Lee, looking at Scott as he spoke.

"No. Beats all how healthy this island is,"

remarked the driver, who was but little older than any of his party and had been quick to see that Lee's questions had been asked for the purpose of bantering. "I'll show you a buryin'-ground pretty soon, but they couldn't get anybody to put in it for a good many years."

"What did they have it for, then?" demanded John.

"What would ye think o' havin' a place like this without a cemetery?" retorted the driver. "'Twouldn't be decent not to have none. So years ago they made this one I'm tellin' ye 'bout, but they couldn't get anybody to go in it, as I said."

"There are some headstones there, suh," suggested Lee, pointing to some marble slabs as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," replied the driver. "I didn't say there wasn't anybody buried there. There is. But it's so dreadfully healthy here they had to shoot a few people first off, just to make the buryin'-ground look respectable. But even that didn't seem to work as they thought it ought to. The people wouldn't *stay* there even after they were put there, so they had to build this fence around it. That has kep' 'em in." The face of the driver was absolutely expressionless, and the

blank look on Lee's face, that soon gave place to one of delight, seemed at first to amaze him.

"Yes," resumed the driver, thoughtfully, "it's dreadful hard t' die here, it's so healthy, an' it's harder yet to stay dead."

"Don't laugh at him, fellows," whispered John, as Larcum showed signs of delight. "He'll spoil the whole ride for us if we give him a chance."

"How many people are here in summer?" inquired Scott.

"Oh, twenty thousan' or so."

"Is it so? How many are here all the year?"

"'Bout six hundred or so."

"What do they do when the winter is hard and they can't get supplies? The ice and snow must be something fearful here."

"Oh, they live on scenery and snowballs. Ever eat a fried one?"

"Fried *what*?" demanded Larcum.

"Fried snowballs," replied the driver, solemnly.

"What did I tell you, fellows?" whispered John, shaking his head dejectedly.

But not even John's mood was able to dampen the ardor of the boys, for the bracing air of the beautiful morning and the steady climb of the houses as the road wound toward the higher

ground of the island were too interesting of themselves to permit any lighter matters to detract. Glimpses of the lake were occasionally had, and when at last the driver stopped before a marvellous arched natural bridge, and bade the boys alight and inspect it, their interest was so keen that they instantly responded. And the marvellous work of nature was worthy of their interest. The bridge was as perfect in its way as was the arch. Far below them were the waters of Lake Huron, and here, on the very border of the shore, was one of the most unique sights they had ever seen.

Other carriages were now approaching, and the boys soon turned back to their own, but their chagrin was great when they found themselves face to face with their "friend."

"Good morning!" he exclaimed cordially. "Just coming or going? Oh, yes. Going, I see," he added as the boys hastened to their seats. "Have you an extra place?" he demanded of the boys, as he followed them to the wagon. "Yes, I see you have, and if you don't mind I think I'll take it. I'll sit here with the driver. My seat in the other wagon was very uncomfortable."

"Let's leave him in the cemetery, Larc," suggested Lee, in a whisper.

"He isn't that kind," replied Larcum, with a wry face. "I'm afraid it would take more than one fence to keep him in, too."

The ride itself was so extremely interesting that not even the presence of the self-invited guest could detract from it. Roads winding through the forest, high ground from which glimpses of the lake could be had, strange geological formations, — a perpetual change and one of continuous interest and variety was before them. At the Great Stairway the boys once more alighted and made their way to the very top of the structure, beneath which the island and all the surrounding waters spread out as a part of one magical scene.

"Beats anything I ever saw," exclaimed Larcum, as he and his friends returned to their carriage. "Now, driver, we've seen pretty much everything. We'd better be working back toward the *Juniata*. We don't want to get left."

"Don't ye?" laughed the driver. "Well, if you're left, I'll give you my team. We've just begun to see, and you needn't be afraid of the time. I'll risk *that*."

“Yes, you can afford to risk it better than we can.”

“Boys, I’ve been here before, and there’s one spot you must see,” spoke up their “guest” on the front seat. “And that is Lover’s Leap.”

“What made him leap?” inquired Scott, solemnly.

“It was a maiden. She —”

“How much did she cover?” interrupted Scott.

“The leap was one hundred and forty-five feet.”

“Oh, come now, that’s more than five times the record. I can do twenty feet myself, but when you tell me that she jumped a hundred and forty-five —”

“Not horizontally. Perpendicularly,” explained the man.

“Oh, yes. I see. That explains it. Did she jump up or down?” The driver shouted with delight, but the expression of Scott’s face remained unchanged. “What made her jump?” he inquired simply.

“Her lover. He had been killed, or played her false, or —”

“Is *that* all?” interrupted Scott. “Oh, excuse me,” he hastily added. “Was she jumping

for him? That explains it. I see now. I see perfectly."

"Then there's Robinson's Folly and Pontiac's Lookout," continued the man. "You must be sure to see them. A man named Robinson built a house on the ledge right out over the lake, and one day in a storm the ledge and house fell."

"Did it 'fall'?" interrupted Scott. "There's nothing so very strange about that. It seems to me it would have been queer if it hadn't fallen. Now if it had 'gone up,' as we say in the East, that might have been worth talking about."

"You can see right down into the old fort now," suggested the driver. "Do you see that gate there to the right?" As the boys declared they were all able to discern the spot indicated, the driver said, "One time in June, in 1763, they had a game of baggatiway —"

"What's that?" demanded John.

"Oh, it was either a game of ball or lacrosse, I don't just know which. There were thirty-five English soldiers in the fort; for it was the time when the English had control here, and the Indians were hungry to get into the fort, and as they hadn't succeeded they arranged for a game of baggatiway. The Chippewas were to

play the Sacs just outside the stockade. The redskins were shrewd and fixed the game on the birthday of the King, so of course the soldiers agreed, and they weren't quite so sharp on their lookout as they had been. The gate was left a bit open, and the soldiers went out to see the game. The squaws were there, too, so the story runs, and every one of 'em had a tomahawk under her blanket. Well, the game began, and pretty soon every one was wild with excitement or 'peared to be. By and by, when the signal that had been agreed upon was given, some one of the redskins drove the ball inside the stockade, and then the whole crowd of Indians, yelling and laughing, started after it. The Indians rushed in through the gate that had been left part way open, and just as soon as they were inside, the 'game' changed. They raised the war-whoop, grabbed the tomahawks which the squaws had been hiding for them, and then there was a terrible massacre."

"How do you know there was?" demanded Scott.

"Why, there was an English trader named Henry in the fort at the time, and the Indians didn't kill him. They kept him a prisoner,

promising him all the time that they would save him and roast him at the feast they were planning to have. They took all his goods and even stripped his clothes from his body, but as the redskins within a day or two happened to capture two English trading boats that were near, they kept putting off their feast. At last an Indian named Wawatam, a Chippewa, who had been a friend of Henry's, claimed the man as his prisoner, and the redmen gave him to the warrior. But as the Indians had found some fire-water on the boats, Wawatam took Henry away, telling him he could not answer for his life at such a time, and so he took him and hid him in that cave back here which we passed. I told you it was called Skull Cave, and the reason for it was that when Henry was astir the next morning he found he'd been sleeping or rather lying all night —"

"So he kept on lying even unto this day?" interrupted Scott.

"So that was the reason why it was called Skull Cave," laughed the driver.

"You are mistaken, driver," said the man beside him. "It was an Indian maiden that rescued the trader and concealed him in that cave."

The driver stared at the man for a moment, and then ignoring the interruption, said:—

“Wawatam managed to protect the man, Henry, when the redskins got over their spree, and took him from place to place and tribe to tribe until at last up here at the Saulte the trader found some friends and so got away.”

“I say,” said John, suddenly, “wasn’t it here at Mackinac that John Jacob Astor had his headquarters for his fur trade? I just thought of it.”

“Yes. The old house and some of the furniture, dishes, scales, and things are there now.”

“We’ll look it up,” said Larcum, quickly. “What’s that?” he suddenly demanded, as a loud and prolonged whistle could be heard.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DEPARTURE FROM MACKINAC

"THAT'S the *Juniata's* whistle," said the driver, calmly. "You've time enough. Didn't I promise you my team if you were left?"

"That's all right," retorted the self-invited guest by the driver's side. "But I just can't afford to take any chances. I simply mustn't be left here. I think you would do better to go straight back to the dock now."

"Shall I go?" inquired the driver of Larcum.

"Go ahead with the drive. All we want is to be back on the *Juniata* before she leaves the dock," replied Larcum, calmly.

"Then I shall have to leave you here," said the "guest," tartly. "I can find my way across the country. I've been here before. I'll see you at the dock if you get there on time." As he spoke, the man leaped lightly to the ground and speedily

disappeared from sight as he followed one of the numerous little pathways that led into the woods.

“That man’ll get left as sure’s your born,” said the driver, cheerfully, as he spoke to his horses. “What’s his name, anyway?”

“I don’t know,” replied Larcum. “‘Legion,’ I guess.”

“His name is Smith,” said John, quietly. “I looked him up.”

“Here’s something you don’t want to miss,” suggested the driver. “Here’s the spot where the British planted their cannon when they took the fort here in the War of 1812. You see Lieutenant Hanks, who was in command here, didn’t even know that war had been declared. Our Secretary of War didn’t amount to much, and he sent word up here by the regular way that war had begun; but the British, they didn’t wait for any such slow work as that, for they sent runners and messengers up here with the word. Captain Roberts over here at Saint Jo was in command of the British hereabout, and his word was to take this island — and he did. He got together the regulars of his garrison, some of the Fur Company’s voyagers, and a good many Indians, and set sail from Saint Jo, when no one was looking. Our

garrison was only a little handful, but even at that Captain Roberts didn't want to come at it in front, so he landed his men — he had several hundred of them all together — about three o'clock in the morning and planted his guns up here on the height back of the fort, and when it was daylight he ordered the Americans to surrender. There wasn't anything else to be done, so they surrendered — every one of 'em."

"How long did the British hold the island?" inquired John.

"Till the end of the war. Our men tried to get it back again a number of times, but they couldn't make it work."

"It's a wonderful spot," murmured John. "It's worth a trip all the way from Boston just to see it in a morning like this. The sublimity of the universe seems to be hyphenated with a peculiar personal predisposition to respond to the appeal of the charm."

"Yes, I've often thought o' that," said the driver, solemnly. "Only we don't call it by that name up here. We — Hello!" he suddenly broke in, "I guess it's 'bout time we began to move back toward the dock. I don't want to give up my horses yet."

At a word from the driver the team at once began to move swiftly down the smooth road, and in a brief time arrived at the place where the start had been made. Larcum hastily paid the driver, and then all four boys hastened to the *Juniata*, toward which a crowd was already steadily moving.

Only a few minutes elapsed before the huge steamer swung free from the dock and backed into the lake, preparatory to reversing her course and heading for Saint Mary's River. She was a hundred feet or more out from the shore when suddenly a man was seen making his way swiftly among the people on the dock and in a brief time arrived at the outermost point.

"Look there! Look there, fellows!" exclaimed Scott, sharply, as he pointed at the man, who now was shouting and wildly waving his arms. "Do you recognize that unfortunate but delayed traveller?"

"It's Mr. Smith!" exclaimed Lee.

"That's who it is!" said Larcum, excitedly. "Do you suppose they'll stop the boat?"

"Not here," said John, calmly.

The huge steamer was slowly swinging about, and her bow was almost pointed in the direction in which she was to go. The passengers, many

of whom were on the upper deck, were watching the man, who was still dancing about on the dock and frantically calling to the steamer to come back.

"This fable teaches that one ought never to be late. I'm glad I've always made it a rule to be on time — when I have to," drawled Lee.

"Look there! Some one is going to bring the late Mr. Smith out in a skiff," suggested Scott.

No one spoke, as all eagerly watched the boy who had quickly brought his skiff to the end of the dock where Mr. Smith was waiting. Apparently the man hesitated, for he glanced several times at the little skiff and then at the huge steamer a hundred feet away. Whatever the cause of his hesitation may have been, it did not prevent several men who had rushed to the spot from almost forcibly thrusting the man into the skiff, and the boy at once began to row vigorously toward the *Juniata*.

"Let's go down and help him on," suggested Larcum, soberly, although his eyes twinkled as he spoke.

Instantly following out the suggestion, the boys ran to the place where the skiff had come alongside the steamer and a rope ladder had been

made ready for the use of the unfortunate man. The mighty Larcum, leaning far out, seized the struggling Mr. Smith by the collar of his coat and with one strong pull brought him safely on board. The *Juniata* was already preparing to go ahead, and the lad who had brought the man to the steamer was anxiously waiting, fearing to remain where he was and yet not wishing to leave until he had received his pay.

"Here, the boy's waiting for his money," exclaimed Larcum.

"Ah, yes," muttered Mr. Smith, breathlessly. "Ah, yes, I have a nickel. Would that do?" he inquired dubiously of Larcum. Evidently he concluded from the expression on the young man's face that it would not "do," and after fumbling in his pockets without any apparent success he said, "Would you mind handing him half a dollar? I find I have no change in my pockets."

Larcum tossed the lad a half dollar, which was deftly caught, and then the skiff was vigorously rowed away and at that very moment the *Juniata* started ahead at full speed.

The boys did not wait to see what the man whom Larcum had rescued would now do, but at once returned to their places on the upper

deck, interested in the sight which could be seen all about them. The water clear and beautiful, the cloudless sky, the interest of their fellow-passengers, the beauty of the islands, the scenes of animation on the strange vessels they met, all combined to increase the enjoyment of the four young travellers, which was already keen.

It was not long before the *Juniata* passed into the narrower waters of Saint Mary's River, and then the interest became even stronger when the channel became so narrow that the water on either side of the steamer was made muddy by the passing of the boat.

"Come on, fellows!" called Larcum. "Let's go down below where we can get a better view of this. Come on!"

His friends at once followed him, and soon all four boys were on the lowest deck, talking with the steward, who stood there watching the muddy waters over which the *Juniata* was moving.

"Easy to get aground here, I fancy," suggested John to the man.

"Easy enough if one wants to, but we don't want to," laughed the steward.

"I suppose the pilot knows every dangerous spot along here," remarked Scott.

"No, he doesn't."

"He doesn't! I should think you'd be afraid to trust a man who doesn't know where he's likely to strike a rock or a bar."

"That's where you're mistaken. That's just the kind of a man to trust."

"I don't see."

"Why, it's the man who knows where the rocks and bars *are not* that we want to steer us up the Saint Mary's."

"Oh, I see," said Scott, joining in the laugh of his friends. "That's a good point, and I think I'll try to remember it. Do you ever get stuck here?" he demanded of the steward.

"Not exactly stuck. Sometimes we get behind a lumber tow, and that keeps us back a few hours."

"What time are we due at the Saulte?" inquired John.

"About dusk."

"Anything to see there?"

"See' there? That depends on whether you've got any eyes or not. See? Why, if you want to, you can see the largest lock in the world."

"How many locks are there?" inquired Scott.

"Three — two on the American side and one

on the Canadian. The Poe lock is the largest in the world. It's eight hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide, and cost four million dollars. We'll go into that, so you can't fail to see it."

"Where do they keep the key?" inquired Scott, soberly.

"Key? What key? Key to what?" demanded the steward, quickly.

"Why, the key to this big lock you're telling about."

"It isn't that kind of a lock," explained the steward, quickly. "It's a lock to get around Saint Mary's falls or rapids. You'll see those, too, and if you want to, you can get some of the Indians to bring you through the rapids in their canoes."

"What! Now?" demanded Larcum, eagerly.

"Yes. You'll have two hours after we get there. Plenty of time."

"Are there many Indians there?"

"Oh, there's enough to go around. But the lock is the great sight, as I was telling you. Some people don't seem to realize what a business goes on here in these locks. They always go abroad for their sights. And yet let me tell you that though the locks at Saulte Ste. Marie are open only

eight months in the year, and the Suez Canal is open all the year round, the tonnage here at the Saulte is more than twice that of the Suez Canal! Just think of that, will you, and I don't believe half the Americans know it!"

"So much business must make the people quite civilized," suggested John, demurely.

"Humph!" retorted the steward. "Saulte Ste. Marie was founded in 1641. There was a French mission station there, and it was one of the most important depots of the Hudson Bay Company, too. Some of the old buildings are still standing, and so too are parts of old Fort Brady."

"I hadn't any idea there was so much around here," said Scott.

"I guess ye never travelled very much," suggested the steward, laughing as the three boys also laughed at their comrade. "Tell you what," continued the steward, "I guess you boys would have some fun if you could stop over long enough to go over to Desbarats and see the Ojibways give 'Hiawatha.'"

"Is this where the play is given by the Indians?" asked John, quickly.

"No. Not here. Over in Ontario, at Desbarats. People say it's fine, too, and well worth

seeing. But I see so much of the Indians most every day I can't say that I have any great desire to see a performance by them."

"I'd like to see it," said Lee. "But we won't have time, will we?"

"No. You wouldn't have time, and then, too, they aren't quite ready to give the play yet. It's a little too early in the season."

"Will there be any real Indians at the Saulte?"

"You certainly will see some if you go up into the city."

"And we can shoot the rapids, too?"

"Yes, you'll have plenty of time."

"And go up in the lock, too?"

"Yes," laughed the steward. "And be lifted in the lock, too."

The boys at once departed and went to their rooms. When Lee entered his, he was amazed to find the friendly Mr. Smith within and the door unlocked. The surprise of Mr. Smith apparently was as great as his own, for after stammering and trying to explain how he chanced to be there, the man abruptly departed, and Lee, somewhat anxious, turned to the bag in which he had left his valuables.

CHAPTER XIV

NEAR MARQUETTE'S MONUMENT

It certainly was strange that he should have discovered the smiling Mr. Smith in his room, Lee thought, but a hasty search among his valuables failed to reveal any loss, and the excitement arising from the approach to the city was so keen that soon all other thoughts were for the time at least banished from his mind. Speedily he joined his friends, who were already waiting for him in their accustomed place, and then with keen interest they gazed at the sights along the near-by shore. There were islands on which summer homes had been built, little boats with gay parties on board, great manufacturing establishments to be seen on either shore, but the chief interest of the boys was in the approach to the city itself. As they came nearer, they could easily see the swift waters of the rapids, and Lee suddenly exclaimed,

pointing at a canoe that could be seen in the midst of the tossing waters as he spoke: "Look there, fellows! Just see that! That's worth trying!"

"That's what it is!" replied Larcum. "We'll take a run up town first, and then we'll come back and have a ride with the Indians in one of those canoes."

"Excuse *me*," murmured John.

"What's the trouble, Jack?" demanded Larcum, with a laugh.

"I'll go with you up town, and I'll have a look at the locks, but I don't believe I care for any of the rapids."

"Come on, then! Here we are at the dock!" exclaimed Larcum, as the huge steamer came alongside the landing-place.

In a brief time the boys were all ashore, and making their way up the wide street, with its one-story or story-and-a-half buildings on either side, looked about them with interest. Evidently it had been a day when a celebration of some kind had been held, for the streets were filled with people, and among them were many who unmistakably were Indians. The boys gazed at the redmen with such interest that a policeman, noticing their attention, told them of some wig-

wams which had been made near the city in which the redmen were staying during their visit at the Saulte, for many had come up from their reservations for the celebration. Eagerly the boys ran to the place that had been indicated, and following the example of some of the people who were already there, they approached the wigwam and gazed within at the stolid people that were seated or lying on the ground.

Children, adults, and old people were there together, the air was foul, and the hut itself anything but clean, and a brief glimpse at the interior seemed amply to satisfy the curiosity of the young travellers.

"Whew!" exclaimed John, as the boys turned back to the city. "I wonder if we have really seen the noble redman in his primeval and pristine simplicity."

"As far back as I care to go," remarked Scott. "I haven't seen one Indian, man or woman, young or old, that you could really call handsome."

"I saw one up here on the street," said Larcum. "A girl, and she was a beauty. The kind you read about."

"Read about, but don't see. They can sleep, though, can't they?"

“Seem to. Makes me think of what my uncle said to me one time when I was a small boy and went to visit him on the farm where he lived. He was a fine man, my Uncle Will was, and he was deacon in the church there, too. Well, I went one Sunday afternoon with him, and the first thing I knew I was sound asleep. When we were going home after church, Uncle Will said to me: ‘Scott, you ought not to go to sleep in church. You must not forget that the devil stays awake all the time.’ ‘Uncle Will,’ I said, just as innocent as you please, ‘don’t you ever go to sleep in church?’ ‘No, never,’ he said. ‘Well, if you stay awake all the time, then, I’d like to know which is more like the devil, you or I.’”

“Oh, wasn’t he cute!” murmured Lee, admiringly.

“He certainly was,” assented John. “He was a remarkable youth.”

“Yes, and he hasn’t gotten all over it yet,” joined in Larcum.

“Never you mind, fellows,” laughed Scott, good-naturedly. “You can’t ‘grind’ me to-day. I’m in too much haste to get up there and try those canoes before the *Juniata* resumes her proud voyage to the West.”

"So say we all," said John.

"What! are you going to try it, too, Jack?" demanded Larcum.

"Yes, I think I will," replied John. "I've been thinking it over, and I'm going to take my chances with the rest of you."

"Come along, then!" exclaimed Larcum. "We'll go up the locks and catch the canoes up above, and in that way we'll see the whole thing."

"Why, Larc, what size hat do you wear?" said Scott, in mock seriousness.

"Never you mind my hat. Just see if you can keep up with us. We're going to start now."

As he spoke, Larcum began to run swiftly along the bank, and the boys were so busied in trying to keep up with him that all attempts at conversation were abandoned. Arriving at the head of the rapids, Larcum signalled to some of the Indians and was fortunate enough to secure two canoes, in which he and his friends at once embarked, Scott going with him, and Lee and John taking their places in the second canoe.

In a brief time the word was given, and the canoes were caught in the full strength of the swift current and borne swiftly down the stream. One Indian was kneeling in the bow and another in

the stern of each canoe, deftly wielding their paddles and keeping the frail little crafts headed down the stream. The moment was thrilling to the boys. The canoes rested low on the water, and the tossing waves were on every side. To add to their excitement the Indians suddenly began to send forth their yells, and for an instant even the iron nerves of Larcum seemed to be moved. But the canoes darted forward almost with the speed of the wind, and in the midst of the roar of the tossing waters and the weird shouts and calls of the Indian paddlers there was no opportunity for conversation. The boys looked at one another, but were speechless, and almost before they were aware of it the swift voyage was ended and the canoes had been guided into the still waters near the *Juniata*.

"I wouldn't have missed that for a good deal!" exclaimed Lee, enthusiastically, when the boys were once more on board the steamer. "That's the first time in my life I ever shot the rapids."

"We're off!" said Larcum, eagerly, as the *Juniata* swung free from the dock and began to move into the lock.

The interest of the boys was now so keen that they had little to say to one another as they



THE CANOES DARTED FORWARD ALMOST WITH THE SPEED OF
THE WIND. — *Page 170.*

watched what was being done. The huge steamer slowly rose in the water that was let in until it was on a level with the canal, and then began to move more swiftly on its way to the waters of the lake. The dusk had deepened by this time, and soon after the boys sought their rooms, ready for the rest of the night.

Early on the following morning when Lee awoke, he discovered that the *Juniata* was already at the dock in Marquette. Without disturbing his companion he hastily dressed and made his way up the typical little street into the Western city, which was hardly yet astir, so early was the hour. He was determined to see whatever sights were to be found, and inquiring of a policeman, was directed to the spot where the imposing statue of Père Marquette was located. For a long time he stood beside it and gazed up into the strong, peaceful face of stone. Thoughts of the early French missionaries, their devotion and toil, the long voyages they had made, the persecutions they suffered from the Indians, the sufferings they endured, all came back to him from the tales he had read and now recalled, and as he thought that now he was standing on the very spot where the foremost missionary of them all had been so

many years ago, he once more looked up into the strong face of the image of Père Marquette and then turned sharply away to return to the steamer.

As he did so, he was surprised to perceive the friendly Mr. Smith on the opposite side of the statue, talking earnestly in low tones to a man whom Lee recognized as one of his fellow-passengers on the *Juniata*. Surprised as he was, for he had not been aware of the man's approach, he was about to speak to him, but quickly changed his purpose when he saw Mr. Smith hand his companion a strip of paper that seemed to be very like the ticket required by the *Juniata*. The man handed Mr. Smith some money as he took the ticket and thrust it into his pocket, and at that moment both looked up and were aware of his presence.

"Good morning, suh!" called Lee, pleasantly.

The reply which Mr. Smith made was broken, and the man's confusion or consternation was so apparent that Lee said no more and at once turned back and started toward the dock. Somehow there was a suspicion in the young traveller's mind that something was wrong, but he was unable to define it, and in the exhilaration of the early morning air and sunshine he walked rapidly

down the street, and after he had purchased some photographs and asked a few questions of the clerk in the store where he had stopped, he went back to the steamer.

"Where have you been, Lee?" called John, from the upper deck, as his friend approached.

"Been out to see the town. Some men prefer to lie in bed when they are travelling, but not for me. I want to see the sights."

"Why didn't you call us?" demanded Scott.

"How did I know you wanted to be called?" retorted Lee.

"You might have known. Hello! there's our genial friend, Mr. Smith," said Larcum. "He hasn't bothered us for a good while, fellows. Have you noticed it?"

"Yes," replied Lee, thoughtfully, recalling as he spoke the scene he had watched near Marquette's monument, and troubled somehow by the thought. But the steamer was already proceeding on her way by this time, and as at that moment the call for breakfast came, his misgivings were speedily forgotten in the eagerness with which he descended with his friends to the dining room.

For some reason which Lee could not understand Mr. Smith resumed his loquacious ways,

and all through the meal he was talking to the boys, unmindful of the fact that they seldom replied to his questions.

"I was up there by Marquette's monument this morning," Mr. Smith was saying, "and it reminded me of the ways of the Frenchmen."

"Pretty good way, suh," suggested Lee. "Not many like Marquette to-day. I saw you there by the monument."

"Did you? Were you there? I didn't see you," said Mr. Smith, blandly.

For a moment Lee stared at the man and did not speak. He was positive that Mr. Smith had seen him, and the sight had not been welcome either. And now the man denied having seen him at all. It was strange, and Lee was seriously perplexed.

Mr. Smith, however, did not appear to be aware of his confusion, for he was speaking glibly. "I was thinking particularly of how hard it is for the Frenchmen to learn our language. I have a friend who came over from Paris not long ago, and he prided himself on his ability to speak English. But he had great trouble with some of our verbs and idioms. He was on the cars one time, and whenever he looked out and saw the

sign 'Look out for the cars!' he thought it meant to look out and see the cars, and so he was for putting his head out of the window so that he might see. He didn't know 'look out' meant sometimes to put your head out and sometimes it meant to pull your head in."

The man laughed, though the boys were silent, and then unabashed continued: "He had his greatest trouble, though, with our verb 'break.' He came to me one day and said solemnly, 'Madame Beauvois intends to break down her school early this year.'

"'Break up, you mean,' I explained. 'Why does she do that?'

"'Oh, her health is broken into.'

"'Broken down, you mean,' I explained.

"'Yes, certainly. She has been ill ever since the fever broke up in town —'

"'Broke out,' I suggested.

"'Yes, thank you.'

"'Will she leave her home unoccupied?' I inquired.

"'No. She will have a caretaker. She is afraid it will be broken — broken —'

"'Into?'

"'Yes, that is it. Her son will look after it,

for since his engagement has been broken — broken —’

“‘Off,’ I explained. ‘I am sorry. I had not heard of that.’

“‘Well, he only broke — broke — the news to her last week. Is it so?’

“‘Yes, that is correct.’

“‘Her son is a breaker, I think.’

“‘No, he is a broker.’”

But the boys waited to hear no more, for all four departed from the table, three going to the upper deck, but Lee passed swiftly to his room.

CHAPTER XV

A LOSS

SOME motive which even Lee himself did not understand led him at once to inspect the locked drawer in which he had left his ticket. He inserted the key, and a quick pull disclosed all the contents to him, but the little book in which his ticket had been kept was gone. A renewed search only served to confirm the fact of his loss, and then with an anxiety that was intense, Lee began to search all the places in the room where by any possibility the ticket might have been left, but his search proved unavailing, and the ticket was nowhere to be found.

Convinced that a further search would be now useless, Lee, his heart heavy and his feeling of anxiety too keen to be entirely concealed, at last locked the door of his room and slowly made his way to the place where his friends were sitting.

As he drew near, an expression of pretended despair appeared on Larcum's face, for the genial Mr. Smith was present and entertaining the company with some of his stories.

"I was just saying," he explained as Lee quietly took the chair which Scott pushed toward him, "that I've been up here on Lake Superior a great many times, but one of the most interesting spots is a group of islands they call the Apostles, or the Apostle group.

"The most interesting island, at least to me, in the entire group is Gull Island. It is called by that name because in the early summer it is almost literally a mass of gulls, or rather of gulls' eggs. You know gulls don't bother to make much of a nest; they just kick up a little clump of mud into a mound, then they make a little hollow in the top and fill it in with grass or feathers, and sometimes they don't even do that much work in making a nest. And there the eggs are —"

"How many eggs in a nest?" inquired John.

"Usually three. During the day the gulls don't pay much attention to the eggs — they just leave them to be kept warm by the sunlight. At night, though, or when it is cooler, the birds

seem to be willing to do a little work, and you can see them on the nests —”

“What! in the night?” demanded Scott.

“Yes, or on a cool day. These nests are close to one another, and there are thousands of them on the island.”

“I should think people would take the eggs,” suggested Larcum.

“Oh, they don’t bother very much. There aren’t very many people around there, anyway. They’re mostly tourists, and they seem to be satisfied with taking an egg or two away as a souvenir. I have walked the length of the island and stirred up such a sight of gulls from the nests that the noise of their wings sounded like pandemonium let loose.”

“Don’t they ever attack one that disturbs them that way?” inquired John.

“Not when there are only eggs in the nests. They make a fearful racket and fly all about one in a perfect cloud, but they don’t offer to hurt any one. When there are young birds in the nests, then it’s a different matter, and they’ll fly right into the face of anybody that disturbs them, and if they try hard, they can put up a good strong fight.”

"They certainly look as if they might," suggested Scott, as he glanced toward the stern of the steamer, where a great flock of circling gulls, with their plaintive and weird cries, were following in the wake of the *Juniata* — a rule which the boys had discovered was seldom broken when preparations for the meals were being made. All the waste from the kitchen and dining room that was cast into the water was eagerly seized by the keen-eyed birds and frequently led to a struggle for the possession of some choice tidbit.

"By the way, Larcum, you didn't tell us what Marquette was celebrated above all the rest of the world for," suggested Scott.

"For its healthfulness. There's no hay fever there, and as for seasickness — the first case has not appeared as yet."

Ignoring the shout in which all the boys but Lee joined, Scott said: "I'm not joking, Larc. You can call my headache what you please, but I'd really like to know what Marquette is celebrated for, even if I didn't get a chance to go ashore. Do you know?"

"Ask Lee here," suggested Larcum. "He's the only one that landed, and he's been so

grumpy ever since he came back that he must have seen or heard something that was important, anyway."

"Both," said Lee, quietly.

"Tell us. Please tell us," pleaded Scott. "What greatest thing in the world did you find in Marquette?"

"Largest charcoal pig-iron furnace in the world," replied Lee.

"Great! Anything else?" said Scott.

"Yes. Michigan State prison about a mile and a half out on the lake shore."

"You didn't go out there, did you?" inquired John.

"No, but I wish I had."

"Conscience troubling you?"

"Not exactly. But while you-all were having your morning nap I lost my ticket."

"What!" exclaimed Larcum, instantly sitting erect. "Lost your ticket! Where?"

"Well, it might be that if I knew just where it was, I should not consider it lost. I don't know just where it is now, but I do know who has it — at least who took it."

The boys were instantly excited, and even the loquacious Mr. Smith seemed to be deeply inter-

ested. They all drew more closely about the troubled Lee and eagerly listened as he said: "I've been thinking it all over, and I've decided to report to the captain, tell him what I know and what I've seen, and ask him to have the man that I suspect arrested if he tries to go ashore at Houghton. That's the last stop we make before we arrive at Duluth, and if he waits till we come there, why, I'll wait too. But if he tries to get ashore here at Houghton, I'll have him arrested and searched, anyway, or if the ticket has disappeared, I'll tell what I know."

"That may keep you at Houghton till the next boat," suggested Mr. Smith.

"Let it keep me, then!" retorted Lee, warmly. "I'm going to get this man, suh, if I wait over till next summer. I'm right earnest about it, suh."

"Well, I hope you'll get him," said Mr. Smith, cordially, as he arose and departed from the deck.

"Did you mean what you said, Lee?" inquired Scott, eagerly.

"I did. Every word of it."

"And have you really any idea who has your ticket?"

"I have a strong idea who took it."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get the man and make him disgorge if the captain will help me."

"Don't worry too much about that ticket, Lee," said Larcum, quietly. "I don't believe you'll be put off at Houghton."

"I'm going to see about it now," said Lee, shortly, as he arose.

"I'll go with you," exclaimed Larcum. "We'll try it together."

The two boys at once made their way toward the pilot house, but before they entered they were accosted by a man whom Lee instantly recognized as the one to whom Mr. Smith had given the ticket that morning near Marquette's monument.

"I hear one of you young gentlemen has lost a ticket," said the man, glancing shrewdly at Lee as he spoke.

"Yes, suh," responded Lee, promptly.

"I found one this morning before breakfast. I wonder if it can be yours."

"Let me see it," said Larcum, hastily; and as the man held forth the ticket, he took it and compared the number with the one on his own ticket. A brief examination showed that the number was next higher than his own, and as Larcum had

purchased the four tickets at the same time, there could be no question that the ticket which the stranger had handed him was the one which Lee had lost.

"That's the ticket," said Larcum, quickly.

"Are you certain? How do you know?" asked the man, quietly.

Larcum showed him the number on his own ticket and then explained how he himself had purchased the four tickets for the party and the number of the new ticket was next to his own.

The stranger appeared to be satisfied, but as he turned away, Lee said, "Pardon me, suh, but may I ask where you found the ticket?"

"I found it before breakfast this morning."

"Yes, suh; but where did you find it?"

"Up near the monument of Marquette."

"That's a good one on you, Lee!" laughed Larcum, as he slapped his friend on the shoulder.

"That makes up for your getting up in the morning so much earlier than your friends. I never knew a fellow yet who was an early riser who didn't feel so proud of what he'd done that he was sure to take a tumble before noon. And there you took your early walk and your ticket, and then dropped the ticket up there by the

monument and this man found it. That's a good one. It's 'most up to Scott's headache!" And Larcum laughed heartily as he spoke.

Too much relieved by the restoration of his ticket to express all he felt at the moment or even to refer to the sight he had himself seen at the foot of the monument, Lee laughed lightly and then turned to the stranger and said, "I'm right glad, suh, that you happened to hear I had lost my ticket."

"Oh, you'd have had it all right," said the man, lightly. "I should have given it to the captain, and of course you would have gone to him. We have both saved a bit of work, that's all."

"I thank you, suh," said Lee.

The stranger, however, apparently was not eager to be thanked, and speedily turned away, and the boys at once hastened back to their friends, where the excitement was almost as great as was Lee's when the surprising information was given that Lee's ticket had been found. Still Lee did not feel required to refer to what he himself knew concerning Mr. Smith's appearance in his room and the interview which he himself had witnessed near the monument.

The spirits of all the boys were keen now, and

as the *Juniata* was moving not far out from shore, they were deeply interested in all the sights they saw. The day was ideal, and the fair weather, which had followed them ever since the first morning when they had left the dock at Buffalo, still continued.

There was a time of special interest when the great steamer entered the canal which connects Portage Lake with Lake Superior, and the young travellers were aware that they were on the waters which cut the long arm of Northern Michigan from the rest of the State. They were now in the midst of the copper country, and when at last the *Juniata* was made fast to the dock at Houghton, they could see great piles—"cakes," "pencils," ingots, and sheets of copper—awaiting shipment.

"Four hours here," explained Larcum. "We can take a trolley and go out to the copper mines if you'd like to go."

"I'll go," said Scott, quickly.

"Excuse me," said Lee. "I don't feel like I want to take any chances."

"Afraid you'll lose your ticket again, Lee?" laughed Larcum.

"I take no chances, my friend," replied Lee.

"I'll stay with Lee," said John.

“Good for you, Jack,” exclaimed Larcum.
“Lee was afraid he’d be lonesome.”

“How far out do you go, Larc?” inquired Lee, ignoring the bantering words.

“Twelve miles,” replied Larcum.

“You’d better leave your tickets with us,” suggested John.

“Leave our tickets with Lee? Well, I think not! He’d have four to lose instead of one,” said Scott, emphatically.

“You look out that you don’t lose more than your tickets,” called John, as his friends departed to seek the trolley, while John and Lee at once turned into the street that led up the hill into the village or “city” of Houghton, for the little place was credited with having forty-five hundred people that dwelt within its borders. In a brief time the two friends had forgotten their companions in the new interest that arose at the sight of Mr. Smith and the man who had restored Lee’s ticket.

CHAPTER XVI

AT THE HEAD OF THE LAKES

THE two men, as they perceived the boys on the opposite side of the street, conversed together hurriedly for a moment, and then Mr. Smith crossed to the side where Lee and John were walking. It was impossible to avoid him, much as the boys would have liked to do so, and in a moment the man in a confidential whisper said to Lee, "I should like to speak to you for a moment."

"All right, suh. Here I am."

"I don't know that it will make any difference, but what I had to say was of a personal nature," said the man, glancing about him uneasily, as the boys fancied. "The truth is," he added after a brief delay, "I have come away without my pocketbook, and if you will let me have ten dollars, I'll pay you as soon as we go back to the boat. I want to make a few purchases."

"All right, suh," responded Lee, quickly, as he thrust his hand into his pocket. He did not explain that his own supply of money was limited, nor did he permit his prejudice against the man to influence him at the time. "Here it is, suh," he said, as he held forth the bill.

"We have four hours here," suggested John.

"So I understand," said Mr. Smith, glibly. "That will give us all ample time. I trust you are enjoying yourselves."

Without waiting for a response, the man at once recrossed the street and joined his companion, and the boys continued on their way up the street, which, in spite of some of the imposing buildings, could not conceal the newness of the town, which was said to be one of the richest in the entire country.

"I don't believe in that man, Lee," said John, sharply.

"I feel a bit that way myself," responded Lee, lightly.

"What did you let him have that money for, then? I wouldn't."

"No, I suppose not. But I couldn't say no. Besides, I'm from the South —"

"And I'm from New England?" broke in John,

with a laugh. "Is that what you meant to say? Well, all I can say is that I hope you will get your money back."

"You don't think I will? Quite likely you're correct. I feel a bit like that myself."

"Come into the telegraph office," said John, as they stopped before the open door. "I'll send a message home, just to let my people know everything is all right."

"I'll do the same," responded Lee, and together the two boys entered the office, and each inquired what the rate was to his own home.

"Is it the same for ten words as for one?" inquired John.

"Just the same," responded the operator.

"Lee," whispered John, turning to his friend, "let's get our full money's worth. We'll each of us write a message of ten full words."

"I'm with you," laughed Lee, and at once the boys began to write out their messages. Lee's was speedily ready, but he did not hand it to the operator. Holding it in his hand, he waited for his friend to complete his also, for he suspected from the expression on John's face that he was preparing a unique message.

"Let's see yours, Lee," said John, at last, looking up from the desk.

"Here it is," laughed Lee. "I got in the full ten words."

Taking the yellow paper in his hand, John threw back his head and laughed as he read — "Safe, safe, safe, safe, safe, safe, safe, safe, safe, safe.' I'm afraid you'll scare your father, Lee," he said.

"Not a bit of it. He knows me," said Lee, laughing heartily. "Now, let me see yours, Jack."

John pushed the yellow paper on which he had been writing across the table, and Lee, taking it, read the message which his friend was to send home to his father. "'Transcontinental peregrinations halted at municipality on peninsula. Peregrinators perfectly transported.'"

"You certainly will scare your father, Jack," shouted Lee.

"Oh, no, he knows me," retorted John, in his friend's own words.

Even the operator laughed when the boys handed him their messages, and John explained that if the charge was the same for ten words as it was for one and no difference was to be made for the length of the words, then they "might as well get full value for their money."

After a walk the length of the street, the boys turned back to the *Juniata*, and there taking seats on the deck, where they could overlook the dock, waited for their friends to return. The afternoon was well gone when at last Larcum and Scott came back, and from their manner it was evident that they had not had an especially enjoyable time. The sole explanation, however, that John was able to obtain was that people were no longer permitted to go down the mining shafts, and if they had known that, they never would have gone near the mines — words which Larcum snapped out in a manner that left no doubt as to the state of his feelings.

It was not long before the steamer resumed her voyage, and when the sun had disappeared, the boys chanced to be on the deck where the steward was, and he called their attention to what he termed the “northern lights.” Certainly none of the boys had ever seen such a sight before. Long shafts of light shot up from the horizon into the heavens, sometimes trembling and quivering like a flame and then dying down and disappearing in the glow that had spread over the entire northern sky, while other shafts darted their long beams toward the zenith, as if huge invisible

hands were at work below the dark waters of Lake Superior.

"Wonderful!" murmured Scott. "We'll remember Lake Superior by that, fellows. I wonder what makes them, anyway?"

"I've forgotten," replied Larcum, as if the question had been addressed to him. "I did know, but it has slipped my mind just now."

"That's mighty unfortunate, Larc," laughed John. "You're the only chap that ever lived that understood the aurora borealis and you've just forgotten. It's a shame. Great loss to science."

"What did you say the *botanical* name for the northern lights was?" demanded Larcum, unabashed. "I didn't quite catch it."

"Aurora borealis," answered John, laughing.

"Thank you," murmured Larcum. "I wasn't just sure whether it was that or delirium tremens."

"Or *sic semper tyrannis*," suggested Scott.

"I'll tell you what makes those lights," volunteered the steward. "It's the sun shining on icebergs, that's what it is."

"I guess it's an electrical display," said John. "That's my opinion."

"Like enough," admitted the steward. "Well,

whatever makes 'em, there's one sure thing they themselves make. I never knew it to fail yet."

"What's that?" inquired Larcum.

"A change in the weather. We'll have rain inside o' twenty-four hours, and probably inside o' twelve. I never knew it to fail yet."

"If it doesn't come before we are at Duluth, it won't bother us. If we should have a storm before we get there, it might bring on one of Scott's headaches. I fancy you do have some great storms sometimes up here on Lake Superior?" John suggested to the steward.

"Great storms! Why, many's the time I've seen the waves so high they shut out the sight o' the sky. You don't get any bigger ones anywhere," said the steward.

"Makes my head ache to think of it," mused Lee.

"Come on, fellows. Let's go up on the upper deck," suggested Scott. "I don't know what you fellows are so pleased about," he added, as his companions laughed and followed him to the place he had suggested.

The boys did not explain, and they remained on deck until it was quite late watching the brilliant lights in the northern sky and peering down

upon the great motionless body of water over which they were swiftly moving.

"Has your friend paid his debt?" demanded John of Lee when at last the boys sought their rooms.

"No, not yet," responded Lee, cheerfully.

"I don't believe he will. You ought to ask him for it."

"I can't do that," said Lee, quickly. "He's going to the Yellowstone, too, you know, and he'll have plenty of chances."

"He'll have chances enough, but the question is whether or not he'll take them. What time are we due at Duluth?"

"Right after breakfast."

Lee was correct, and before the boys left the dining room on the following morning they could see the long and somewhat straggling city of Duluth at the head of the Lakes. When they hastened to the deck, the first sight that impressed them was that of the immense aerial bridge across the harbor canal, one hundred and thirty-five feet above the water, so that vessels with the tallest of masts could pass directly under it. The bridge itself was three hundred and ninety-three feet in length, and at this very time a trolley car, appar-

ently well filled with passengers, was being carried across, supported by the huge steel truss to which it had been attached.

"That's the greatest sight I ever saw," exclaimed John. "It's worth a trip from Boston just to see it."

"You'll see more than that before we're done with it," said Larcum, delighted by his friend's enthusiasm. "I say, fellows, we'll have our baggage carried up to the hotel, and then we'll go down to the station to see if our car is there and find out when we leave."

"That's Superior over there, isn't it, Larc?" inquired John, pointing, as he spoke, toward a city which could be seen off to their left.

"Yes. You see the two cities practically are one, though one is in Wisconsin and the other is in Minnesota."

"Hold on a minute, fellows," said John, hastily, looking up from the circular which he had been consulting, "listen to this: 'The marine commerce of Duluth-Superior harbor for one season if loaded on freight-cars (forty tons to the car) would fill two trains, each reaching from New York to San Francisco.' What do you think of that?"

"Draw it mild, Jack," admonished Scott.

"It's true. Every word is true," affirmed Larcum.

"What's the population, Jack?" inquired Lee.

"Can't tell to-day. Grows so fast can't keep track of it from day to day. A hundred thousand or so. Come on! Here we are!"

The boys at once departed from the steamer, and as soon as Larcum had arranged for their baggage to be sent to the hotel, they all followed him as he led the way to the station. A few inquiries served to inform him that the private car "Princess" was in the yard, and then at his word they speedily followed him down the track.

In a brief time Larcum exclaimed, "There she is!" And the boys speedily clambered on board, eager to examine their "hotel on wheels." Their enthusiasm increased when the two colored men — George the cook and Henry the porter — explained that the car was already completely stocked and everything was in waiting for the coming of the young travellers. The train, George explained, was not due to depart until seven o'clock that night, so that they would be free to spend the entire day in the city at the head of the Lakes.

An hour had elapsed before they left the car,

however, so keen was their interest, and everything on board had been examined. There was a room in the rear of the car handsomely furnished which was to be their living room, then two bedrooms adjoining this, while beyond the bedrooms was the dining room. Between the dining room and the kitchen and servants' quarters were two berths (four if all were made up), and at Larcum's suggestion the boys "drew lots" to see what the quarters of each of the young travellers were to be. To John and Lee the two bedrooms were assigned, while the berths fell to Scott and Larcum.

"If we don't have a good time, the fault will not be Larc's," said Scott, enthusiastically, as the quartette departed from the car.

"If no one of us is sick — car sick or gets a headache —" began John.

"Bother your headaches!" broke in Scott, as his friends began to laugh. "What I'd like to know is what greatest thing in the world is here at Duluth. I've become so used to that sight I haven't time for much else."

"Right you are, Scott," replied John. "Well, I'll tell you. Largest iron-ore docks in the world. Think you can remember that?"

“I’ll try to.”

It was a busy day for the boys, for, despite the rain, which, as if in fulfilment of the steward’s prophecy, soon began to fall, they rode on the trolleys about the city, took the incline railway to the top of the mountain, and in a carriage rode the length of the boulevard that extended for miles above the city, along the side of the mountain. But at night when the hour arrived for them to go to their car they were not prepared for the experience that then befell them.

CHAPTER XVII

ACROSS THE PRAIRIES

THERE was a downpour of rain when the boys scampered from the hotel to the near-by station, and with shouts and laughter they clambered up the steps of their car, which now was in the station attached to the rear end of the train which was soon to depart.

“Great guns!” exclaimed Scott, in a low voice, as he opened the door into their living room. “Look there, fellows!” he added as he turned to his friends. “See what we’ve got before us.”

The boys instantly peered into the room, and there, seated in the most comfortable of the chairs, reading the evening paper, was their “friend” Mr. Smith.

As the boys entered, the man glanced up smilingly, but did not offer to rise from his seat. “Ah, good evening. Glad to see you, young gentle-

men," he said cordially, and much as if he was welcoming guests into his own home. "This is a great storm we're having."

The statement was too self-evident to be denied, and without waiting to dispute or affirm, the boys all crowded past their self-invited guest, handing their bags to the porter and pressing toward the quarters that had been assigned them.

"John, it looks like we-all will have to put up with that man all the way to the Yellowstone," said Lee, as he and his friend sought the two rooms which they had been so fortunate as to draw — rooms which communicated.

"He is certainly the worst I ever saw. Has he paid you that ten dollars?"

"Not yet," acknowledged Lee.

"Let's go out and make him disgorge or put him off the train. Who ever heard of such sublime, unmitigated, unparalleled —"

"There, Jack, that'll do," broke in Lee, with a laugh. "He won't stay very long. Hello! We're off now," he added eagerly, as the train began to move slowly.

"Come on, fellows," called Larcum, from the passageway. "We're going back into the sitting room. May need your help, too," he added.

Quickly Lee and John joined their friends, and as they returned to the room in the rear of the car, the friendly Mr. Smith still did not rise from the seat he had selected, nor did he offer any explanation for his presence in the car. The expression of irritation upon Larcum's face was so pronounced that Scott laughed as he winked at his friends. Selecting such seats as remained, the boys all settled themselves into what was destined to be the routine of the long ride across the prairies.

"Just hear that rain!" said John, as a heavy dash came from the outer darkness against the window-panes. "This is what I call fun. Here we are speeding across the country, just as comfortable as if we were in our own houses. The rain can't touch us, we've all we want to eat, we have the very best kind of quarters, we have two of the best men to wait on us, and not a man can follow us here, not even the fellow that owes us money and wants to pay it," he added, winking meaningly at Lee as he glanced at the back of Mr. Smith's head.

If their visitor heard the words, he evidently did not heed them, for he was still perusing the paper.

"I suppose you know, boys," the man said suddenly, looking up from the paper in his hands, "there's a strike on this line."

"Strike? What kind of a strike?" said Larcum, quickly, aware also that his companions were as excited by the announcement as he.

"The telegraph operators are all out."

"And this is a single-track road," responded Larcum, with a whistle. "Oh, well, our chances are as good as any one's. If we get stuck, why, we'll have to stay, that's all; but we've enough good things on hand to last for a few days and we shan't starve. How are they off in the other cars, Mr. Smith?" he demanded, turning to their unwelcome visitor as he spoke.

"I can't just say," replied Mr. Smith, cheerily. "I couldn't get a section on the train, so I came in here, for I knew you boys would help me out. Probably to-morrow there will be no trouble."

Larcum's face was a study as the man in his apparent confidence glibly explained how it was that he chanced uninvited to be in their car. Not a word was spoken in response to his implied request, and as the train was now moving more swiftly and the storm was momentarily becoming more severe, the spirits of the boys rose as if in

response to the appeal of the wilder elements about them.

"This is like talking in poetry," suggested Lar-cum, as the regular "click-click" of the turning wheels seemed to break up their conversation into regular measure. "I wish I could have done it this way for Dr. Hale when he wanted us to write metrical translations of Vergil."

"You want to bring him and your Vergil, too, along on your next trip," suggested Scott. "For my part, I never believed much in talking in poetry, anyway."

"No one expects a New Yorker to appreciate poetry," suggested Lee. "He appreciates the market, and that's about all — except himself."

"Well, I'll tell you what, old man," retorted Scott, a bit warmly, "I mean what I say, and I know what I'm talking about, too. We may care too much about the 'almighty dollar' in New York, but you people don't care much about human life. Just see what you do with the colored people! Why, the other day I was reading that in a county in Arkansas — Baxter, no, Newton, I think it was — the whites had put to death every negro in the whole county. That's worse than the worship of the dollar, isn't it?"

Lee's face flushed, but he spoke quietly as he said: "Oh, you saw that, too, did you? I saw it myself, and I looked it up, for it seemed to me like it was all crooked somehow. Now, what do you suppose I found? There was just one negro in that county about thirty years ago when it happened, and he got into some scrape when he was killed. Whether he deserved it or not I can't say, but that's what happened to him. Then the newspaper men send out great scare-heads for you poor ignorant people in the North about how the entire negro population of a county had been exterminated. And you all swallow it like you were hungry. And there it was—one negro in the county and mighty few white men there, either."

"What's that got to do with talking poetry in your sleep, I'd like to know?" demanded Scott. "For my part, I think a person can sing as mean things as he can talk. You fellows don't think I'm much on poetry and such stuff just because I happen to live in New York. But you just listen while I quote something to you." In a voice absolutely without expression and so monotonous that there was not the slightest break in it, Scott began: "'It isn't the things

you do, dear, but the things you leave undone, that give one the heavy heartache at the setting of the sun.' Now, that's poetry, and I'd like to have you fellows that know so much about those things just tell me who wrote it."

"A woman wrote it," replied Larcum, hastily.

"Any fool would know that," admitted Scott; "but what woman? That's the question."

"It was Mrs. Browning," said John, quietly.

"How do you know it was, Jack?" demanded Scott, in slight confusion.

"Why, I remember reading it in the Academy. We had it in English one day."

"Maybe there is something in being born in Boston, after all," sighed Scott, as his friends laughed. "Still, I think I'd rather go without that than to have to take it at that price," he added dolefully. "But say, fellows, now that woman wrote those words to her husband, or about him or something, and people called it all 'poetry.' I call it nagging, and that's what it is, too. It's just plain, old-fashioned nagging set to rhyme and whine. Just think how Mr. Browning must have felt when he read that poetry or heard it read, which must have been a hundred times worse."

"Why, she loved her husband," suggested Lee.

"I should hate to have my wife love me that way," replied Scott, dismally. "Nagging is nagging, whether it's just given straight or set to music. 'Gives me the heavy heartache at the setting of the sun.' Bah! I should think she would have had pain, and he, too!"

The hours passed rapidly, and at last Henry was summoned and told that the boys were ready to retire.

"Yaas, sah. Yaas, sah," responded the porter to Larcum's demand, and then glancing at the intruder, he said, "Shall I make up five beds?"

"If you please," responded Mr. Smith, glibly. "I am very grateful to you for your kindness. Doubtless by to-morrow I may be able to get a berth in some one of the other cars."

Ignoring the scowl that appeared on the faces of his friends, Larcum laughed good-naturedly and bade Henry make ready the additional berth.

It was late on the following morning when the boys assembled in the room at the rear of the car. The storm had not yet ceased, and before they had arisen from their beds the young travellers

had listened to the raindrops as they dashed against the windows. Every one had peered out of the windows when the train had stopped at Fargo and gazed out at the wide streets and the brick buildings that had been erected. There was an air of enterprise and thrift about the city, but even the appearance of the few men that could be seen about the station added to the impression of newness which the place itself imparted.

The sun had appeared when the boys assembled ready for breakfast, and shining across the majestic wheatfields that extended far as the eye could see, made the sight which greeted their eyes doubly impressive.

"Why, it's as level as a floor!" exclaimed John, as he looked out over the great stretch. "I'm afraid I shouldn't like to live here. I like the hills too well. This is too much of one thing to suit me."

"That may be, Jack," responded Larcum, "but there are a great many people that like this better. We go East and are homesick for the prairies and want to look out without having the sight blocked by hills."

"Every man to his taste," laughed John.

"Say, fellows," inquired Larcum, "what *am* I going to do with this man? He's worse than the Old Man of the Sea. Did you ever hear of anything like it?"

"I never did," replied Scott, indignantly. "His nerve is sublime. Going to give him his breakfast, Larc?"

"It isn't so much a question of my giving him his breakfast as it is of his taking it. I don't know just what to do. I've been thinking about it all night. I couldn't sleep —"

"Yes, it sounded as if you couldn't sleep," interrupted Scott. "I thought we'd had an accident three or four times, but it turned out to be only your vocal efforts. My — but you —"

"Hush! Here comes our modest friend," broke in Lee.

"Good morning, good morning," called Mr. Smith, glibly, as he joined the boys. "I trust I have not kept you waiting breakfast for me."

"Not at all, Mr. Smith. It's ready now, though, I see," Larcum added, as Henry appeared with his summons. "Come on; we're all ready, aren't we?"

Laughing and eager, the boys made their way to the dining room and seated themselves at the table,

where Mr. Smith at once joined them, selecting the seat at the end of the table opposite the place where Larcum was seated. The appetites and spirits of the boys, however, were too keen to permit even the presence of their unbidden guest to retard them, and they gave themselves to the task of disposing of the tempting viands which George had prepared, with a zest that brought smiles to the face of that worthy individual as well as to that of his companion.

"Think of it, fellows!" said Scott, enthusiastically. "Here we are eating our breakfast at the rate of forty miles an hour."

"That's right, Scott," assented Larcum. "All 'the comforts of home,' too."

"'All'! More you mean. Why, it isn't often I have such a breakfast as this. And then all this scenery, too. I can look out of the windows and see miles of wheatfields go running away. Then the sky and the soil and the — Yes, the mules and the men. 'Great lot, Scott,' I say to myself."

"That's almost poetry. Did you know it or mean it, Scott?" demanded John.

"I don't know. Here, help me up. I can't get out alone after all that breakfast."

“The train is going to stop,” called Larcum. “Let’s get out and have a look at this part of the world.” As the boys followed, he turned and whispered to John, “I’ve got a scheme for getting rid of our nuisance. I’ll show you what it is.”

CHAPTER XVIII

SIOUX AND CHEYENNES

It was a little hamlet where the train had halted, with the locomotive near the water-tank. A few men, apparently Swedes, Norwegians, or Germans for the most part, were to be seen near the station, and then on every side far as the eye could see were the sweeping fields of wheat or pastures where great herds of cattle were feeding.

"My! but this is a great sight! I never expected to see anything like it," said John, almost as if he was speaking to himself. "I think I'd like to stop here for a while and take in its sublimity."

"Good word," laughed Larcum, "but it doesn't seem to have affected every one in that way. Look at this," and as he spoke Larcum pointed to a huge scrawl in chalk on the timbers of the trestle near them.

““Good-by. Going back east never to return no more. 4 mths in the west enuff for me. J. R. H.”” he read aloud.

“Friend of yours, Larc?” queried Lee.

“No, he’s the kind we ship East.”

“Yes, I noticed a few of that kind in the Academy,” said Lee, demurely.

“Here comes the conductor,” said Larcum suddenly, although apparently he was not surprised at the coming of the official. On the other side of the train George might have been seen peering under the cars at the group on the opposite side, his face illumined by an expansive grin.

Even Mr. Smith seemed to be interested in the approach of the conductor, and for a moment glanced suspiciously at Larcum, but there was nothing on the face of that worthy young man to betray any previous knowledge of the purpose of the official in coming.

“Good morning,” called the conductor, cordially, as he approached. “I am looking for Mr. Brown,” he added, glancing for a moment at the telegram he held in his hand.

“I’m the one you want, then,” replied Larcum, quickly. “Any word for me?”

"Oh, no," responded the conductor. "How many in your party?"

"Four," said Larcum, with decision.

"Ah! Yes. I see," responded the conductor.

"This man is not of our party. He was with us in our car last night because he couldn't get a section on the train."

The conductor's face expressed his surprise as he said: "Why, that's too bad. There must be some mistake. There certainly is room now, and I can promise him accommodations if he will come with me."

"Thank you," murmured Mr. Smith, though there was little of enthusiasm in his manner. "If it's all the same to you —"

"Must start now," broke in the conductor.

"Good-by, Mr. Smith," called Larcum, with greater cordiality than he had before manifested. His companions added their words of farewell, and almost before the astounded man was aware of what had occurred, the boys had bounded up the steps of their car, closed the gate, and withdrawn into the drawing room.

"He doesn't seem to know just what to do," said Scott, who was peering out of the window. "There he goes," he added with a sigh of relief,

“and he’ll have to hurry up, too. Good-by, Mr. Smith, good-by,” he added, singing the words although the object of the song was unable to hear them.

The train was not yet under full headway, and the boys were rejoicing over their relief from the presence of the self-invited guest whom no one seemed to be able to shake off, when their laughter suddenly ceased and an expression of consternation crept over their faces as the very man of whom they had been speaking appeared before them.

“Ah, boys,” said Mr. Smith, cordially. “I must have left my ticket here. I don’t seem to be able to find it. Perhaps some one has seen it?”

Every one declared that he had not seen the missing pasteboard, and a search was at once begun, but the ticket could not be found. Pressing the button, Larcum summoned Henry and inquired of him if he had seen the lost ticket, but the porter was positive nothing had been found.

“That is very unfortunate — very,” said Mr. Smith, a frown appearing on his face. “You are positive you have not seen a ticket anywhere?” he inquired of Henry, who was still in the room.

“Yaas, sah. Yaas, sah,” replied Henry, hurriedly.

"That's all we want, Henry," said Larcum quickly, and the porter at once withdrew.

"You know as well as I do," said Mr. Smith, meaningly, "that Henry is probably not entirely to be trusted."

"I don't know anything of the kind," retorted Larcum, indignantly.

"You have had little experience, then," said Mr. Smith. "I know them, and I am sure that ticket of mine was — was taken in this car." The man spoke in a low tone, but there was an expression in his eyes that to Larcum at least seemed to be threatening. "I shall take pains to have him arrested as soon as I can telegraph ahead," said Mr. Smith, calmly.

"What?" demanded Larcum, aghast.

"Yes. I shall have him arrested. I had a ticket, and it is gone. I must have my transportation. If the colored man has my ticket, I shall make him disgorge. I must have my ride, and on this train, too."

Larcum was so angry that he failed to observe the smile of amusement that appeared on John's face. "I don't believe you'd better have him arrested," he said in a low, intense voice.

"I certainly shall — if I don't have my ride,"

replied the man, glibly. For a moment Larcum was silent before he said, "Well, you stay where you are for a while, anyway, till I see what can be done."

"Thank you, sir. It matters little to me how it is done. I intend to have my ride. I am averse to trouble, and I shall not make any unless I am compelled to."

The man's assurance was so massive that his young hearers almost gasped. Lee was the first to recover, and he said with almost an air of apology, "You don't happen to have ten dollars about you, do you, suh?"

"I am sorry to say I have not. After I paid you, I put all my money in the purse with my ticket, and that has gone, too."

"After you paid me!" gasped Lee.

"Why, yes. Of course you recall the fact that I handed you two five-dollar bills just before you left the *Juniata* at Duluth."

The expression of Lee's face was such that the anger of his comrades increased.

"Why, suh, I have no recollection of any such thing, suh. It seems like I would not have forgotten it," Lee said quietly.

"Oh, you have," retorted the man, lightly.

"You look about and you'll find those bills. I'm sure you will."

"Lee, perhaps they're where Mr. Smith's ticket is," suggested John.

The suggestion, however, did not produce any response, and soon the boys arose and made their way to the dining room, which now was cleared, and there for a time not even their interest in the sights they could see from the windows of the car seemed to modify their anger.

When luncheon was prepared, Henry placed a plate on the table for the friendly visitor, who had apparently fastened himself upon their company and taken the chair he had occupied in the morning, without a word of explanation. Perhaps if the boys had been older or had had more experience, they might have rid themselves of their unwelcome guest, but as it was, the pleasure of their trip was being decidedly marred by the assurance with which Mr. Smith made himself one of them. The boys were also somewhat afraid of the man's threat of arresting Henry. If Mr. Smith was aware of the effect of his words, he betrayed no sign, and talked throughout the meal in his most affable manner, either unaware or ignoring the feelings of his hosts.

Late in the afternoon the train began to enter the region which commonly was known as the "Bad Lands." Here great pyramids, having every appearance of having been carved by the hand of man, could be seen, some large, some small, some having edges almost as keen as a ridge, and others of varying and various forms. They were sprinkled over the region almost like huge ant-hills, and as the wonders increased with the passing of the train, the interest of the boys also became more pronounced.

"Just look at them!" said Scott. "Miles and miles of them just as far as one can see. I don't wonder they are called 'Bad Lands.' It doesn't look as if anything could grow here."

"That is where you are mistaken," said Mr. Smith, quietly. "All this region is exceedingly valuable. There is an abundance of coal here, and the land is just right for stock-raising."

"I don't see any stock," said John.

"You will, but the best part is a little farther back from the railroad. You will find a great many stock pens all along here where there isn't the sign of a house. The cattlemen drive in their stock here and ship it to Chicago. The president owns a valuable ranch back here."

"What do they call this the 'Bad Lands' for, then?" demanded Scott.

"The old *voyageurs* are to blame for that," laughed Mr. Smith, "for they called this part of the country *Mauvaises Terres pour traverser*. Perhaps one of you can translate that for us."

"Bad lands to travel through," said John, promptly.

The railroad now wound in and out, crossing ravines and skirting hills and crossing streams, then stretching away across level prairies once more, yet never once losing sight of the curious formations of the Bad Lands.

"They call this Pyramid Park now," explained Mr. Smith.

"There are cones enough to give it a name," said John.

"I should think this would have been a great place for the Indians," said John. "They could hide in here, and I don't see how any one could find them."

"It was a great place for them," said Mr. Smith. "This park goes on clear to Glendive, Montana, and I can tell you there have been some lively times all around here."

"Was it here General Custer had his fight with the Indians?" inquired Lee.

“Not his great fight, — his last one, — though of course he was all through this region. It was the last of June in 1876 when Custer’s men — those of the Seventh Cavalry, I mean — had their troubles. That was in Montana. They were marching up the slope of the Rosebud River. They never had a thought that they would have any really serious trouble, but Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse almost wiped them out of existence, or their warriors did. The little stream where Custer’s men had encamped was then called Clear Creek, but now it is known as *Lame Deer Creek*. Ever hear the story of *Lame Deer*?”

“No,” said Larcum, interested in spite of his feeling of anger.

“After Custer’s defeat, the country seemed to wake up to what it had to do, and soldiers galore were sent here and they began to scour the whole region. And they had their hands full, too. They just had to kill or starve the redskins into submission.”

“What were the Indians here?” inquired John.

“Sioux. But the Cheyennes took a hand in it then, too, and of all the savage savages they were the worst.”

"Lame Deer a Cheyenne?" inquired John.

"No. He was a Sioux. He held out longer than almost any other chief. The trouble dragged on until May, 1877, when General Miles, who had been doing his best to trap the rascal, finally, early one morning, surprised him at what is now called Lame Deer Creek. It was a good spot for a fight, and a good one they had, too. Of course the regulars won out at last, as they were bound to, and the scattered Indians took to the hills. But Lame Deer didn't run. He was dead, and there's a cave — a slit in the rocks in a mountain over in Rosebud Valley — where it is believed, — yes, known, I may say, — that he was buried."

"Where are these Indians now?" asked Larcum.

"On reservations. They won't give us any more trouble. It seems hard sometimes to think of their having to give up their lands to us who never had any real right to it."

"Can't be helped now," said Larcum, glibly. "Have to take what comes."

Somehow when night fell and dinner was served, it was found impossible to speak the word that should compel their unwelcome guest to leave them. Perhaps it was fear of trouble he might

make, or it may have been his very cool assurance and the youthfulness of the travellers combined to make it difficult to speak the decisive word. At all events, on the following morning, when Henry summoned them, Mr. Smith was already dressed and announced that they were near the end of their journey.

CHAPTER XIX

THE ENTRANCE

As the young travellers assembled about the breakfast table, their excitement was inspiring. The clear air, the lofty mountains that could be seen in the distance, the clear waters of the stream that was flowing swiftly near the railway, as well as the excellent breakfast which George had prepared, and the knowledge that they would soon see the place where their car would be switched to the road that led directly to the Park, all combined to make them so light-hearted that not even the presence of Mr. Smith, whom they were still unable to shake off, could interfere.

"This ethereal circumambient is so remarkably clarified," murmured John as he was helped for the third time to some of George's muffins, "that the visual results are marvellously mystifying."

"Oh, quit that, Jack!" shouted Larcum. "This isn't Boston. This is Montana."

Ignoring the laughter of his friends, John said: "Well, come, now! Tell me how far away those mountains off there to our right are."

"Three miles," replied Lee, promptly.

"'Three'! 'Three miles'!" retorted John, sharply. "They are nearer twenty."

"Your Boston goggles are disjointed, Jack!" laughed Scott.

"Ask George," said John. "He's been here before; he knows."

"They are from ten to twelve miles," said Mr. Smith, quietly.

Somehow the boys did not dispute the assertion, and John said, "That's nearer twenty than it is three, isn't it?"

"No. I leave it to the crowd if I am not right," said Lee, triumphantly. "It's wonderful how easily one is deceived here. The air is so clear that a mountain miles away looks as if you could walk to it in a half-hour. Larc, I hope you won't try any of your tramping around here."

As Larcum's prejudice against any active physical exercise outside his athletic games was well known, the boys all noisily expressed their delight at John's warning, but as the train was now drawing into Livingston, they hastily ended

their meal and at once departed for the rear platform of the car.

It was a strange sight which greeted their eyes. A long platform extended in front of the beautiful station which the Northern Pacific had erected at this place. On the side tracks were trains and many private cars not unlike the "Princess" in their appearance. Crowds of people, too, were to be seen on every side, and the scene was one, aside from the natural beauty of the region, to increase the interest of the excited boys.

As soon as their train was stopped, Larcum called to George and Henry to guard the possessions, which they left in the car, and then the boys hastily joined the moving throng on the platform of the station.

"All these people going to the Yellowstone Park, Larc?" inquired Scott.

"Yes. I don't know. I suppose so. You fellows keep within sight while I go into the station and find out what we'll have to do," replied Larcum as he hastily ran to the offices.

In a brief time he returned, and as he joined the boys, said, "We have to lie over here till one o'clock."

"That's not bad. I'm glad of it. It'll give

us a chance to see Livingston. I've always wanted to examine one of these new towns," said Scott.

"We'll have plenty of time for that, then," laughed Larcum. "We've one drawback, though."

"What's that?" inquired John.

"There's a big excursion party going into the Park to-day. Probably they will go in on the same train that'll take our car."

"What difference will that make?" demanded Scott. "We shan't bother them, and they won't bother us."

"That remains to be seen," replied Larcum. "Come on; we'll —"

Suddenly he stopped and looked keenly at a little group of five people who were standing near the boys on the platform. There were a man and woman in middle life in the party, and also three girls or young ladies apparently of the age of the young travellers. It was evident that they were interested in the four boys, for all five were looking keenly at them, and it was plain that they had been speaking of them.

Larcum hastily took his cap from his head, and ran to the place where the five were standing, and

it was quickly evident that he had been recognized, for he was greeted so cordially that he surely had found old friends. In a moment he returned, and taking the boys with him presented them in turn to Mrs. and Mr. Lawrence, their two daughters, Miss Kate and Miss Jean, and then to Miss Margaret Bowman, and explained that the Lawrences were old friends of his family, and that now they, in company with Miss Margaret, were about to make the tour of Yellowstone Park. For the last-named young lady the boys almost instinctively had a feeling of dislike, for she greeted them so effusively and was so loud in her talk that people passing on the platform stopped and stared at her.

After expressing his pleasure at meeting the boys and inquiring concerning Larcum's family and hearing his plans, Mr. Lawrence said: "We all have to wait here until one o'clock. We were about to take a little walk about the town. Perhaps you and your friends would like to join us."

The boys all expressed their desires to join the party, and after Larcum had excused himself to go back to the car for a moment and leave some directions with George, they at once started on a tour of inspection.

The buildings and streets of the little city of six thousand inhabitants were attractive, although the air of newness was apparent on every side. But the streets were well kept, the shops were attractive, and the interest of the visitors was sufficient to make the experience enjoyable to them all.

As they turned into one of the "residence" streets, where the little story-and-a-half houses apparently had all been erected on one plan, Miss Margaret, who was walking with John, turned to him and said, "You are from Boston?"

"Yes," laughed John. "How did you know that?"

"I should know it by your talk, though I heard Mr. Lawrence say so. Besides, I saw your name in a book this summer when I was there."

"My name in a book? Oh, you mean you saw my name written in a book. Probably it was one of my text-books, though I can't understand how you happened to see it."

"It wasn't written. It was printed."

"I don't understand."

"It was in the city directory," and the girl laughed loudly as she spoke.

"No. You didn't see my name. You may

have seen my father's. You know I'm a junior."

"It's all the same." It seemed to John as if she was laughing all the time with an occasional interjection of a word. "My! Did you ever see such houses? What do you suppose made the people build such hideous affairs?" They were at the time passing one of the houses before the piazza of which a vigorous green vine was growing.

"Because they don't know any better," suddenly spoke up a woman who had been seated on the piazza and screened from sight by the vine in front. As she spoke she advanced to the steps and kindly greeted the party, which at her words stopped on the street before her home.

John's face had flushed at the words of his companion, but apparently Miss Margaret was untroubled, for she said quickly to the woman, "That's too bad."

"Can't be helped," said the woman, good-naturedly. "My husband and I are old timers here, and we've never seen anything else."

"How long have you lived here?" inquired Mr. Lawrence, pleasantly.

"Oh, we're old settlers. We've been here four years."

“Do you like it?”

“Oh, yes, we like it. We’re making money here, so we’ve got to like it. Still if I could do what I wanted to I’d go back East, where I was born and raised.”

“Where was that?”

“Minnesota.”

With difficulty the boys repressed the smile that arose at her words, and as they passed on, John said to Miss Margaret, “I suppose Minnesota is east, at least it’s east of here, but I should hardly speak of it as being ‘East’ myself.”

“Of course you wouldn’t,” and as she spoke, the girl turned and danced about upon the street. “You people think you’ve got it all.”

“You live in the West, I see,” said John, striving to conceal his annoyance at the actions of his companion.

“You’re right I do, and I’m proud of it, too. I don’t want any of your crowded East for me. My father has fifteen hundred acres, and I can saddle a horse and do it myself and ride away as far as I want to any time in the day and not be crowded off the earth to do it, either. I’m from Oklahoma, I’d have you know.”

“Are you, indeed?” murmured John.

"Yes, sir, I am," she declared as if she challenged him to deny it; but apparently he had no inclination to do so.

"Do you know how large Yellowstone Park is?" John inquired.

"You're right I do. It has thirty-three hundred and twelve acres in it, not counting the forests around it. I've been there bushels of times. Did you ever see it?"

"No, I never have," he answered quietly.

"Well, you needn't feel so bad. You're going to see it now, and I'll help you. I can point out lots of things."

"How long is this branch road from Livingston to the Park?"

"Fifty-four miles. Any other questions?"

"I think not," said John, quietly, and throughout the remainder of the walk back to the station Miss Margaret had the entire control of all that was said.

"Now I want you and your party to come to our car and ride with us up to Gardner," said Larcum to Mr. Lawrence, when the party had returned.

"What do you say, young ladies?" said Mr. Lawrence, laughingly, turning to the younger members of his own party.

"Oh, we say do it. It will be perfectly fine!" exclaimed Miss Margaret, clapping her hands and dancing about the platform. A frown appeared for a moment on the face of the man, but as his own daughters approved, he accepted the invitation, promising to be at the car promptly on time.

"Where do you suppose our friend is — I mean Mr. Smith?" inquired Lee, as the boys sought their car.

"Oh, he'll show up at luncheon," said Larcum, confidently. But at that time the uninvited guest failed to appear, and when their other guests arrived and the long train pulled out of the Livingston station, still he had not been seen.

For a time the interest of all was too keen in the magnificent scenery through which they were passing to waste much time in conversation, although there were frequent sounds of laughter and shouts, and Miss Margaret seemed to be supremely happy, for she was seldom interrupted in the flow of her words.

"All those tourists are on the train ahead of us," said Scott, after a period of silence. "What will they do with us when we get into the Park?"

"They won't waste any time on us," replied

Mr. Lawrence. "By the way, boys, have you made any arrangements for a coach?"

"No, sir," responded Larcum, promptly. "But I have a letter to one of the officials that will help us out, I think."

"I want you to look out here and see this cañon," said Mr. Lawrence, quickly.

On either side, and rising almost perpendicularly to a height of two thousand feet above the valley, were the great mountain walls. The sight was sublime and the enthusiasm of the party was unbounded. As many as could find room crowded upon the rear platform, and the others, gazing from the windows of the car, looked out upon the marvellous sight.

Soon the train entered the beautiful region which was known as Paradise Valley, and the irrepressible Miss Margaret insisted upon pointing out the special places of interest. "That's Emigrant Peak over there," she declared, "and it's six thousand feet above the valley. Mind you, I don't say the level of the ocean, but of the valley. And over there is Electric Mountain. That's the highest point we can see from here."

"Can you climb it?" inquired John.

"No, sir, *I* can't."

"Can any one?"

"No one has. They say the lightning around it when there is a thunder storm is just too great for anything. That's the Devil's Slide over there on Cinnebar Mountain. You can see it over there. They say it's over two thousand feet long, right there on the side of the mountain."

"Did you ever try it?" said Larcum, grimly.

"Did *I* ever try it? Do I look like —"

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Lawrence, quickly.

"There we are. Here's Gardner!" called Miss Margaret at last, as the unique little station, built of logs, could be seen.

"There's the arch," said Mrs. Lawrence, as the great stone arch which had been dedicated by President Roosevelt in 1903 came into view.

"There are the coaches, too." And all the young people eagerly peered at the huge coaches, with their six horses for each coach, that were awaiting the arrival of the train.

CHAPTER XX

HOT SPRINGS

IN a brief time the train was emptied of its passengers, and while Larcum and Scott were busied in making arrangements with George for the disposition of the "Princess" during the week, the other members of the party hastened to the quaint and attractive log station. The crowd that was assembled here was inspiring of itself, but acting upon the advice of Mr. Lawrence, arrangements were at once made for securing linen "dusters" that were to be used during the five days which the tour of the Park required. When Scott and Larcum rejoined their friends, the latter shouted as he became aware of the appearance of the other members of the party. Some of the dusters were too long for their occupants, and others rendered their wearers somewhat grotesque.

"Get your dusters, boys," called Mr. Lawrence.
"I'll see about a coach."

By the time Mr. Lawrence returned, both Larcum and Scott also were clad in their linen coats, and despite the fact that their coach would soon be ready Scott insisted upon arranging the entire party against the background of the log walls of the station while he "snapped" them with his kodak.

Laughing and eager, the party then took their places on the platform to await the coming of their coach, and in a brief time the six horses came prancing up to the place where their load was to be received. The younger members of the party clambered up to the seats on top, while Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence sought seats within.

"Room for one more up there on top," called the starter, as he seized an elderly woman by the arm to assist her to climb up to the place assigned to her.

"Mercy! Mercy me! I can't get up there!" cried the woman, aghast. "I've got the rheumatiz. I just won't do it! I shan't! I shan't!" she screamed; but despite her protests she was assisted by the men below, and as Larcum at the

same time grasped her arms and lifted, she was speedily in the one remaining seat.

"I never can get down, never!" she groaned, as she looked down upon the ground, but the arrangements were working with the precision of clockwork, and before her complaints were ended, the driver had gathered the reins in his hands and the coach was started on its way to the Mammoth Hot Springs. The experience was exhilarating, and the spirits of the young people quickly responded to the appeal which the clear and bracing air and the novelty of the ride and the scenery produced. It was a steady climb, and for a time the horses were moving slowly, but the roads which the government had built were excellent, the horses were accustomed to their task, and the sight of the cliffs that rose fifteen hundred feet above the cañon through which the beautiful Gardner River flowed provided an unceasing interest to all the young travellers.

"Oh, look there! See that!" exclaimed Miss Kate, suddenly, pointing as she spoke to a huge shaft on the crown of which an eagle's nest could be plainly seen.

"I must have that!" she added as she swung her camera into position and obtained a picture

of the wonderful sight. Her example was followed by her friends, despite the laughing protest of John that they must be careful or their films would soon be all used.

"Up there," said the driver, pointing with his whip toward some cliffs high in the air, "is where the mountain sheep and elk go to feed in the summer."

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Miss Margaret. "Shall we see any of them?"

"Probably not. They come down in the winter. That shack back there that we passed a spell ago is where they feed the sheep in the winter."

"Are they as tame as that?" inquired Scott.

"I don't know whether it's because they are tame or hungry."

"How about the bears?" inquired Lee. "Shall we see any of them?"

"Plenty."

"I say, Lee, do you know why bears here have such short tails?" asked John.

"Can't help it," answered Lee. "That's the way they're born. They're not to blame for it."

"No. You're all wrong. It's because one or two men have told so many 'tales' of the Yellowstone bears they're all worn off."

"I wouldn't have believed that of you, Jack," said Lee, joining in the groan that arose at John's attempt at a pun.

"It's the elevation that's to blame," laughed John. "You see I'm having a high time and —"

"Stop your coach and put him off!" shouted Scott. But the driver laughed and only urged his laboring horses onward.

"About these bears — they're mostly grizzly bears, aren't they?" inquired Scott of the driver.

"I've never seen a grizzly bear here myself. I know some people call them by that name, but they're mostly black or cinnamon. Sometimes a cross between a silver tip and a cinnamon gets called a grizzly, but that's about as near's they come to being a grizzly in my opinion."

"Do they bite?" asked Miss Jean.

"Not if you leave them alone."

"Oh, I'll leave them alone," said the girl, and all her friends laughed at her eagerness.

"What a dreadful place for one to be lost in," suggested Miss Margaret.

"Yes," said John, "but if a man had a compass, he'd be all right."

"How would that help him?" the girl asked.

"Why, the compass always points north," explained John.

"Yes, I know that," retorted Miss Margaret, "but suppose a man wanted to go east or south. How would that help him, I'd like to know."

A shout arose from her companions at her words, and for a moment the girl was inclined to be angry, but thinking better of it, she joined in the laugh, although it was evident she still did not see the cause of her friends' delight.

"There's a bug on your neck, Miss Jean," called Scott, sharply.

"Mercy! Take it off! Kill it!" she screamed.

"Oh, it's harmless," he said banteringly. "Still, if I were you, I'd keep an eye on it."

"How can I keep an eye on it? I'm not cross-eyed," she demanded frantically, and the renewed laughter of her friends increased her confusion.

"There! It's gone now," said Scott, soothingly. "Not many such things are up here at this altitude, I fancy. Any snakes up here, driver?" he added.

"Hardly any. It's too high and too cold. Had snow last week."

"Snow!" exclaimed Miss Kate. "Snow in July?"

"Yes. I've seen it here every month in the year."

"Well, I'm glad of it. This is an expensive trip, and I want to get all I can for my money, or rather for Larc's," said John, soberly.

"Yes, everything is high here," murmured Scott, ignoring the renewed groaning of his friends. "I don't complain, anyway, because it costs more to live than it did a few years ago. It's worth more to live now."

"You probably know a great deal about it. You'd better ask your father how he feels about it," said John. "I don't blame people for being angry myself. I don't wonder the agitators are getting busy. By the way, there's a man in the coach ahead of us that Mr. Lawrence told me had done more to arouse people in this country than any other man in it."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Margaret. "I shouldn't think they'd let such terrible men come into the Park. What does he do?"

"He makes alarm clocks," said John, soberly.

Again there was a shout of laughter, for not much was required to make the young people respond to any appeal.

"There's the hotel," said the driver, suddenly.

Instantly the interest of the party was transferred to the sight before them, and as the roadway now led along the level plateau on which the hotel was located, the driver started his horses into a swifter pace, and in a brief time the huge coach drew up in front of the building.

As the party alighted, Mr. Lawrence said: "I'll leave you boys to look after our luggage while I see what can be done about our rooms." And at once Mr. Lawrence joined the line of men that was moving toward the desk. It was a half-hour before he returned, and then he said: "I've had my troubles. Almost everything is taken. The very best I can do is to take two rooms on the third floor. There are three beds in each, and if the ladies take one room, and we take the other, we'll be fairly well off."

Miss Margaret's face scowled, but Lee quickly said: "That's the very thing, suh. We're fortunate to get that much when we see what a crowd there is here."

The good nature of the party was not to be disturbed, and as soon as they had gone to their rooms and completed their ablutions, they assembled once more on the piazza of the hotel.

"If you young gentlemen agree," said Mr.

Lawrence, when the entire party had assembled, "I think it would be fine to engage one of the coaches that carry only nine people. You know each party retains its own coach all through the Park, and they all go on every morning in the same order in which they leave here."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Larcum, quickly. "That is, if it will not be too much trouble to you to arrange for it. Let me go with you and help in getting one," he added eagerly.

"No. No. You stay here. I don't know how long it will take me, but I suggest that we get a guide, and while I am arranging for the coach, the rest of you can go out and see the terraces. I'll join you soon."

Despite Larcum's protest this plan was adopted, and in a brief time, led by a guide, the party started on their tour.

There were many extinct craters and huge openings in the formations to be seen, and in the high altitude nearly every one found the climbing which was necessary to be done somewhat difficult. Still, the eagerness and interest of all were not to be abated by any such means as that, and without a murmur they followed the guide as he led the way.

A huge, extinct hot-spring cone fifty-two feet high, near the foot of Terrace Mountain, first attracted their interest, and here they stopped while several of the party took a stand near the base, and photographs were obtained by the others. "Liberty Cap" the guide called the strange cone, and later called their attention to another almost equally strange which he said was the Devil's Thumb.

"I've heard of him, but I never saw any part of him before," murmured Lee.

"Doesn't he live down where you abide?" inquired John, soberly.

"I never saw him. But judging from the times his name appears out here, he seems to have been busy, almost as busy as he is in —"

"Don't say it, Lee," laughed John, and the party now moved onward.

They climbed the pathway that led to the summit of Minerva Terrace, which extended for nearly three-quarters of an acre before them. The white lime of the formation was tinged in places by a dirty yellow, and in many places bubbling springs of water were to be seen in which the temperature was, the guide explained, never less than one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit. He also

explained that at times the water ceased to boil or even to appear, and declared that the reason for this was the rapid deposition of the carbonate of lime with which the water was so highly charged that there seemed to be more lime than water. A sixteenth of an inch was the measure of the deposit every four days.

Then the guide led the way to Jupiter Terrace, the largest of all the formations at the Hot Springs, and then to a narrow pathway, where a climb of a hundred feet up a steep trail made every one breathless when the summit was gained. Pulpit and Cleopatra terraces were also visited, and the brilliant coloring of the formation brought forth many exclamations of delight.

"What's that over there?" demanded Miss Margaret, pointing to several buildings that could be seen not far from the hotel.

"Fort Yellowstone," replied the guide. "Two companies of United States cavalry are posted here."

"What for?" demanded the girl. "I shouldn't think there would be any need of soldiers in such a wilderness as this."

"Oh, they're to see that people who come to the Park don't steal or break anything. Then, too,

they have to look out for poachers and keep the coaches and travellers all straight. They have to be on the lookout, too, and see that no one hurts any of the animals in the Park."

"If a bear should bite me, couldn't I shoot it?" demanded Miss Margaret.

"Perhaps so," laughed the guide. "But that isn't just what I meant. No one is allowed to fire at or scare or hurt anything in the Park."

"Can we fish?" demanded Larcum.

"Yes."

"Then we'll try it!" said Larcum, eagerly.

"And those soldiers are here just to do all that?" demanded Miss Margaret.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How perfectly lovely. I do hope we'll meet some of them."

"You may," said the guide, grimly.

"There are some now," declared the girl, pointing to a group near the barracks. "Come on!" she called, and despite the warning words of the guide, began to run swiftly down the steep trail.

"Brass buttons!" murmured Scott, in disgust, but in a moment his feeling was changed as he watched the girl.

CHAPTER XXI

ON THE COACH

BEFORE the girl had passed halfway down the steep descent the speed at which she was running increased, and it became evident that she had lost control of herself. Suddenly she waved her arms wildly and uttered a piercing scream as she fell and began to roll swiftly to the foot of the trail.

“Oh, that girl! That poor girl!” exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence; but Larcum and Lee, without waiting to listen to the lamentings, instantly darted after the girl and arrived at the base almost as soon as Miss Margaret had regained her standing. Plainly she had not been hurt by her undignified flight, and her plight would have been ludicrous had the circumstances been different. The powdered lime had almost covered her dress, hat, hands, and even her face and eyes were nearly concealed by the dust.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Lee, anxiously, as he rushed to her assistance.

"No, I am not hurt!" retorted the girl, angrily and yet almost crying. "I have a great mind to go straight back and try it over again."

"No, you are not going back," said Larcum, quietly.

"Oh, I'm not!" retorted the girl, still more angrily. "Who's to hinder me, I'd like to know."

"I am," said Larcum, calmly. It may have been there was something in the tones of his voice that challenged her, for instantly she started up the pathway, but she had taken only a few steps when Larcum overtook her, and quietly grasping her by the arm, led her back to the place of safety despite her protests.

Meanwhile the others of the party had joined the trio, and the guide said sharply: "I told you not to do that! I told you you'd fall if you tried it."

"Yes, you did, and now you're saying it again," said Miss Margaret, hotly. "I told you so! I told you so!" she added tauntingly. "Thank goodness, I haven't said those words to anybody since I was old enough to know anything! It's bad enough to trip and fall without having

somebody come along and whine, 'I told you so. I told you so!'"

No one spoke for a time, as all the party turned toward the hotel. But Scott glanced at Lee and shrugged his shoulders. The actions of the girl, so marked in contrast with the more quiet and dignified demeanor of the other girls, had aroused a feeling of repulsion in his heart which he was not slow to express to the boys when they once more entered the hotel. The ladies at once withdrew to their room to attempt to make Miss Margaret slightly more presentable, while the boys remained with Mr. Lawrence in the lobby.

Crowds were already striving to push their way into the dining room, for the presence of the excursion party had taxed to its utmost limit the capacity of the large hotel.

"Not a very brilliant prospect for dinner," suggested Scott, as he looked at the throng in front of the entrance to the dining room.

"Never mind a little thing like that after what we've just seen," replied John.

"You can fill up on scenery if you want to, but for my part I want something a little more substantial," retorted Scott.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Lee, soothingly.

"A man can't travel without having to put up with some things. Come over here; I want to show you something." And drawing his friend with him, Lee led the way to the office of the Pullman company, where above the cage, in large letters, the following motto was conspicuously hanging: —

"DON'T WORRY! SMILE!"

"See that?" demanded Lee.

"Yes, sir, I see it," replied Scott, with a laugh. "It's a good motto."

"You're right. Let's take it with us along with some other things we'll all need in the Park."

There was a long period of waiting, however, before Mrs. Lawrence and the girls returned, and it was manifest that Miss Margaret had required both time and attention before she was in a condition to rejoin her companions.

"Come on!" she called eagerly as she approached. "I'm hungry as a bear! Let's go in and get something to eat!"

"Can't get in now. We'll have to wait our turn," explained Scott.

"Can't get in'?" she demanded. "We can try it, can't we?"

"Not now. We'll have to wait," said Mr. Lawrence, quietly.

"But I'm hungry," protested the girl. "I want to go in!" a frown appearing on her face as she spoke.

"Don't worry! Smile!" said Scott, solemnly, to Lee.

"Don't worry! Smile!" said Lee, turning to John.

"Don't worry! Smile!" continued John, in turn to Larcum.

"I'd like to know what you mean by such talk," demanded Miss Margaret of the boys.

"Come with me and I'll show you," said Lee, quickly. "I've had to take Scott up to view the sight, and now I'll be happy to take you, too."

Puzzled by his manner, Miss Margaret obediently followed Lee as he led the way and without a word pointed to the motto to which he had previously called his friend's attention.

She made no response, however, and with a pout turned back to the place where her companions were waiting. Mr. Lawrence had withdrawn for a brief time, and at the moment of Miss Margaret's return, came back, a smile on his face as he said

quickly: "Come on. I've seen the head waiter. Many a time the trouble arises because the head waiter has not been properly 'feed.'"

The boys laughed, and even Miss Margaret smiled, for the good humor of all had been restored by the prospect before them. While they were seated at their table, Mr. Lawrence explained that he had been fortunate in securing a coach which was to lead the procession that would set forth on the following morning to make the tour of the Park. As the coach was to leave promptly at seven o'clock, it would be necessary for every member of the party to be ready to enter the dining room at quarter-past six, and the promise to do so was readily given by all except Miss Margaret, who demurred, saying that she feared she could not rise at "such an unearthly hour." The other girls laughingly declared that they would assist her, and they proved to be true to their word, for in the morning not one member of the party was late for breakfast.

When they stepped out on the broad piazza, a crowd had already assembled there, but several minutes elapsed before the first coach appeared. Then the four horses came swiftly around the circle in front of the hotel, and the lumbering

coach was halted before the piazza. A man with a megaphone called out the names of the parties that were to occupy it, and in a brief time the luggage had been stored and strapped on behind and every seat was occupied, Scott and Miss Margaret being assigned to seats with the driver for the first half of the day. The driver was a comparatively young man, quiet in his demeanor, but there was a twinkle in his eyes that was exceedingly attractive to Scott, who was confident that there would be some interesting experiences with him before the journey was ended.

"Now 'Don't worry! Smile!'" said Scott, as he assisted Miss Margaret to her seat.

"I don't want a perpetual grin on *my* face," she retorted; but as the driver drew in his reins at that moment and snapped his whip, there was too deep an interest in the departure for either to continue the conversation.

For a few miles the ascent was steep and the progress slow, but the bracing air of the early morning, the magnificent vision of valley and mountain, the terraces beside which the road led for a time, the sight of the coaches being loaded far behind them, all combined to make every one enthusiastic.

“Driver, how many coaches are going out to-day?” inquired Miss Margaret.

“Forty-three.”

“Whew!” exclaimed Scott. “Small chances for dinner, I’m afraid. ‘Don’t worry! Smile!’” he added, with a laugh, as he turned to his companions.

“I’m always cross if I don’t have my meals on time,” pouted Miss Margaret. “Driver,” she added, “how many horses does the transportation company keep?”

“About nine hundred and fifty,” replied the man; then partly rising in his seat he sent the long, stinging lash of his whip time and again upon the neck of one of the leaders. The horses broke into a mad run, but were soon quieted, and the girl demanded angrily:—

“What did you do that for?”

“Lash Pete? Oh, he hasn’t been used before this summer, and so hasn’t found out what he’s here for. He’s the most contrary animal. See him shake his head! He’ll keep that up till we come to the cañon.”

“It’s a shame! It’s a shame!” said the girl. “The idea of treating horses like that! As far as I can see, all the animals in the Park can’t be

harméd except the horses. Nobody cares how much they have to suffer."

"Hey, Pete!" called the driver sharply, ignoring the girl's protest.

"What are your horses' names?" inquired Miss Margaret.

"Pete, Repeat, Ramrod, and Razor."

Scott laughed, but his attention and Miss Margaret's also were now taken up by the scenes through which they were passing. Squirrels were darting across the road, chipmunks and gophers were to be seen on every side, and the little creatures frequently stopped, and sitting erect on their haunches watched the travellers, apparently without the slightest fear.

"We're a thousand feet higher than we were at the springs," said the driver. "We climb that in the first three miles. Pretty soon we'll have it easier."

"Oh, we must stop here!" exclaimed the girl, as they entered what the driver explained was called the Silver Gate, a weird and narrow defile.

"Can't stop, miss," said the man, curtly.

"But I want to stop!" persisted Miss Margaret.
"I'll speak to Mr. Lawrence."

“If I stop, we lose our place in the line and have to take the dust of all the other coaches.”

Miss Margaret abandoned her request, though a frown appeared on her face as Scott suggested that she should not worry, but smile.

Her interest, however, was quickly diverted as the road led through the Hoodoos, a peculiar wild region in which myriads of strange and grotesque rocks appeared on every side for about a mile. In a brief time they arrived at the Golden Gate, a rugged pass with several hundred feet of precipice to be seen and the bed of the stream far below the coach. The driver purposely drove his horses so close to the guardian wall that the depths appeared to be almost directly below the travellers, and screams arose from within the coach.

The driver, apparently accustomed to such demonstrations, laughed as he said, “If you think that’s bad, what’ll you do when you come to the cañon?”

“Is it worse than that?” called Miss Kate.

“About six or eight times as ‘bad,’” laughed the driver.

The awe-inspiring sight was soon left behind, and the coach sped on over a more level stretch of roadway, and the driver called his companions’

attention to the snow-capped mountains and the lofty ranges, with their summits bare or snow-capped, which appeared to be near by although in reality they were many miles distant.

"The Rockies are certainly great," murmured Scott, deeply impressed by the majestic appearance of the mountains.

"Mt. Holmes is over ten thousand feet high," explained the driver, "and Electric is more than eleven thousand."

"Driver, that horse you beat so looks as if he would give out," said Miss Margaret.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he did," replied the man.

"Mercy! What will become of us if he does?" she demanded.

"Keep right on to the first stopping place and get a new one. It is a bit hard on a fresh horse to send him out on a trip of a hundred and fifty miles; still, it's wonderful what they'll do even after they're dead."

Scott caught a solemn wink from the driver, but the girl failed to see it, and said quickly: "'After they're dead'? Why, what do you mean? They can't do anything after they're dead."

"*These* horses can," replied the driver, soberly.

"One o' my trips last year proved that. I had a reputation for being on time, and I had to keep it. We were going over this very road on the way to Norris's, and about five miles out I saw that one of my leaders was acting strange, so I put the teams into a run and kept it up all the way. Well, the minute I drove up to the piazza that leader dropped in his tracks, stone dead."

"You'd driven him too hard," said the girl. "Sudden death like that showed it."

"'Sudden'? 'Sudden death'?" demanded the driver, repeating his sly wink at Scott. "Why, my dear woman, that horse had been dead for the last five miles, but he was under motion, you see, and couldn't stop. The minute *I* stopped, though, he dropped in his tracks as if he had been shot."

"I don't believe that story. It is not reasonable. How could a horse keep on going after he was dead? He couldn't have been really dead," said the girl.

Scott, unable longer to restrain his delight, broke into a loud laugh, and said, "Don't worry! Smile! Did you get that horse to go on again, driver?" he inquired.

“Not that trip. May have to use him on *this* one, though.”

The coach was passing now Obsidian Cliff, a towering volcanic mass of dark shining glass, and the interest was diverted to the marvellous sight. Then Beaver Lake came within their view, with the houses the energetic little creatures had built standing in the midst of the expanse, though not a beaver could be seen.

In a brief time Norris's Basin, where the party was to stop for luncheon, could be seen on the border of the wild and desolate site that appeared as the coach halted before the piazza of the hotel.

CHAPTER XXII

A HOT BATH

IN a moment the occupants of the coach were all standing on the piazza, and as the driver started his horses, he called back, "We'll start at one-thirty sharp."

"We'll all be ready," replied Mr. Lawrence; then turning to his own party, he said: "We'd better go at once into the dining room and have our luncheon. There are so many people behind us that we may have trouble later."

"But it's only half-past eleven. I never have my luncheon so early as that," protested Miss Margaret, promptly.

"You'll have to to-day, I fear, if you get any at all," said Mr. Lawrence, quietly.

"Don't worry! Sm —" began Scott, with a laugh.

"Smile if you want to!" retorted the girl, sharply. "For my part, I don't feel like it."

Mr. Lawrence's advice, however, was quickly followed, but when the party was ready to enter the dining room they found the doors closed and the room in front filled by a waiting throng. Some of the other coaches had meantime arrived, and the members of the touring party, wearied by the long ride of the morning, as well as by the many preceding days of travel, were in no enviable mood. There was nothing to be done except to wait for their turn to come, and as fast as one table was cleared and people departed from the rear door, others were admitted, but only in sufficient numbers to fill a single table at a time. The ladies in our party were the first to enter, but the boys and Mr. Lawrence came soon afterward, and after an excellent meal had been served them departed together.

"We have an hour and a half before we start again," said Mr. Lawrence, "but the guide will not go till more people are ready."

"Never mind the guide; we can find our way ourselves," suggested Larcum.

"Very well; we'll try it, but you must all promise to keep to the walks."

For a moment all the party remained on the piazza, gazing out upon the desolate and awe-

inspiring scene before them. Scarcely a green or living thing was to be seen. The great basin, on the border of which the hotel stood, was low and level and covered with a crust of lime. Steam was rising from low geysers on every side. All the trees near the basin were dead, and not a leaf could be seen, while even the dead branches were encrusted with the fatal white deposit. It was the most desolate spot any of the party had ever seen and in a way the most impressive.

A group on the piazza were by turn eagerly gazing through a glass at a spot far away to the right, and noticing the interest of Miss Jean, who was watching them, one lady said to her, "There's a bear out there. Would you like to see it?"

The girl instantly expressed her eagerness, but was unable to discern the distant object which had aroused the excitement of the others. The glasses were then passed from one to another, some declaring that they could see bruin, — "a monster," — and others failing to see what had been pointed out to them.

"Let's not stay here for this. We'll see bears enough," suggested John; and in response all the members of the party began to walk in single file along the narrow boards which, placed length-

wise, served as a pathway across the bleak and barren basin.

Close to the path the crust appeared to be very thin, and it was plain that the danger signs had not been placed at intervals without cause. "I'm not afraid," exclaimed Miss Margaret, as she boldly stepped out upon the crust.

"Don't do that again! Come back here and keep with us!" exclaimed Mr. Lawrence, sternly.

The girl gazed at him defiantly for a moment, and then with a pout that did not depart for an hour resumed her place in the line.

The noise and rumbling of the geysers, the hiss of escaping steam, the odors that filled the air, all combined to make the resemblance of the region to some huge manufacturing plant not unreal—a resemblance that was suggested by John.

When the party arrived on the farther border of the basin, geysers in action were all about them. Even the names were suggestive—The Minute Man, who, true to his name, played every minute. Constant, New Crater, Black Growler, The Monarch, Emerald Pool, and others were visited, the last of which, by the beautiful and startingly vivid green of the surface of the boiling

water in its crater, aroused the enthusiasm of the entire band.

The pathway led up to the road which was to be followed when the coach resumed its journey, and at the suggestion of Lee, he and John declared that they would return to the hotel and secure the coach, and the rest of the party might remain by the roadside beneath the scant shade of some stunted evergreen trees that had somehow contrived to maintain an existence there. Just as the boys started back on their errand, Miss Kate in a low voice exclaimed excitedly, "Oh, look there! Look there!"

Up the road, frequently stopping to gaze curiously at the travellers, came a half-dozen or more deer, their graceful movements and quick actions instantly arousing the interest of the beholders. The naturally timid creatures, however, seemed to have lost their fear, and soon moved on and disappeared from sight.

"What a shame we couldn't bring a rifle," said Larcum.

"You wouldn't harm those beautiful creatures, would you?" demanded Miss Jean, her eyes flashing as she spoke.

"Oh, you needn't 'worry' about Larc; you

would just 'smile' if you should see him with a gun," said Scott. "Larc wouldn't harm a thing."

As the boys laughed, the girl said warmly, "I don't see why it is that men always want to kill something. I think men are cruel to animals."

"More than women are?" inquired Scott.

"Yes! Indeed they are! No woman would harm such beautiful creatures."

"Let me see," drawled Scott, "which part of creation is it that wears the bodies and wings of birds on their hats? Which takes the skins of poor little animals, caught in traps and perhaps suffering for days before they are finally killed, and wear them on their backs? Did you ever hear of anybody doing that?"

"But women don't kill the poor creatures," declared Miss Jean.

"How many would the hunters and trappers kill if the women didn't want such things?"

"Lots of them would."

"I read a story the other day of a woman who stopped as she saw a small boy up in a tree trying to rob a bird's nest. 'You wicked boy,' she said. 'Don't you steal those eggs! Just think how the poor mother bird will feel to have her eggs all stolen.' 'Oh, she won't care,' answered the bad

boy. 'Yes, she will, you wicked boy,' said the woman. 'No, she won't care,' persisted the youngster, 'she can't.' 'Of course she will care,' said the woman; 'why can't she care?' "'Cause she's dead. She's up there on that bonnet you're wearing.' The story didn't tell what she said then," added Scott, with a laugh.

"They are all too cruel," said Miss Jean, soberly.

"Right you are. Here comes our coach."

In a brief time the travellers resumed their seats, this time Lee and Miss Kate occupying the seats beside the driver.

Perhaps it was in part due to the weariness produced by the long journey, but the afternoon ride seemed somewhat less enjoyable than had the one in the morning. The day was warm, too, and the heat may have increased the feeling of weariness. At all events, conversation flagged, though the interest in the scenes through which the coach was passing was still manifest.

The ride led through a long cañon, so called, and the road frequently led beside a rushing stream which the driver explained to his seat-mates was named Firehole River, although in earlier days it had been called Nez Perces River after the famous Indians, but neither Lee nor

Miss Kate seemed to be very much impressed by the fact.

At last Lee said: "Driver, where did all that crowd back at Norris's Basin come from? There were more people there than left Hot Springs this morning."

"Came from Monida," replied the driver.

"What's that? Where is it?"

"That's the way the people come into the Park who travel by the Oregon Short Line. It's a good deal longer ride that way, but it's not bad."

"What a peculiar name — Monida," said Miss Kate.

"It's made up of the first syllables of Montana and Idaho. Close to the border, you see, so they had to be fair to both," explained the driver. "We'll be at the Fountain Hotel pretty quick," he added.

"Any bears there?" inquired Miss Kate.

"Lots. But you want to be sure to try the baths at that hotel. The water comes from one of the hot sulphur springs, and is said to be good for 'most everything."

"I think we'll be ready for that, and need it, too," laughed Lee. "I never in all my life, suh, travelled through such dust as this."

"You do look a bit that way," said the driver, smilingly. "Your lips make me think o' Alkali Pete."

"Who's he?" inquired Miss Kate, innocently.

"Alkali Pete? Oh, he was a —"

The driver abruptly stopped and began to lash furiously one of the rear horses. The animal laid back his ears and kicked viciously, one of his feet being caught over the small dashboard and held there, while the frantic beast struggled on almost headlong. Miss Kate screamed, but the driver rose from his seat and lashed the struggling animal until in its desperate efforts to free itself the horse at last managed to regain its normal position.

"All animals in the Park protected except the poor horses," said Miss Kate, angrily.

"Better protect you than them," responded the driver. "He deserved it and he got it."

"Where are we going?" demanded Lee, as the driver started his horses directly toward the river, leaving what appeared to be the main road.

"Fountain Hotel; but first we'll give the horses a chance to cool off."

The great Concord coach was dragged directly across the ford, the water coming well up on the

wheels and the horses tugging sturdily to drag the load over the stony bottom. Screams arose from the ladies, but no one was harmed, and presently the longed-for hotel was gained, and the entire party clambered out upon the platform.

As the ladies were not ready to try the hot sulphur baths which the driver had recommended, the boys, as soon as rooms had been secured (in which it was discovered there were no private baths), rushed for the public bathrooms, and were so fortunate as to be the first to secure them.

The day, as has been said, was warm, but the bathrooms were even warmer. These "rooms" consisted of small compartments in which the partition did not rise much above one's head, and as all the upper space was open, whatever was said in one room was easily heard in all the others. The water had already been turned on in their tubs, and everything was in readiness for the young travellers when they entered. Only a few moments had elapsed, however, before cries and shrieks arose on the heated air.

"O-u-ch!" shouted John. "I say, Larc, this is a hot bath with a vengeance!"

"Turn on your cold water, Jack," shouted Larcum, who had not yet tested the water.

"Turn on the *cold* water!" shrieked John. "Why, man, the cold-water faucet is so hot I can't touch it with my hand."

"Hi-e-e-e-e!" came in a prolonged shriek from the apartment occupied by Scott. "I can't touch the water! It blisters! It fairly boils!"

"What's the matter with you fellows?" called Larcum. "I'm in, and I don't mind it a bit. It's great!"

"Hear the salamander!" groaned John. "I don't believe he's within a yard of his tub!"

The sound of splashing water, however, proved Larcum's words to be true, although the fact afforded slight comfort to the other boys.

"Try it with your hands and feet first," called Larcum.

"What did you think we'd try it with?" called John. "*Manibus pedibusque?*"

"Poor boys," laughed Larcum, creating a fresh splashing as he spoke.

"*Pour boire?*" retorted John. "That's right. Bring it on."

"*Sauve qui peut!*" shouted Scott, as groans and the sound of a plunge came from his room.

Lee, too, soon followed his friends' example, but

the three boys had completed their baths and were ready to depart before John had ventured into his tub. His companions laughingly called to him as they departed that they would wait for him in the hotel office, but when a half-hour afterward John appeared, not one of his friends could he find.

After he had satisfied himself that the boys were nowhere on the piazzas, John returned to the office, where a great crowd of anxious men was still assembled, and approaching the desk he inquired of one of the clerks if any mail or telegrams were there for any members of his own party. While the clerk was making the search, John was startled by the sound of a familiar voice, and glancing to his left, beheld Mr. Smith, who was speaking. But it was not to John that the man's words were directed, for he was very angry, and was talking excitedly to one of the hotel clerks. Eager to withdraw, as soon as he was informed that no mail was awaiting him, John turned away, but he was too late, for Mr. Smith had already perceived him.

CHAPTER XXIII

STRANGE SIGHTS

"OH, I say," began Mr. Smith, "what am I to do? I joined my friends at Livingston, and we were a bit late getting into the Park. We couldn't find any accommodations at the Springs, and here I'm told that the only beds we can get are cots in the parlors. And there are three ladies in our party besides myself and Mr. Harrison, my friend."

"That's too bad," said John, sympathetically. "These excursionists have taken everything."

"Did you get rooms?" inquired Mr. Smith.

"Yes, sir. We were fortunate. We were in the first coach, you see."

"Would you mind giving up your room to these ladies with me?"

"As far as I am concerned I am willing. But I must ask Lee, who is with me."

"Please do so at once," urged the man, and

despite John's annoyance his feeling of sympathy for the angry and unfortunate man was keen.

"I don't know where he is, but I'll try to find him," he said, and the young traveller at once turned away in his search.

The ladies of the party had now appeared, and John found them seated on the piazza, refreshed, and even Miss Margaret in high spirits, and he at once joined them.

A half-hour had elapsed before the other boys and Mr. Lawrence appeared, and as they seated themselves beside their friends, Larcum said loftily, "You don't know what you missed, Jack."

"Well, if I don't know, then I don't see how I can 'miss,'" laughed John.

"We went down there to see that great geyser," and as he spoke Larcum pointed to a cloud of rising steam nearly a half-mile from the hotel. "That's the Fountain Geyser," he explained, "and it played for us while we were there. But we went on to see the Paint Pots, too."

"A regular mud cauldron," suggested Mr. Lawrence.

"Yes, it certainly was the funniest sight I ever saw," said Lee.

"'Funny'! What was there funny about it?"

demanded John, who was slightly irritated by the air of superiority his friends assumed.

"It was like a big boiling pot of paint," said Larcum, breaking in. "It's a regular bed of mortar, and bubbles and boils with a 'flap, flap' that is almost 'funny,' as Lee says, and all around the rim there are thirty or forty mud cones, some pink and some rose colored and some — oh, I don't know the names of the colors," he added, "I guess it was red I mean."

"I heard one of the women here talking about these springs just now," said Miss Margaret, "and what do you suppose she called them? 'Geesers'!" And the girl's peal of laughter was so contagious that all her friends joined in it.

"Lee," demanded John, suddenly, "want to give up your room to-night?"

"I can't say that I do. Why?" responded Lee.

"Oh, I met our friend Mr. Smith here, and he's one of a party of five now."

"I don't care how many are in *his* party, as long as he's not in ours," said Scott.

"There are three ladies in his party, and the only place he can get for them to sleep in is one of the parlors, along with a good many other

ladies. The other parlors are to be filled up with men," explained John.

"Why, certainly," said Lee, promptly. "They can have our room."

Perhaps John in his heart had been wishing that his friend would not be favorable to the request, for his face clouded at the words of Lee, but he uttered no protest, and later their room was placed at the disposal of the ladies in Mr. Smith's party.

"I say, Jack, did you try that sulphur bath?" inquired Larcum.

"I did!" replied John, decidedly. "I was almost boiled, but I'm fit now."

"'Fit,'" retorted Lee. "Can't you use American words?"

"That's what he means he *had*, not what he was," declared Larcum. "That bath'll do you good, Jack. It is said it cures old age, mumps, and even a bad conscience."

"Cures old age all right," said John, grimly. "Old age never would trouble the man that tried that bath twice."

"Are there any bears here?" demanded Miss Jean.

"Yes," said her father, "plenty of them. We'll

go out after supper to see them. And that makes me think—it must be time for supper now.”

The party arose from their seats at once and quickly made their way to the dining room, before which a great throng had already assembled. The entire party was compelled to remain standing in line for more than a half-hour, and before their opportunity to enter came, John discovered Mr. Smith near him. “You can have our room for your ladies,” he said to the man.

“All right,” responded Mr. Smith, glibly, so glibly in fact that a feeling of resentment arose in John’s heart at the light manner in which his offer had been taken.

“Don’t you want to let these ladies in our party go into the dining room with yours?” John inquired.

“I’d like to, but we must go in with them. You won’t have to wait long.”

“Thank you,” responded John, dryly.

Apparently unaware of the young traveller’s irritation, Mr. Smith pushed and elbowed his way forward and disappeared within the doorway, but it was not long before our friends were also admitted, and once seated at the table, all other

feelings were for the time forgotten in satisfying the keen hunger that possessed them all.

After supper our party went out behind the hotel barns, where at dusk the bears assembled to feed upon the refuse from the tables, which daily was there deposited for their use. But to the disappointment of all, the people were already returning, for the bears had gone back to the adjoining woods.

"I don't believe there *are* any bears here!" declared Miss Margaret, irritably.

"Oh, yes, there are. You'll see plenty of them soon," said Mr. Lawrence, soothingly.

"Don't worry! Smile!" suggested Lee.

Miss Margaret, however, scowled and apparently ignored his advice.

John and Lee slept that night on cots in the parlor, and early on the following morning joined their friends at the entrance to the dining room. This time they were not compelled to wait so long as they had on the preceding evening, but the room was filled when they secured seats at the table in the extreme end of the room. To the surprise of the boys, they discovered that Mr. Smith and the man who was in his party were also seated there and plainly not enjoying the

enforced delay in being served. Mr. Smith had given an order for nearly everything on the bill of fare, and as the tired waitress failed to supply him as promptly as he desired, his anger increased.

"I'll report that girl to the head waiter!" he declared, and rising from his seat, he passed down the room to the place where the head waiter was standing, and angrily entered his complaints.

Meanwhile, the boys, who had not ordered so many dishes as their angry companion at the table, had been served, and when Mr. Smith returned, his protests broke forth afresh as he perceived how well the others had fared.

"Did you rest well last night, Mr. Smith?" inquired Scott, quietly.

"Well enough. I was tired and hungry, so I didn't have much trouble about sleeping."

"That's good," said Scott, soberly. "How was it with you, Jack?" he added, turning to his friend.

"We did pretty well, considering the serenade that was going on. You see there were twenty-three more sleeping in the room with us, and some of them could strike high C every time they drew in a breath."

"Mr. Smith lost all that probably. Up in your

room, where he slept, he couldn't hear the high or low notes either," said Scott.

"Did you sleep in our room, Mr. Smith?" demanded John, sharply.

"Why, yes. You gave it up to us, didn't you?"

"No, sir. We gave it up to the ladies in your party."

"The clerk found a room for them after I saw you, so they were provided for, and my friend and I took the one you gave up."

For a moment John was too angry to speak, but as he glanced up he saw a twinkle in Lee's eyes, and as his friend said softly, "Don't worry! Smile!" he too laughed and said no more. Mr. Smith was still seated at the table alternately eating and protesting. When our party arose and departed from the dining room, as they passed the head waiter, Larcum stopped a moment and said quietly to him: "That waitress we had was first class. Don't let her suffer for anything that asinine ass said about her."

"Thank you," replied the head waiter, with a laugh. "I'll promise you she'll not suffer."

The ride that day was to be a short one — only nine miles—to the Upper Basin, where the most famous geysers were located, and Old Faithful

Inn was to be their stopping-place until the following day. The glorious weather still continued, and as their coach departed from the hotel, the members of our party were all in high spirits. Lee and Miss Jean were now to occupy the seats beside the driver, and the girl's interest and eagerness were both almost as inspiring as the sunshine and the changing scenery.

"Are there as many other animals in the Park as there are bears, driver?" inquired Miss Jean, demurely.

"The animals in the Park are buffalo, moose, elk, bighorn, deer, antelope, bear, mountain lion, wolf, red, gray and black foxes, coyote, beaver, otter, mink, marten, sable, muskrat, ermine, rabbit, badger, porcupine, hare, squirrel, chipmunk, ground-hog, wolverine, and skunk." The driver rattled the words off in a singsong tone, as if he had committed the list to memory, but the droll expression in his eyes caused his companions to laugh.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the girl. "All those? We shan't see them all at the same time, shall we?"

"Can't say. Don't know as to that."

"We haven't seen a bear yet, and if the other

animals aren't any more plentiful than the bears, we shan't be devoured," Miss Jean declared.

"How high are we now?" inquired Lee.

"About seventy-three hundred feet," replied the driver.

"Think of it! Half as high again as Mt. Washington, and here we are riding along on level ground."

The driver abruptly called their attention to Turquoise Spring, its blue waters well deserving of the name bestowed upon it. "When Excelsior — the geyser we passed back here — plays, the water here — it's a hundred feet across Turquoise — drops about ten feet," he explained.

"Connected, are they?" inquired Lee.

"I didn't say so, but that's the way it seems. Prismatic Lake ahead of us is four hundred feet across. Want to see Hell's Half Acre too?"

"Want to see everything." laughed Miss Jean, enthusiastically. "That's what we came for."

"You'll see it before you get back to Gardner," remarked the driver, dryly. "See those dead trees — petrified — over there?" he added, pointing with his whip toward a distant and desolate spot as he spoke. "Great story 'bout them," he said and then became silent.

"What is the story, driver?" inquired Miss Jean.

"I knew you'd ask it. The women always do," and the driver winked slowly at Lee as he spoke. "The story is like this. Over there, so it is said, there's a big stretch of sage brush all petrified, and every leaf and branch just as perfect as if 'twas just green. In fact they say the brush looks exactly like any other sage, but it's every bit stone. The rabbits and squirrels and sage-hens and gophers are all petrified too, though you might not think so just to look at them. But what beats all is that that petrified brush keeps on bearing its own fruit, only that too is stone of course. Diamonds and emeralds and rubies there as big as a walnut."

"Oh, let us go over there! Do let us stop!" exclaimed Miss Jean.

"Can't stop nohow. You're just like every other woman I've told that story to—you all want to stop and pick some of that fruit."

"Of course we do."

"Driver, did Munchausen live out here in this Park?" inquired Lee, soberly.

"I never heard tell of any settler by that name. If he was here, it must have been when

the Blackfeet Indians were here, and that was years ago."

"Were they in the Park?"

"They certainly were. There was a man named Colter who came out on the Lewis and Clark expedition, but on the way back he stopped here, and he and the man with him were captured by the Blackfeet. The Indians killed the other man, but Colter got away, though he didn't have a stitch of clothes on his back."

"I don't see where he could have 'got to,'" suggested Lee.

"Oh, he worked his way on from tribe to tribe and finally got away."

"Why didn't those other tribes treat him like the Blackfeet had?" persisted Lee.

But Pete and Repeat here demanded the driver's attention, and the question remained unanswered.

"What are these camps along the road here?" demanded Miss Jean, when order had been restored.

"They are just camps, that's all. There are regular places in the Park where anybody that wants to camp out can go. The people drive in here from miles—hundreds of miles sometimes—

after the harvesting is done and stay for weeks. There's a party now!" As he spoke, the driver pointed to a canvas-covered wagon drawn by two tired horses. Within the covering the faces of children and a woman could be seen staring out at the strangers.

The interest of the young travellers was speedily diverted into another quarter, and the campers and their quaint outfit were at once forgotten in the sight which now appeared before them.

CHAPTER XXIV

OLD FAITHFUL

“THAT’S what they call the Old Faithful Inn,” explained the driver.

In the distance a mammoth hotel, built entirely of logs and presenting a most unique and artistic appearance, could be seen, and in the region immediately in front of it almost innumerable geysers appeared. The clouds of steam that could be seen rising from the ground and the barrenness of the region were alike impressive, and the interest of the young travellers was instantly aroused. The region was no more desolate than Norris’s Basin, but it was on a much larger scale, and it was evident that the tour through the Park had been arranged with a view to a daily and steadily increasing impressiveness and interest.

It was not long before the coach halted before the hotel and the eager load was discharged.

Just as the party was about to turn into the office, some one called, "There goes the giant!"

A bubbling, boiling, roaring torrent of water and steam was to be seen rising from a geyser not far away. Higher and higher it rose, and the exclamations of the enthusiastic beholders became more and more marked. It almost seemed as if there was no limit to the heights to which the boiling torrent would go, but when the spouting cloud had risen to an altitude of two hundred and fifty feet, the limit appeared to have been gained.

The Giant continued to play for an hour or more before the seething mass slowly receded and died away, but long before that time had expired Mr. Lawrence hastened to the desk to secure rooms, leaving his companions on the broad piazza to enjoy the marvellous sight.

"We're lucky," said Larcum, enthusiastically. "The Giant doesn't play except once in three or four days, and we might easily have lost the sight."

"But we haven't lost it, so don't 'worry,' Larc," laughed John. "What a place this would have been for Dante," he added. "His Inferno would have stood right out before his eyes."

"It stands out before our eyes, and that's better still," laughed Miss Kate.

"There goes Old Faithful!" called some one, and the assembled crowd at once hastened to the geyser that was much nearer the hotel.

"I don't see that the geeser is goin'," said one of the women in the large party of tourists.

Scott laughed as the words were overheard, but the eagerness of his own party to secure some of the seats near the geyser prevented him from making any remarks to his friends.

Fortunately the seats were secured for the ladies, while the boys with their kodaks took positions slightly farther away. There was a sound of hissing steam and of boiling masses of water to be heard, but as yet the spouting column had not appeared. Suddenly a mass of boiling water was seen above the rim of the crater, but the heaving mass quickly subsided. Again the seething, roaring mass appeared and then once more dropped back. In a moment, however, the scalding waters again appeared, and this time they were pushed steadily upward in a rising, falling, roaring mass, up and still upward, while exclamations of wonder could be heard from all the spectators. The majestic column still continued

to rise until a graceful and most beautifully shining pillar of boiling water, and cloud of silver-hued "steam," rising to a height of a hundred feet, stood out before the young travellers, the bright sunlight shining through the mist and adding much to its beauty and impressiveness.

After four minutes had elapsed the waters subsided slowly and gracefully, and only the boiling contents of the crater remained, although shining streams of hot water still were running down the formation.

"Wasn't that beautiful? Wasn't that grand?" demanded Miss Margaret, as our party turned back to the hotel.

"Poor father missed it!" said Miss Kate.

"That is too bad," replied Larcum, quickly. "Some of us ought to have arranged for the rooms and not left it all to him. That's the way it is — somebody is always giving up his own pleasure so that others may have a good time."

"Right you are, Larc," said Scott, quickly; "but Mr. Lawrence will have a chance to see it, for Old Faithful plays regularly every sixty or sixty-five minutes. Perhaps that's the way it got its name."

The party was on the piazza again by this

time, and there Mr. Lawrence met them, his face beaming as he said: "I have rooms for every one — rooms with a bath, too. They are all on the first floor, and I want you to come right in and see them. They certainly are unique."

When the party entered the inn, their interest was almost as keen as Mr. Lawrence's. The interior of the beautiful structure was as quaint as its exterior, for it had been finished in logs, and even the bedrooms were also found to be finished in the same manner.

Luncheon was soon served, and the dining room was discovered to be in keeping with the other parts of the hotel, and the food served aroused not a word of complaint from the hungry assembly that entered. The boys obtained a glimpse of their former "guest," Mr. Smith, across the room, but as he appeared to be busied with the conversation of his own party, they were relieved of all fears of his joining them.

"We'll go around this afternoon with a guide," said Mr. Lawrence; and in the course of an hour the guide appeared, and thirty or more prepared to follow him, most of whom were members of the excursion party. Some of the members of this party were dressed in a peculiar manner, some

were old, and others were plainly without much experience in travelling, and yet their enthusiasm was as marked as that of the younger people.

"I fancy we shall be compelled to move at a gentle, antique gait," said John to Miss Kate, who was walking by his side. "There are old people here, I see."

"From the looks of things I don't believe any one will want to run," laughed the girl. "For my part I shall be glad if we don't any of us step into some boiling spring and get hurt. There are plenty of chances for that." As she spoke Miss Kate glanced anxiously at Miss Margaret, who was in advance, talking eagerly to Lee, though whether to that young traveller's delight or not was not manifest.

"We'll have to do our best," said John. "Just hear the guide, will you!" he added. "He has a voice like a medicated fog-horn, and jokes that came over in the *Mayflower*."

"What is a 'medicated fog-horn,' Mr. Field?" inquired Miss Kate, innocently.

"I don't know," laughed John. "Listen! What is it the man is saying?"

The guide, in front of and facing the little assembly, which had halted near one of the

geysers, in his most strident tones was saying: "There was a Chinaman a few years ago who used this spring for his laundry work. No faucets, no fires, no tubs required, you see. When the geyser wouldn't play with the innocent little Chinaman, he used to throw in a piece of soap and that would start the works going in short order. Moral: don't throw away your soap; that is, if you happen to have any, for there's a fine of two thousand dollars for any one that tries that trick now. You can't explain the absence of soap that way."

"Ah, yes. Quite facetious! Very witty. Very humorous indeed!" murmured John, and the girl by his side laughed in such a manner that the guide glared at her.

"This is the Devil's Left Ear," explained the guide, as the party resumed its advance and then halted once more at his suggestion.

"The devil's left here?" inquired John. "Glad to hear it. I'm afraid he hasn't left every place in the country, yet."

"You're a smart one, young man," retorted the guide. "You're so smart you must be a Yankee."

The delight of Lee and Scott was great, and

they slapped John again and again upon his back, although the young gentleman in question betrayed no interest.

"Here we have the Lion. Yonder is the Lioness. There is their cub," called the guide, when the party halted once more before some springs.

"Where is the Lion?" demanded John of the guide.

"Right before you. Can't you see his shape?"

"No. Point it out to me, please."

"Why, here! Don't you see the mane? There's the body, and here's the tail," explained the guide, pointing, as he spoke, at the imaginary resemblances in the outlines.

"Where's his roar?" asked John, soberly.

"You don't see a roar. You have to *hear* that," retorted the guide.

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course I do. Any one knows that." The guide was angry, but John apparently was indifferent to the feeling he had aroused, or unaware of it.

"Did you ever read Æsop?" he inquired innocently.

"Never heard o' him. He don't belong in these parts."

"So? Munchausen lives here, I think you told my friend."

"No such man in the Park. Move on! Keep the old ark moving," the guide added, addressing the company.

"Pause an instant! Delay your contemplated premature departure until my psychological digestive apparatus has correlated the phenomena you have so translucently transferred from your inner consciousness to our benighted intellectual comprehension," pleaded John, soberly.

The guide stared at John for a moment as if he was in speechless amazement.

"Say that again," he demanded.

"A repetition of phenomenally importunate pleadings is precluded," said John, seriously.

For a moment the guide gazed stupidly at the young traveller, and then an expression of disgust swept over his face. "Oh, you make me sick," he said curtly. "You sound like a man I had out yesterday — he was from Boston or some place East." Angered by the shout that instantly rose from the lips of Larcum and Scott, the guide gazed at them in a puzzled manner, and then turning to John once more, he said: "You do — you make me 'most as sick as he did. He made

me sick all night. I didn't know's I could come out t'day. I was so sick I could neither lay nor set."

A renewed shout of laughter arose, and the face of the guide flushed with anger as he perceived a smile on the face of all who had heard his pathetic declaration, and without a word he led the way to other springs. But the "jokes" no longer were given by him, and even his strident voice seemed to have lost something of its power.

"I shall be silent now and just 'view the landscape o'er,' as the poet saith," John remarked solemnly to his companion. "But I shall not have lived in vain if my modest, humble, unpretentious, infantile efforts to eliminate the jocular from the remarks of that untutored savage shall have availed anything."

The Sawmill, Grotto, Fan, Splendid, Comet, Cliff, Jewel, and other geysers were inspected, whose names were indicative of the fancied resemblances in their formation. Innumerable springs were seen, some of them having waters of the most brilliant and beautiful hues, and the entire tour was one of great interest, nor did John mar the enjoyment by any more of what Lee termed his "down east" expressions.

"I'm tired!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Margaret, as they arrived at the limit of the walk. "I don't want to see any more 'geesers' as long as I live! I'm going back to the hotel!" Despite the appeals of her friends and the warning words of the guide, the headstrong girl started alone across the crust of the formation, thin and treacherous in many places outside the regular pathway. Anxiously her friends watched her, but at last she gained the board walk, and then, relieved by her success, they resumed following their now morose guide from one point of interest to another. When at last they returned to the hotel, they were all somewhat wearied, though Larcum declared it was not the difficulty or the length of the walk, but only the high altitude, that had affected him.

After dinner it was decided to go out and view the bears that were said to gather in numbers in the open lot in the rear of the barns where the refuse from the tables of the hotel was dumped. A large crowd had assembled, evidently for the same purpose, but when a half-hour had passed and not a bear had been seen, our party, somewhat disappointed, returned to the hotel.

The moon had appeared by this time, and as Old Faithful was due to spout again within a few

minutes, they all at John's suggestion went to what he termed the "reserved seats" to witness the sight in the moonlight. The shadows of the great mountains, the dim outlines of the many geysers that were either steadily or at the time sending forth their pillars of vapor, the cool air, and the twinkling lights of the huge hotel, all combined to lend an air of added interest, and when at last the majestic column rose from the crater of Old Faithful, the sight was one never to be forgotten.

When the waters fell, the party once more sought seats on the piazza of the hotel. Near them a huge German, whom they had before noticed as a member of the excursion party, puffing as from some violent exertion, dropped heavily into one of the chairs. In a moment the "women folk" who evidently were of the man's immediate party followed, and one of them said pleasantly to him, "Vell, dit you see some bears?"

"Nein!" snapped the man, disgustedly.

"Dot vas too bad. Berhaps some oder times you shall find 'em."

"Did you hear that? Did you hear what that man said?" demanded Miss Margaret, excitedly, whispering to John.

"Yes, I heard him," he replied. "Why?"

"Why, he said he saw nine bears! And we lost them, every one! I don't believe I shall *ever* see any! I don't believe there are any here!"

Restraining his impulse to laugh, John inquired pleasantly, "Do you speak German, Miss Margaret?"

"No, I don't," the girl answered sharply. "But what has that to do with seeing the bears? I declare, I'll go out there now with any one who is not afraid!"

John did not explain whether or not he was fearful of meeting "nein" bears, but he did not volunteer to accompany her, and in a brief time the entire party retired to their rooms.

CHAPTER XXV

AT THE THUMB

"JACK, I have composed the shortest poem in the English language," said Lee, when the boys had retired.

"You have?" laughed John. "I didn't know you ever dropped into poetry."

"Oh, it's as easy as stepping into a 'geeser.' No one could help it here."

"What's your poem?" demanded John.

"I think I'd better wait till morning. It might keep you awake."

"I'll risk that. Go ahead with your poem! What metre is it written in?"

"I haven't named it yet. It scans, though, rhymes perfectly, and the sentiment is most touching. As I told you, it's the shortest poem in the language."

"But you haven't told me," said John, with a laugh. "What is it?"

"If I tell you, you won't be able to get it out of your head. It's Miss Margaret who inspired it — she and the bears. Well, I suppose I shan't have any peace until I recite it, so here goes: —

“ ‘Bruin —
Nothin' doin'.' ”

"That is a superb piece of work," shouted John, with delight. "Sounds like Shakespeare."

"No, it isn't Shakespeare's; it's mine. You've heard of the Lake Poets, haven't you? Well, this poem belongs to the 'geeser' school. I think I'll have it copyrighted."

"It's worth a trip to the Yellowstone," assented John, "to have such poetry as that written. Pretty soon Larc will catch the fever too, and then we'll have something worth while."

The boys were too weary, however, long to discuss even such a literary production as that of Lee, and soon were soundly sleeping. In the morning, when they arose, John peered out of the lattice window and eagerly called to his friend to come and behold the sight. The air was cool, almost "cool enough for a frost" John declared, and the steam rising from the myriad springs and geysers presented a unique and beautiful scene.

"Makes me think of the village up in New Hampshire where my grandfather lives," said John. "In the winter — we always go up to his house for Christmas, you know — I've looked out of my window in the morning, and the smoke coming out of the chimneys of all the houses looks a good deal like this."

"I'll take your word for it, Jack. I don't want your cold weather."

"Better for you if you did."

Soon after breakfast the procession of coaches was once more formed and, with the one which carried our friends still in the first place, set forth on the ride to the Lake hotel. The road now led through the midst of stately and beautiful trees, and our party, refreshed by the rest the night had afforded, were all in high spirits.

"Jack, there's one geyser I saw back there that ought to have been named New England," said Lee.

"What's its name now?" inquired John, aware from the expression in his friend's eyes that he was about to "say something."

"Economic Geyser," laughed Lee. "They call it that because there isn't any overflow or waste of water there."

"Good for you, Lee," roared Larcum, as they all laughed.

"That's all right, Lee," said John, good-naturedly. "There's another one there that ought to be renamed too. I think it ought to be called the Southern Cavalier, or Southern Chivalry, or Southern Honor, or some one of the numerous expressions you are so fond of using in describing the people in your part of the world."

"Which one was it? What's its name now?" inquired Lee, lightly.

"The Black Growler," said John, demurely, as his companions laughed. "There's another one, though, that might be better still. It's the Saw-mill — so called because it has a good deal more hot air than it has hot water. It sounds well, but it doesn't 'saw much wood.'"

Lee's face flushed for a moment as a shout arose from his friends, but Miss Kate tactfully changed the topic of conversation by calling attention to some of the sights they were passing, and the interest of all was speedily diverted, Miss Margaret declaring that she was "tired to death of 'geesers' and never wanted to see or hear anything more of them."

"Here's Shoshone Point," called the driver, abruptly, as he stopped the coach.

The girls gave an exclamation of delight as the marvellous sight spread out before them. Far below, the waters of Shoshone Lake glimmered in the sunlight, and the heavily timbered slopes of the surrounding shores provided a setting for the vision scarcely less beautiful than the glistening waters. In the clear air, fifty miles away, the snow-capped Sentinels of the Teton Mountains, rising fourteen thousand feet toward the sky and overtopping all the other peaks of the Rockies, could be distinctly seen.

"They're a part of the boundary between Wyoming and Idaho," explained the driver. "I never get tired of looking at them."

Deeply impressed by the sublime sight, the boys were eager to remain longer on the Point, but the appearance of coaches at once warned them that they must move on or lose their place in the procession, and so the journey was speedily renewed.

"It's a hard ride all the way from here to the Lake hotel," remarked the driver to Scott and Larcum, who now were seated beside him.

"Is it?" inquired Larcum, innocently. "I don't think this is so bad."

"Oh, it isn't so hard from here to The Thumb" (the name of the lunching station where they were due about noon), "but from there on it's pretty much sand and hills."

"That's too bad," suggested Scott.

"Yes, sir. Most people prefer to cross the lake from The Thumb to the hotel in the steamboat. It's a fine ride, and the lake is the highest one in the world that has a steamer on it. The boat stops, too, so that you can see the buffaloes on the island. I can get tickets for you if you want them," said the driver, quickly.

"That might be interesting," acknowledged Larcum, turning and winking meaningly at Scott as he spoke.

"Yes, sir, it is interesting," continued the driver, still more eagerly. "Though perhaps I'm not the best judge, for it's the biggest sheet of water I ever saw, and it's the only steamboat I ever saw, too."

"Is that so!" exclaimed Larcum. "You do live a good way off, don't you?"

"Why, no, I don't," said the driver, soberly. "I live right over here at Butte."

Larcum repressed the smile that rose to his lips as he said, "I suppose there is something for the

driver if he gets his load to buy tickets on the steamer; isn't that so?"

The face of the driver flushed as he replied, "Oh, I'm not urging you, except that the ride on the boat will be easier for the ladies than to crawl through the sand."

"I think we'll have to take that in," laughed Larcum, and the expression of satisfaction on the face of the driver increased his own feeling of delight, as the young traveller kicked his companion's foot in a manner that was not misunderstood.

It was not long before The Thumb, the most unique in its appearance of all the lunching stations in the Park could be seen. A quaint little building it was, nestling on the shore of the beautiful Yellowstone Lake. Towering mountains were to be seen in the distance, and the little steamer, which they afterward learned had been hauled in sections by long trains of mules from the distant railway station and put together after all the parts had been brought to the lake, was lying at the dock.

As soon as the party stepped out upon the platform Larcum ran to the steamboat to secure tickets for the ride across the lake, while Mr.

Lawrence entered the building to make arrangements for luncheon.

"I've got them," called Larcum, delightedly, as he rejoined his friends. "I was lucky, too, for they were the last ones the captain had. They're limited to a hundred passengers, you see."

"Fine, Larc!" exclaimed Scott. "You're the man to 'tackle' the captain for us."

Mr. Lawrence now appeared, and said: "Come right in! We can get into the dining room, and we must not miss the chance."

No second invitation was required, and the hungry travellers at once entered the room, hastily taking such seats at the table as they were able to secure.

"Best luncheon we've had since we left the car," remarked Scott, who certainly was doing ample justice to the viands spread out upon the table and to which the boys helped themselves without the ceremony of summoning any of the girls or the two or three young men who were serving as waiters.

"I say," called John to one of the young male waiters, "have you calves' brains?"

The waiter stared at the young traveller half angrily for a moment, and then said tartly: "Oh,

what you trying to give us? There was a dude here yesterday what wanted to know if I had frogs' legs."

"That was very impolite of him," replied John, soberly, as his friends broke into a shout of laughter, "That was impolite of you, too," he added reproachfully, as he turned and looked at the boys beside him.

"That's an old one, John," said Scott, as he reached for more beans.

The waiter, with a look of scorn upon his face, had at once left them, going to another part of the room, where less impertinent questions were likely to be asked, and it was not long before the boys arose and went out upon the piazza, where they were soon joined by their friends.

"Anything to see here?" inquired Larcum, glibly.

"A few geysers and 'paint pots,'" replied Mr. Lawrence, "but they are not much like those we saw at Old Faithful."

"We'll go out and see, anyway," responded John, but no one accompanied the boys as they departed from the piazza.

Interesting as the sights otherwise would have been, Mr. Lawrence had been correct in his state-

ment, and the boys soon returned to a spot near the dock. Here they discovered a man fishing from the shore, and interested at once, the young travellers stopped to inquire what success had been obtained.

"I haven't caught anything yet," replied the stranger. "I was just going to test what I had heard, that a man could stand here on the shore and catch a fish in the lake and then without taking the trout off the hook he could fling his line right back into that spring behind you and cook his fish without stirring once out of his tracks to do it, either."

"Great!" exclaimed Larcum. "It might be done if you get a fish," he added as he turned for a moment to gaze into the depths of the boiling spring behind him. "I wish I had a rod and I'd join you."

"You'll get plenty of chances to fish over at the Lake hotel," explained the man. "You can get a guide and boat and all the tackle you want, and they don't charge you a cent if you don't get any fish. They say that every man that has ever gone out there had to pay up, though, for no one ever fails to bring in a good catch."

"We'll try that, fellows!" exclaimed Larcum,

enthusiastically, a suggestion to which his friends agreed with equal enthusiasm. For a time all four remained watching the fisherman, but as his efforts were not crowned with success, they soon returned to the piazza, where they explained to their friends that what the fisherman had planned to do was in no way improbable.

“I think we’d better go down to the dock and get some seats on the boat while we can,” suggested Mr. Lawrence, and the party at once acted upon the suggestion, securing chairs well forward on the deck where they would be able to see all that would be of interest. A half-hour passed, however, before the steamer was free from the dock, and meanwhile so many of the excursionists came on board that some of the more timid ones began to glance anxiously about them, evidently fearful that the boat was not to limit its capacity on this trip to the number declared in its charter.

“That’s nineteen times I’ve heard the captain sell ‘the last two tickets he had,’” observed Scott, who had been watching that worthy official as he disposed of his wares on the dock below them. “Is that some of your Western ‘hustle’?” he inquired.

"No, sir. That's some of your Eastern effete simplicity," laughed Larcum.

"That isn't the best name for it," remarked John. "It takes only three letters to spell it."

"Here we go! We're off!" shouted Miss Margaret, as the little steamer began its noisy voyage across the beautiful waters. The burly, good-natured captain as he moved about among the passengers quieted the fears of the more timid ones and frequently stopped and in loud tones called the attention of the people to objects of special interest.

"Next to Oklahoma this is the garden spot of the world," responded one of the passengers.

"You come from there?" demanded the captain.

"Yes, sir, I do. Proud of it, too. Ever been there?"

"Lived there once," roared the captain. "I've lived most everywhere. I was born a down-easter — born in Massachusetts, but I couldn't get out of it soon enough. I want the hills and the plains —"

A shout from the boys, who all turned upon John, interrupted the captain's eloquence, however; but John, the expression upon his face not

changing, inquired of the captain, "Then they were after you as sharply as that, were they?"

"Yes, sir!" roared the man. "Too many people there. Too thick for me. I want room, — like this," — and as he spoke he flung his arms about him, pointing to the majestic mountains beyond the shore. "We lack some things, of course, out here. Codfish, for example."

"They don't have codfish in Massachusetts," interrupted Scott. "They *may* have some of course," he hastily admitted, "but what they call 'codfish' is what they sell outsiders — it's really haddock."

"Little like our steak out here. Perhaps you've noticed it's a bit tough?" inquired the captain.

"'Tough'? That's a mild word," said John, warmly.

"Yes, sir, it is, that's a fact. I've had it bellow right out when I struck a fork in it," said the captain, earnestly.

"That explains one thing, then," laughed John. "I wondered why it lasted so well."

"Roast beef hot,
Roast beef cold,
Roast beef in the hash,
Nine days old.'"

CHAPTER XXVI

THE RIDE ACROSS THE LAKE

"GREAT poem," remarked Lee, soberly, although his companions laughed at the jingle.

"Try yours, Lee," suggested John, quickly. "Lee couldn't go to sleep last night he was so proud of a poem he had composed. I think he dedicated it to Miss Margaret," he explained. "It was such a pathetic piece of work I sobbed myself to sleep over it."

"Must have been pathetic to see Lee at work," said Scott. "What was the poem? Let's have it."

Thus urged, Lee arose, and, taking a tragic attitude, said: "The sorrow of Miss Margaret because the bears wouldn't dance for her inspired me. I just could not get over it, and then my muse, I think it was Melpomene —"

"Must have been," interrupted John, dryly.

"Yes, suh, it was!" declared Lee, positively. "Sometimes, though, I confess I get those nine ladies somewhat confused —"

"Nine ladies or 'nein'?" John broke in once more.

"I could see her perfectly, perfectly," continued Lee, ignoring the interruption, "and this is what she sang to me:—

"'Bruin —
Nothin' doin'.'"

"Your poetical composition is somewhat more elongated than the literary production you confided to my auricular receptacles last night, Lee Harris," declared John, so soberly that the laughter of the party was renewed.

"We'll stop at that island yonder," called the captain, pointing to a wooded island in the midst of the lake. "There are buffaloes there, and you will want to see them."

The attention of the passengers was quickly diverted by the announcement, and as the little steamer came alongside the rude dock that projected from the shore of the island, there was a rush for the landing in which our friends shared. Several men could be seen about the grounds, and as the passengers followed the pathway that

led to the enclosures within which the animals were confined, they could see elk in some of the pens and buffaloes in others. The younger members of the herd of buffaloes were shut within the boundaries of one large yard, while in another and smaller pen a huge buffalo bull, alone and evidently not pleased by the arrival of visitors, was to be seen. His great shaggy head was lowered, and standing a few feet back from the fence, his little eyes gleamed wickedly as he watched the visitors that had now assembled to see him.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed Miss Kate. "I don't wonder they used to call him the 'monarch of the plains.' It's a shame to shut him up here."

"Rather fortunate for us that he is, though," suggested Larcum, as the great brute suddenly advanced directly toward the fence, shaking his huge head as he did so. He stopped when he was close to it, however, but the gleam of rage in his beadlike eyes increased.

"You're not very polite," called Miss Margaret, as she pushed the end of her parasol between the rails and bestowed a sharp thrust upon the shaggy head.

Instantly and with a snort of rage the buffalo

darted against the fence and delivered such a blow with his head that the stakes creaked almost as if they would yield to the onslaught. The observers fled from the place, and one of the attendants rushed upon the spot and angrily demanded:—

“Who did that? Who made him mad? Don’t you know there’s a big fine for bothering the animals here? If he should throw himself hard against that fence, I don’t believe it would hold; and if he once got loose, you’d wish you were all on the other side of the lake!”

No one replied to the demand of the guard, although many glances of anger were bestowed upon the girl who had been the cause of the trouble. Miss Margaret, however, apparently indifferent to the commotion she had aroused, laughingly turned to her friends and said: “Oh, come on! Let’s go back to the boat. Who wants to stand here and watch those horrid-smelling creatures? It’s going to rain, too!” she hastily added.

The clouds which had been gathering verified her words, and when the rain began to fall, there was a scramble as the passengers fled for the shelter of the steamer. The rain was still falling

when the boat resumed its voyage, but the clouds soon passed and the sharp downpour ceased.

“See all those pelicans !” exclaimed Miss Jean, excitedly, as she pointed to numbers of the birds that could be seen not far away. Just as she spoke, one of the great birds rose lazily against the wind and then suddenly darted beneath the surface of the lake. When it rose, a fish was plainly to be seen in its bill, but in a moment the captive disappeared, though no one could determine whether the fish had been swallowed or thrust into the pouch of the pelican.

Many other pelicans were seen as the steamer sped toward the Lake hotel, which now appeared in the distance. Other birds also were seen, but not one of them seemed to take any notice of the passing boat, frequently permitting it to approach within a few yards without any sign of fear.

The captain now called the attention of his passengers to the sawlike edge of the summits of the far-away Rockies, and pointing out one particular spot, said: “That’s the ‘sleeping giant.’ You can make out the outlines of his face against the skyline. Isn’t that the greatest sight you ever saw?”

A silence fell over the company as every one

gazed at the marvellous sight. Clearly defined, the face of the "giant" could be seen against the background of the clouds, the upturned features expressive of patience and restfulness, as if, in spite of the centuries that had vainly swept over him, his calm confidence in the outcome of that for which he had been waiting was unbroken.

"It makes me feel as if I ought to say my prayers," said Miss Jean, in a low voice.

Plainly every one was deeply impressed by the sight of the strong and rugged face, but in a moment the deeper feeling passed and the youthful lack of reverence asserted itself.

"He makes me think he must be tired," said Lee. "Just think how long he has been lying there on his back, not able even to turn over on his side."

"I shouldn't think *that* would trouble you, Lee. I never knew you to complain because you were left in bed too long," said Scott.

"And I should think he'd be chilly, too, at times, to say the least," continued Lee. "The breezes must blow up there when they brace themselves against the mountains."

"But just think of the blankets he has," suggested Miss Jean. "The snow covers all his

body except his head, and when the wind whistles, it must sound to him just about like the crooning of a mother to her baby."

"Miss Jean, you write a poem about that giant. You can do it," suggested John.

"That's right, — do it, do it now, Miss Jean!" added Scott. "Boston people write poems about the tough steak out here, but I'd like to have you show them that a New York girl thinks of something a little finer and higher than that."

The girl laughingly declared her inability to comply, and the thoughts of the young people were speedily diverted by the view of their destination, which was not far away now, and by the sight of several skiffs manifestly returning from the fishing grounds.

"That's what we'll do the first thing," declared Larcum, eagerly, as he watched the fishermen. "We'll get some boats and guides and go right out there and try it ourselves."

As the other three boys promptly and heartily assented, Larcum turned to the girls and inquired: "Perhaps you would like to go with us? We'd be glad to have you."

"I'll go," declared Miss Margaret, promptly.

"Will you go, Miss Kate? and you, Miss Jean?" said Larcum.

Miss Kate hesitated before she said: "Thank you, I'm afraid I'll be a hindrance. I don't mean to judge you, but it always seemed to me a bit cruel to catch fish on hooks."

"Nonsense," laughed Larcum. "It's only serving out to them just what they were trying to do to others — that's all. The trout snaps at a fly or grabs what he thinks is a worm, and instead of hurting or eating something else, he gets hurt and eaten himself. Besides, it doesn't hurt," he added illogically. "They're cold-blooded creatures and can't suffer any pain. Better come, Miss Kate."

The girls finally assented, and as Mr. Lawrence departed to secure their rooms, the younger people hastened to the boat-houses, and in a brief time had secured guides, boats, and tackle and were soon afterward being rowed swiftly toward the fishing-grounds. Miss Margaret had confidently appropriated a seat in Scott's skiff, not altogether to that young gentleman's liking. His feeling of irritation speedily gave place to one of sincere admiration of the girl's skill when the party arrived at the fishing-grounds, for she proved herself an adept at the sport.

It was nearly two hours later, and the sun was low in the western sky, when the party returned

to the hotel with the speckled beauties they had secured strung on "stringers" which the guides cut from the willows on the shore. Miss Margaret insisted upon carrying, herself, the fish which she and Scott had secured, and when they drew near the piazza, an interested group speedily assembled to inspect the catch and express their admiration for the skill of the fishermen. Miss Kate and Miss Jean, however, did not delay, but at once went to their rooms. Miss Margaret, her face flushed and her eyes shining, did not volunteer to give up the prizes which she and her companion had secured, and somewhat too loudly, or so Scott at least thought, received and replied to the plaudits of the people.

"Remember, Scott," she called as at last she flung the fish upon the grass, "you are to have some of them cooked for our dinner to-night."

"You can't cook 'em," said the guide, who also had remained in front of the hotel.

"Can't cook them'? Why not, I'd like to know?" demanded the girl, sharply.

"'Cause they're wormy. Probably every one of 'em has got worms along the backbone. If you want me to, I'll open up one so that you can see for yourself."

"No! No!" exclaimed the girl. "Horrors! Don't ever say 'fish' to me again!"

Scott laughed, and then with the other boys, whose success had not been so great as that which he and Miss Margaret had obtained, entered the hotel, where, near the door, they found Mr. Lawrence looking for them.

"I hear you had great success, boys," he said pleasantly.

"Yes, sir, we did," replied John. "But you won't get any of the fish we caught for dinner to-night. The guide says they're all wormy."

"We'll do our best to get along without them, then," replied Mr. Lawrence, with a smile. "Speaking of dinner reminds me, boys, that we're not likely to get in at the first table. The clerk informs me that the bears come about this time, and if you will go at once to your rooms and make yourselves beautiful, we'll go all out to see them."

"Nine of them, Mr. Lawrence?" called Lar-cum, as he took the keys of their rooms and prepared to follow out the suggestion.

"I'll not vouch for the number," laughed Mr. Lawrence. "The clerk says there is no question

about seeing them, though; that is, if we are there on time."

"Don't wait for us, Mr. Lawrence," called Larcum once more. "You go right down to the place where they are, and we'll come as soon as we are ready. By the way, you didn't tell us where the place is," he added.

"Right beyond the barns. Follow the pathway, and you can't miss the way. I think your suggestion is a good one, and we'll leave every member of the party to find his own way to the bears. The place is in the clearing about six hundred feet back of the hotel."

Only a brief time had elapsed before the boys had "made themselves beautiful," and then they ran eagerly out of the hotel. They had gone but a few yards when they overtook the girls, and Miss Margaret was lamenting because she was certain there wouldn't be any more bears than there had been at Old Faithful, and it was a pity too, for she had her kodak all ready.

"But there were 'nein' bears at Old Faithful," suggested John.

"I didn't see *one*, and I don't see what you are all laughing at, either."

"I was thinking of Lee's poem," protested

Scott. "I can't keep the thing out of my head,—

"O Bruin —
Nothin' doin'.' "

"We'll sing that all right to-night," declared the girl. "Hush! What's that?"

The girls of the party started timidly, as the sound of a rattling cart or wagon could be heard in advance of them, but as the boys declared there was nothing to fear, they began to move forward again, and in a few moments a cart drawn by a mule did indeed appear.

"That's the garbage wagon from the hotel," said Larcum. "Probably the stuff the bears eat has just been taken out there. We're just in time. Come on! Come on!"

The curiosity of the girls apparently had overcome their fears, and the party moved on more swiftly.

"There's the place! There are a good many people there already," said Scott, in a low voice, as he pointed to the border of the little clearing. "Come on. We don't want to miss this."

"We'll not get left this trip," shouted Miss Margaret, as they drew near the waiting groups. Glances of anger were bestowed upon the girl by the assembly, and one man said sharply to her:

"Don't speak so loud, miss. You'll scare the bears away."

"Are there any here?" demanded Miss Margaret, in a low voice.

"Not yet. They'll be here in a minute or two," replied the man.

A silence fell upon the waiting assembly, in which even Miss Margaret was compelled to join. The eyes of most of the people were eagerly turned toward the great trees and the clumps of bushes on the opposite side of the clearing. Some, however, were nervously adjusting their cameras, a task in which the members of our party also were engaged, when suddenly some one in a loud whisper exclaimed: "There they come! There they come!"

CHAPTER XXVII

BRUIN APPEARS

EVERY one instantly became silent and with straining eyes gazed at the place which the man who had discovered the approach of the bears indicated.

"I can't see any. I don't believe there are any here," exclaimed Miss Margaret, ignoring the angry glances which the waiting assembly again cast upon her.

In a moment, however, three immense black bears appeared, slowly and with a certain air of dignity and grace withdrawing from the sheltering trees and advancing toward the place where their evening meal had been left for them. Occasionally the huge beasts turned their heads slowly from one side to the other as if they were inspecting the semicircular line of spectators, but their steady approach to the food was unbroken.

The interest of the watching people was intense now, and only the first low whisper of admiration at the appearance of the bears was heard. The bolder animals at once advanced to their feast, while cameras were snapped on every side, and the excitement of the beholders steadily increased. The interest became still greater when other bears also were seen approaching from the forest, plainly intent upon sharing in the repast. The second division, however, consisted of four brown bears, and it was evident that they planned to have nothing to do with their blacker companions who were already at the feast, for each party remained by itself.

"They draw the color line even here, Lee," whispered John to his friend; but Lee only shook his head and made no other response as he gazed eagerly at the sight before them.

The bears that were first at the banquet lost no time in idle investigation of the assembly, but at once began to inspect what had been offered them. As they had the "pick of all the good things," as Larcum afterward declared, they were slightly particular in their selection of tidbits. With their great broad fore-paws they turned over the mass of food, and whenever they dis-

covered some specially toothsome dainty, they pulled it forth by their sharp claws, and sitting erect upon their haunches and with every evidence of satisfaction, devoured it as if they were in no haste to complete their meal. For ten minutes the group of bears, ignoring all signs of the presence of visitors, and apparently without fear of them or of one another, leisurely continued their meal, and then suddenly there was an air of restlessness displayed by them all. Every bear threw back his ears, glanced nervously into the woods behind them, and though they did not relax their efforts, they nevertheless betrayed signs of anger or of irritation at some threatening interruption. In a moment out from what Scott termed the "overhanging underbrush," more bears were seen slowly drawing near to the feeding-grounds. There were five of the newcomers, and as they approached, one of the men standing near our party said in a whisper, "Silver-tips."

The procession of five, apparently ignoring the disturbance their arrival had created, advanced slowly to another part of the grounds, and without betraying any knowledge of the presence of the others, at once began to help themselves to

the food before them. Our boys could see that the silver-tips were slightly different in their appearance from the other bears, for there was a mixture of gray in their shaggy coats, and a line, nearly white, extended the length of their backs, and their heads were unmistakably gray.

“Don’t look much like the poor fellows we see in captivity at home,” suggested Miss Kate, in a whisper, as she excitedly watched the latest arrivals. “Oh! oh!” she added. “Just see those darling little cubs!”

Emerging from the brush came a huge mother bear with two small cubs attending her — one moving along on each side of their ponderous mother.

A whispered exclamation of delight arose from the spectators at the sight, and once more the cameras were called into use while the eyes of all the assembly were fixed upon the mother bear and her babies.

“Dandies!” whispered Larcum, eagerly.

His friends were too deeply interested in the sight before them to respond, although every one acknowledged the forcefulness of Larcum’s assertion. The mother, with her cubs still following her, now cautiously approached a more retired

part of the feeding-grounds, all the time watching the other bears anxiously, as if she was fearful that some of them had designs upon her babies, in whose perfection she plainly was as firm a believer as any in the interested throng of spectators. She at once began to feed, but her hunger did not prevent her from keeping a watchful eye upon her cubs, which as soon as their mother was busied in her occupation began to play much after the fashion of a couple of kittens. They rose upon their haunches whenever their dam assumed a similar position, and gazed about them with an air so serious that the delight of the people became still more keen. Satisfied that they had nothing to fear, the cubs would then begin at each other, wrestling, pulling, biting, and tumbling about as if they could in no other manner express their pleasure at being alive and being where they were.

Suddenly a difference of opinion concerning the possession of a tidbit arose between two of the silver-tips, and sitting erect upon their hind quarters, the two bears faced each other with angry snarls, with ears laid back and every manifestation of anger.

Either disgusted by the sight of her quarrelsome

neighbors or alarmed for the safety of her babies, the mother bear, by some tone or expression which the interested spectators could not hear, instantly summoned the two cubs to her and apparently whispered some warning in their ears.

Like obedient children the cubs quickly turned and ran swiftly to a cedar tree which stood not far away on the border of the clearing, and clasp- ing the trunk, one cub behind the other, scrambled up into the branches, where they could be seen peering down upon the "tribes," as if they still were puzzled to understand what the precautions of their mother might mean.

All the bears had meanwhile resumed their feed- ing, but in a brief time another altercation arose between the two silver-tips that before had had such a serious difference of opinion over the pos- session of certain choice morsels. It was plain that one of the two was, or had been, the "king," and was ready to dispute the right of any one to interfere with his own selection of the best for himself. The other bear, however, although not quite so large and evidently somewhat younger, was rebelling against the assumed right of his leader to deprive him of his findings and was almost ready to contest the king's claim.



HIS ENEMY, WITH BLAZING EYES AND OPEN JAWS, WAS IN
FULL PURSUIT. — *Page 331.*

The two bears, both thoroughly enraged, now rose on their haunches, while the elder aimed a vicious swing with one fore-paw at the head of his rival. The blow was neatly dodged, and the younger returned the blow in kind and succeeded in bestowing a "cuff" upon the king's head. With a howl of rage the larger bear flung himself upon the other, and with snarls and savage growling the struggling animals together came to the ground — the king contriving to bring the body of the younger bear beneath him in the fall. Growls and howls and snarls arose from the fighting animals, and then in a brief time the younger bear managed to elude the clutches of his enemy, slipped from his position beneath the other's body, and then ingloriously fled from the fray.

It may have been that his fear prevented him from perceiving the direction in which his flight was leading him, for at full speed he started directly toward the place where the excited and interested spectators were standing, and his enemy, with blazing eyes and open jaws, was in full pursuit and close behind.

The commotion among the assembled people was instantaneous. There were shrieks and screams from the ladies, and the men manifested almost

as great terror, as every one fled up the pathway toward the hotel. Skirts fluttered, the shrill screams of the panic-stricken women could be heard in the midst of the confusion, while the "time" of the fleeing mass of men and women would have done credit to Larcum when he had been doing his utmost in speeding down the field with the precious football tucked under his arm. The four boys kept close to their companions and did their utmost to help in their escape from the place. Miss Kate's face was as colorless as her sister's, and even Miss Margaret, who ordinarily was apparently without fear, betrayed no desire to linger behind her friends.

Suddenly a man darted past the group, his hat gone, his hands opening and closing as if he were vainly striving to grasp some means of defence, and the speed at which he was running plainly indicating the terror that possessed him. At another time the man's wild appearance might have been ludicrous, but not even Larcum smiled now, although he recognized the fugitive as Mr. Smith.

In his excitement ignoring the path he was following, the unfortunate man suddenly ran at full speed against the trunk of a huge tree and was

flung back as helpless upon the ground as if the tree had angrily resented his blow.

"Look out for the girls!" called Larcum to the boys, as he instantly halted to assist the unfortunate fugitive.

As soon as he became aware that the man was merely stunned and not seriously hurt by the force of the collision, Larcum quickly resumed the pursuit of his friends, whom he discovered still panting and almost breathless on the piazza of the hotel.

"Why didn't you keep up, Larc?" demanded Scott, as his friend joined the group. A reaction had come with the gaining of safety and all were laughing now, though there was still an element of nervousness in the manner of Miss Kate.

"You're mighty brave now, aren't you, Scott?" retorted Larcum. "My, but I never would have believed you could sprint like that. It's a pity we didn't know it in school. You'd have made the track team easily."

"But where were you, Larc?" demanded Scott, laughing as he spoke.

"To be perfectly honest with you, Scott, I stopped to help a fellow who was having a hard time."

"Did the bears get him?"

"No, sir, *I* was there, I'd have you know! I think the man was ill."

"Sick? What was the matter with him?" demanded Scott.

"I didn't stop to inquire, but he acted as if he might be — seasick," replied Larcum, drawlingly. Ignoring the shout of the boys, he continued: "But no joking, fellows. I stopped to help Mr. Smith."

"Why didn't you leave him for the bears?" inquired John. "But I don't believe, after all, it would have done any good. He'd have fixed it up in no time with them, so that they would even have brought him all the choice bits they could find in that garbage heap out there."

"Here he comes now," said Lee, as the man in question drew near. His face was discolored and bruised, and the marks of his collision also were to be plainly seen on his clothing. He did not stop, however, to speak to any one, but passed directly to his room, so that no opportunity was afforded for further inquiries.

The excitement of the returning people, who now entered the hotel laughing and with faces flushed, died away with the sense of security, but every one was talking about the exciting inci-

ment — the members of our party being not the least to be aroused by the flight.

“Dare you to go out there again, Larc!” exclaimed Scott.

“I don’t mind ‘dares,’” answered Larcum, slowly, “but it’s a long walk, and I don’t believe in taking exercise when one is tired.”

“When *do* you take your exercise?” inquired Miss Margaret, demurely.

“Not when I’m tired,” laughed Larcum. “And I’m always tired. I was born tired.”

“Come on, Larc,” pleaded Scott. “Let’s go out there again, anyway, and see what has happened. I’ll protect you. Don’t be afraid.”

“Come along, then,” retorted Larcum, and together the two boys started toward the clearing where the bears had been seen. When they arrived at the place, however, not a bear was there, and the clearing was as deserted as if none had ever been there.

When the boys returned to the hotel, they discovered that their friends were already seated in the dining room, and they themselves were compelled to wait another half-hour before they were able to gain an entrance. Later they rejoined their friends, who were seated in the lobby, and

as the boys approached, Mr. Lawrence said lightly, "You can't complain of any lack of excitement to-day, boys."

"I think those bears were perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Miss Margaret. "I just wanted to go right out there and take one of those cubs in my hands."

"I fancy you would have had your hands *full*," laughed John. "You'd have had to take the old bear, too, you know."

"I don't know about that," retorted the girl. "But it's the best sight we've seen in the Park."

"I was more interested in Two-Ocean Pond than I was in the bears," said Miss Jean.

"'Two-Ocean Pond'?" inquired Larcum. "I missed that. Where was it? What was it?"

"Why, we passed it this morning. A little pond, and out of one side goes a stream that finally flows into the Pacific, and out of the other flows one that goes into the Atlantic. And you didn't see it?" cried Miss Jean.

"No, ma'am. And I don't remember that I was asleep either," responded Larcum, ruefully.

"He doesn't remember anything when he's asleep," declared Scott. "And I'm going to take him to his little bed now."

CHAPTER XXVIII

ON THE BRINK

THE following day dawned cloudless like its predecessors, and at an early hour the journey was resumed. Even the horses seemed to be aware that they had entered upon the last stage of their advance into the Park, and it was understood that on the following morning the return might be begun. As the cañon for which the party had now started was said to be the most sublime and beautiful of all the sights in the Park, every one was rejoicing over the fact that the best experiences had been reserved to be last.

About five miles from the Lake hotel the driver halted his horses, and turning to his party said: "That's the Mud Geyser there, just a few rods from the road. Go right up the bank and you can't miss it."

Even Larcum hesitated to comply, and Miss

Margaret said glibly: "Oh, go ahead, driver! We've seen all the 'geesers' we want to see."

"You mustn't miss this," replied the driver, stubbornly. "I'll wait for you."

Thus bidden, the entire party, with the exception of Miss Margaret, left their seats in the coach and began to walk in the direction indicated by their driver, although no one betrayed any special interest in their visit to the place.

In a very brief time, however, they were all deeply interested as they stood on the border of the crater, whose funnel-shaped hollow was at least thirty feet in depth. As they gazed into the depths they could see a lead-colored, sickening mass of boiling mud of about the consistency of mortar. But not the heavy, throbbing mass was alone interesting, for there was a continual, deep muffled roar that was fascinating as well as terrifying. It sounded almost as if the very earth beneath the feet of the observers was seething like the contents of a huge kettle. The sight and sounds were among the most awful that had been found in the Park.

"I wouldn't have missed that for a good deal," said Scott, as he and his companions returned to the coach. "Driver," he inquired as he climbed

up to his seat, "I see that the trees all about here are plastered with mud. Does it come from the mud volcano?"

"It did," replied the driver, as he resumed his journey. "It doesn't play that way now, but in 1898, when that volcano broke out, it threw mud as far as half a mile from here. You could see it on the trees if you should go over there," and as he spoke the man pointed with his whip toward a distant forest.

"We won't stop for it now, thank you," laughed Scott. "We'll take your word for it."

"I suppose one of those things is just as likely to break out now as it ever was," suggested Miss Margaret, who also was on the seat beside the driver. "Might break out right here in the road," she added.

"If we don't make better time," responded the driver, as he partly rose from his seat and savagely lashed one of his "leaders."

"You needn't do that on our account," said the girl. "We're in no such haste as to have that poor animal suffer that way. You can't hurt a bear, you mustn't even touch a buffalo with the tip of your parasol, but you can abuse a horse all you want to!"

"He knows what it's for," responded the driver, gruffly. "He's just letting the other fellow do all the pulling. He'll be good now."

The drive soon led into a desolate region where blasted trees and dreary stretches of absolutely barren formations were to be seen, and the rising vapor and odor of sulphur plainly indicated that the volcanic forces were not entirely extinct. Then the young travellers soon found themselves passing a most beautiful and extensive valley that stretched away in the distance and presented almost the appearance of having been cultivated by man. But as there were no homesteads or settlers within the boundaries of the great preserve, it was evident that the resemblance was in appearance only.

It was not long before the coach was speeding along beside the river, and wherever one turned his eyes he could behold the huge pelicans feeding or swimming about on the clear waters, searching for their breakfast in the depths below.

The noon hour had not arrived when the coach crossed the Grand Cañon bridge, a magnificent structure across the Yellowstone River and near the head of the Upper Falls. Glimpses of the falling, rushing waters were to be had here, and

the eagerness of the young people was quickly aroused. All the stories they had heard of the magnificence and impressiveness of the Grand Cañon and the falls were about to be verified, and as the toiling horses now dragged their heavy load up the steep hillsides whither the winding road led, the compassion of Miss Margaret for the horses departed, and she even urged the driver to "make them go faster."

Ignoring her suggestion, as he previously had her protests, the driver skilfully handled his reins, spoke occasionally to his horses, and after a long and steady pull the coach was brought out into the road above. Then with a shout and a flourish of his whip the driver started the willing beasts into a swifter pace, and almost before his party was aware, he had driven up in front of the hotel and halted by the broad piazza.

As the young people leaped out, Miss Kate exclaimed, "Oh, do look at that dear little fawn! I must see it!" The eager girl, followed by her friends, at once ran to the end of the piazza, where a group was assembled about a young girl who was holding a fawn in her arms. The little creature turned its dark eyes toward the newcomers, and as Miss Kate reached forth her hand to

stroke its head, the fawn responded by licking her fingers.

"Oh, the little dear!"

"That's exactly what it is, Miss Kate," laughed John.

"Just see the spots and the markings on its back," continued the girl. "Did you ever see anything so beautiful? And then do look at those eyes! They just speak, they are so appealing."

"Where did you get it?" inquired John of one of the employees of the hotel, who was standing near, apparently not very deeply interested in the remarks of the visitors.

"Found it the other day," replied the man. "Found it out by the timber yonder. Probably its mother had been scared by a bear and made off and left it."

"Those dreadful bears!" exclaimed Miss Kate. "Most likely they ate up the mother, and it's a wonder they didn't get the fawn, too."

"Oh, they'll get it all right, before winter," said the man, indifferently.

"Aren't you going to take care of it? You ought to be as good to it as you are to those howling bears!" retorted the girl.

"We shan't hurt it, miss," replied the man, laughing. "But it's hard to bring 'em up."

"How old is it?"

"About six weeks, I should think." As the child that had been holding the little creature now placed it upon the ground it began to walk unsteadily toward the rear of the hotel. "You can see for yourself," continued the man, "that its legs wobble too much. They never do well when they're brought up by hand."

"I wish I had it at home," said Miss Kate, eagerly.

"I wish ye had," responded the man, heartily. "'Twould save us a good bit of work here."

The party now entered the hotel, where Mr. Lawrence, who, as usual, had assumed charge of the securing of their rooms, handed keys to the boys, and said: "Right after luncheon we'll start for Point Lookout. We'll have our coach come for us, as it will—for an extra fare," he added with a laugh, "and then we'll all go out to see the Grand Cañon itself."

When the afternoon hour arrived for our party to set forth on the last tour of inspection, a silence fell upon the ladies as the coach was driven along the road that bordered the Grand Cañon, and

even the boys were somewhat more subdued than they had previously been. Occasional glimpses of the sides of the huge opening into the earth were to be had, but the reality of that which they were about to see had not as yet been disclosed. Miss Kate and Miss Jean, as well as their mother, were clinging tightly to their seats, and their faces were pale as Larcum and Scott, who were near them, could easily perceive; but neither of the boys made any remark, for it may have been that their own feelings at the time were not of a character that lacked sympathy for their friends.

"I thought the road was close to the edge of the cañon all the way," faltered Miss Kate, as the view was for a time hidden by the intervening trees.

"It's as close as they could make it, I fancy," said John, "but you didn't think you'd be swinging right over the abyss, did you?"

"I didn't know," said the girl, in a low voice. "I thought it might be as it was back at the Golden Gate. That was right on the edge, you know."

"Here we are," called the driver, as he halted his teams.

"Is this Point Lookout?" demanded Larcum, in surprise.

"It is. Go right down that path and follow the railing, and it will lead you right out to the place you want. Don't be scared," he added with a smile as he noticed the pale faces of the ladies. "It won't hurt you."

"I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of it," said Mrs. Lawrence. "I seemed to be reaching out over some awful precipice all the time. Others have come and seen it, and I'm not going to falter now. But I confess I am afraid," she added, as she frantically seized her husband's hand.

The members of our party slowly and cautiously made their way down the pathway, and then, tightly grasping the rail that had been placed as a protection to the walk on the point itself, soon arrived at the place they were seeking.

For a time no one spoke, so majestic and awe-inspiring was the sight before them and below them. Many hundreds of feet below, the river, like a little thread of silver, swiftly rushed on its course through the cañon. At the head of the cañon the glistening waters of the Falls appeared, but in the light of the perspective to be obtained the fall of three hundred and sixty feet seemed scarcely credible. The precipitous sides of the cañon, itself brilliant-hued, almost startling in

their gay colors, rose from the far-away depths. And the stillness, the silence — not even the roar of the mighty cataract or the rushing of the swift waters beneath the point could be heard. The sight was oppressive in its silent majesty, and as Larcum glanced at his friends he could see that they, too, shared in the feeling which for a moment swept over him — the sense of danger, as if the projecting point of rock upon which they were standing might at that moment yield to the onslaught of wave and wind and frost and snow and precipitate them all into the depths below.

“Look there! Oh, look there!” exclaimed Miss Margaret, pointing to the crest of a tall spire of rock rising directly from beside the bed of the river up toward them, although the top of the “needle” was still hundreds of feet beneath the place upon which the party was standing. “There’s an eagle’s nest, right on the very top of that spire. Can you see it?”

Instantly every one looked down, and the mass of brush of which the nest was composed was plainly visible.

“There are the eagles now!” added the excited girl, and all could see one of the great birds circling about the rock until in a moment it darted

to the place and alighted. Its mate, too, could be seen sweeping the valley in great circles, rising steadily higher and higher until it was level with the observers, and even then it did not pause. Steadily up and still upward it rose, until it was at last five or six hundred feet above the point and directly over the abyss.

"I should like to see an eagle fall," said Mr. Lawrence. "I have often read accounts of what they do then, but I never chanced to see one."

"Look there! Look there!" shouted Miss Margaret. "He's going to fall now! Just see him! There he comes!"

A murmur arose from the observers as it was seen that the girl had spoken truly. The great bird, carefully balancing itself on its wings for a moment, suddenly seemed to "let go of itself," as Larcum defined the movement, and dropped. Straight down for a distance, then, losing its balance or caught by the winds, the bird's course changed, and tumbling, whirling, it continued to drop until at least six hundred feet had been covered in its fall. Then with a sweep of its powerful wings it once more rose on the air, and in graceful curves at last drew near the nest, where it, too, alighted.

A sigh escaped the lips of the watching people, and Lee said, "That certainly was the funniest sight that ever I saw."

The people who heard him smiled at his expression, and John turned and looked at his friend so reprovingly that Lee laughed, for he understood the rebuke for his use of a word that assuredly was out of place at such a time.

"I've been trying to think of that little poem Tennyson wrote about the fall of the eagle, — 'The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls — like a thunder-bolt he falls,' — but I can't quite get it," suggested John. "Doesn't any one know it?"

Before any one could reply, Miss Margaret provided a "diversion" that was so startling that for a moment no one spoke, while all gazed at her with an expression of unutterable fear or horror in their eyes.

CHAPTER XXIX

TWO EXCITING EXPERIENCES

WHILE the eyes of the interested spectators had been turned to watch the sweeping flight of the eagle, Miss Margaret, unobserved by her companions, had crawled beneath the railing at their left and had taken a position on the huge rock that jutted out over the chasm and around whose border there was not the slightest protection. A slip or a misstep might cause her to fall, and almost directly beneath her stretched the yawning abyss.

A light laugh from the girl as she gained the position which she sought caused her friends to turn abruptly, and as they looked at their foolhardy companion, Mrs. Lawrence screamed and the face of her husband instantly became colorless. He did not dare to speak sharply to the girl for fear of startling her and perhaps causing

her to do the very thing which had aroused a deep fear in his heart. The entire party for a moment stood staring in speechless alarm at Miss Margaret, and, evidently interpreting the startled expression on the faces of her friends as admiration, she laughed again and called:—

“This is the place where one can get the finest view.” As the girl spoke, Mrs. Lawrence gasped in terror, and Larcum made a movement as if he would go to her assistance.

“Oh, this is simply great!” shouted Miss Margaret. “It makes one feel as if he was really at the ‘jumping-off place’ of the world!”

In her excitement the girl began to dance, and Larcum halted abruptly as if he was fearful some action on his part might cause the girl to lose her balance or slip on the uneven stone. Others, too, were gazing in terror at the girl, who, apparently aroused by what she conceived to be admiration for her daring, began again to laugh and to move about over the treacherous rock.

“Hold on a minute!” called Larcum, striving to speak calmly. “Keep perfectly still and I’ll join you.”

Mr. Lawrence reached forth his hand to restrain the young traveller, but the expression in Larcum’s



THE YOUNG GIANT HAD SWEPT HER BACK CLOSE TO THE
RAIL. — *Page 351.*

eyes quickly caused him to desist, and what he had been about to say was left unspoken. The look of terror in the eyes of the beholders deepened as Larcum slowly and cautiously crept under the rail and moved toward the place where Miss Margaret, watching the approach of her friend, and still laughing noisily, remained standing motionless. In a moment Larcum had gained her side, and with pale face peered for a moment over the edge of the rock into the measureless depths below.

"I've seen enough," he said quietly. "Come on; let's go back."

"I'm not afraid," protested the girl, noisily.

"Perhaps not; but the others are."

"They needn't be. My! just feel the wind."

"Come, Miss Margaret," pleaded Larcum.

A spirit of perversity seemed to possess the girl, and she retorted: "Not yet! Oh, this is glorious! Come out here, Kate! You don't know what you're missing!" she called excitedly to her friend.

Larcum meanwhile had stepped cautiously a little to one side of the excited girl and suddenly he threw his arm about her, and before she could protest or struggle, the young giant had swept

her back close to the rail, where instantly Mr. Lawrence and Scott seized her by the arms and drew her into a place of safety.

"I hate you! You're a horrid thing!" exclaimed the girl, with flashing eyes, as she quickly turned upon Larcum, who was smiling now, though his labored breathing betrayed the intense excitement through which he had been passing.

"Margaret!" said Mr. Lawrence, sternly.

"I don't care!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears in her anger. "He is perfectly horrid! He had no business to do that! I've a great notion to go straight back there!" And as she spoke, Miss Margaret turned and looked eagerly at the rock from which Larcum had snatched her.

"Margaret, if you do not come quietly and at once with us, I shall make arrangements to take you home immediately. It was worse than foolish for you to go outside the rail. You have destroyed much of the pleasure of this visit for us all." As he spoke Mr. Lawrence glanced at his wife, who was wiping her eyes and trembling under the violence of the emotions which the reaction had aroused. "Come," he added, "we'll go back to the coach."

Miss Margaret's face was flaming, but she did

not make any further protest, and in silence the party turned and slowly proceeded to the place where their coach was awaiting their return.

"Whew!" whispered Scott to Lee. "Did you ever see the like? That isn't the kind of a girl for me. Not much like the other girls, is she?"

"I should say not!" replied Lee, glancing, as he spoke, at the angry girl, the cause of all the trouble. "I shouldn't call her exactly of the 'ivy vine' type," he added, a smile of amusement for a moment appearing on his face, now that the horror of the experience had safely passed.

"What do you suppose she'll do next?" inquired Scott.

"I don't know, unless she puts on a bathing suit and insists upon a bath in the Yellowstone—just above the falls. She might try that, Scott, if you would suggest it to her."

"I believe she would," replied Scott, laughingly. "I think Mrs. Lawrence at least will remember the sight of her out on that rock when she has forgotten all about the cañon and the falls."

"She came right near to seeing a 'fall' that was not on the programme," suggested Lee, dryly.

They had now arrived at the coach, and all silently took their seats. The strain of the terror was gone now, and when the return was begun, the boys were in high spirits, although Mrs. Lawrence still showed the effect of her fright, and Miss Margaret showed no signs of abating her anger.

“Don’t worry! Smile!” suggested Larcum, lightly, to her.

“That’s right!” retorted Miss Margaret, turning to face the young traveller, who was seated directly behind her. “That’s right. Don’t get scared! Grin!” she added, with a toss of her head.

Her feelings were not relieved when the boys laughed at her somewhat ungracious retort.

“I’m sick to death of your everlasting ‘Don’t worry! Smile!’ Try to think up something new,” she said sharply.

“You’re the one to do that for us, Miss Margaret,” suggested Larcum; but the girl made no reply, and for a time the ride was continued in silence.

Once more the driver halted his team on the return trip and explained that another magnificent view of the cañon could here be had, but only the boys responded, not even Miss Margaret

As the man at once stretched forth his hand to receive the hat which John had offered him, the boys turned back to their own coach.

"What did you do that for, Jack?" demanded Scott.

"Oh, he was too persuasive for me," laughed John. "It was too sublime. It's worth a hat just to strike such monumental assurance once in a lifetime."

"I'm afraid I shouldn't 'strike' it in just that way," protested Scott.

"Very likely. Let me see, you are from New York, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, I am; but what has that to do with it?"

"Oh, I have noticed New Yorkers before. I've seen them on the elevated roads and in the trolley cars and they are the most 'willing' crowd of men I ever saw."

"What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"Sorry, Scott, you can't see the point. What I mean is that whenever I've been in New York I've always noticed the willingness of New York men. They are perfectly willing ladies should stand in the street cars, and just as willing to

keep the seats too, when the ladies are standing. Ever notice that?"

As they had arrived now at the place where the coach was, Scott made no reply, and John was left in ignorance concerning his friend's knowledge of the "willingness" of New York men to which he had referred.

After dinner the good humor even of Miss Margaret apparently was completely restored, and as no one referred to the exciting experience of the afternoon, the peace of the party was not disturbed that evening. As it had been decided to remain at the cañon hotel for a day, plans were formed for two trips on the following day. Early in the morning arrangements were made to descend into the cañon on horseback, Mrs. Lawrence being the only one to refuse to join the expedition. Miss Margaret insisted that her horse should be high-spirited, but as Mr. Lawrence and Larcum made all the arrangements, the horse which she mounted when the little cavalcade set forth on its journey was the "safest" of all.

The ride into the depths of the cañon was interesting, without being especially exciting, and the view of the falls, as the young people looked upward at the roaring, tumbling mass

apparently being desirous of accompanying them as they sought the pathway and departed to obtain the view which the driver had described.

Lacking in some of the impressive elements which Point Lookout had provided, the sight was nevertheless most impressive. On the opposite side, near the bed of the stream, they could discern bodies of men moving like pygmies along a trail which could be faintly traced. The falls, too, were more clearly seen, "the most beautiful in the world," as the guide-book had truthfully declared.

Near them, the boys perceived their old-time acquaintance, Mr. Smith, who beamed upon them graciously as he became aware of their presence, but he quickly turned to the members of his own party, much to the relief of his former "friends."

At that moment he leaned out over the railing to call the attention of his companions to some sight in the valley below, and as he did so his hat was caught by the wind and instantly started on a swift descent into the abyss. The man clasped his head wildly, as if he was almost fearful that, too, was about to follow its recent covering, and the expression upon his face as he wildly watched his disappearing head-gear caused all

the people that were watching him to smile more from amusement than from sympathy.

"It's gone! It's gone!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, wildly.

"It did seem to be in some haste," suggested Scott, quietly. "There it is, now," he added, calling the attention of his friends to the hat, which still could be seen rolling swiftly down the precipitous sides. "Perhaps it will come back again."

"No, it won't come back! I'll give a quarter to any one who'll get it for me."

"Better not squander your money in such wanton extravagance," suggested John, demurely.

"I'm not squandering it. It's worth that," replied Mr. Smith. "I don't know where I'll get another. I haven't a thing to wear on my head."

"I have a cap at the hotel," said John. "You are welcome to that."

"If you wouldn't mind, I'd rather have a hat," suggested Mr. Smith, quickly.

For an instant John gazed at the man as if in admiration, then removing his own hat from his head he handed it to the man, saying as he did so, "Take it, Mr. Smith; I'll wear my cap."

pushed over the edge. Far below he had one glimpse of the valley. His friends had all disappeared from sight and it was impossible to summon them to his aid. To dismount from the plunging animal was equally impossible, and for a moment it seemed to the desperate boy that everything was lost. His own horse refused to advance, and the mule, now crowded still closer to the border, caused its terrified rider to renew her screams. And Larcum, without a grasp on the bridle, was powerless to help.

CHAPTER XXX

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

THE frantic horse was kicking as well as plunging now, and in desperation Larcum flung his arms around the animal's neck. His position was, to say the least, not dignified, but the peril of the moment banished from his mind all other thoughts save that of his own safety and the protection of the terrified woman on the back of the mule. Larcum's experience with "bucking bronchos" stood him in good stead in this crisis, and as an unusually savage plunge of his horse threw the rider slightly forward he instantly seized the bits, and with one savage yank almost threw the horse upon his side. The struggling animal made two desperate plunges, but the direction had been sufficiently changed to enable him to pass the mule, which, with ears laid back upon its head and with feet braced against a fall, had not stirred from its position on the brink.



IN DESPERATION LARCUM FLUNG HIS ARMS AROUND THE
ANIMAL'S NECK. — *Page 362.*

of glistening waters, was one that not one of the party could forget. The impressiveness of the cañon itself was not quite so marked when they gazed upward upon the steep sides as when they had been standing upon Point Lookout and peered into the depths below, but it was, nevertheless, marvellous in its impressiveness, and when the party started on the ascent, every one was more than pleased with the trip.

Larcum's horse, which had given him trouble on the way down, now began to display signs that caused his rider some uneasiness. Without explaining the reasons for his action, Larcum had quietly dropped back until he was in the rear of the entire party. Although the young traveller was a skilled and at times daring rider, the nature of the road up which they were climbing caused Larcum to place himself where, if the animal he was riding should become fractious, he would have the path to himself, and his fears were slight that trouble would ensue in such an event. There were places where the road was narrow and the sides were precipitous, and stories were current of mishaps that had befallen careless riders.

Slowly and steadily the party made its way up the trail until half the distance had been traversed,

and Larcum was beginning to congratulate himself that his fears had been groundless. He was now in a narrow part of the way, and around the bend in the road in advance of him most of his friends had already gone, when suddenly he perceived a woman approaching, riding on the back of a mule—doubtless some “camper,” he conjectured. The sight was not unusual, for many such riders had been seen since he had entered the Park, and he spoke sharply to his horse, for he was eager to overtake the rest of the party.

Suddenly, as the woman drew nearer, the mule on which she was riding stopped, and bracing itself emitted several prolonged and mournful “hee-haws.” The effect on Larcum’s horse was instantaneous. Terrified by the heartrending sounds, the animal plunged forward, and the unexpected action snatched away the bridle which Larcum had been holding too loosely and carelessly in his hand.

The frantic horse, trembling in every limb, plunged and reared, and, beside itself with terror, crowded the mule and its rider close to the edge of the precipitous slope below the roadway. The frightened woman screamed, and for an instant it seemed to Larcum that both of them must be

Instantly finding himself free from the presence of the animal which had so frightened him, the horse broke into a mad run as he dashed up the steep incline. Larcum was aware that the climb would of itself soon exhaust the madly running beast he was riding, and for a time the young traveller simply devoted himself to maintaining his seat. When the pace slackened a little, Larcum, clinging with one arm to the neck of his horse, reached forward and grasped the bridle with his free hand. The rein was beneath the horse's head, but Larcum threw himself back with all his might, at the same time pulling savagely on the rein, and as the horse's head was by this means drawn toward his feet, the animal stumbled and fell.

Lightly and much more quickly than an observer would have believed possible for a rider of the great size of Larcum, he leaped to the ground, and before the plunging animal could gain his freedom the rein was seized and the struggle was ended.

With a great sigh of relief over his escape, Larcum quickly tied his horse to a near-by tree and then began to run swiftly back toward the place where he had left the terrified woman and the mule.

When he returned, however, he was unable to perceive her anywhere, and at last concluding that she must have gone on down the trail, he made his way back to his own horse and, remounting, resumed his ride up the steep incline. The horse appeared to be entirely subdued by his recent experiences, and without any further adventures Larcum not long afterward arrived at the hotel, where for some time his friends had been awaiting his coming. They were all standing near the end of the piazza, while the girls were again petting the fawn, which was licking a piece of candy that Miss Kate was holding out to it.

As Larcum rode up and dismounted, the appearance of his horse, which was as wet as if the animal had been plunged into the Yellowstone River, caused one of the boys to shout: "I say, Larc, what's happened? It's a shame to treat a horse that way! Don't you remember what Miss Kate said, that all the beasts in the Yellowstone were protected except the horses?"

"I reckon any horse would be wet that had to carry a fellow like Larc up that mountain side," said Lee, with a laugh. "Larc hasn't been riding too fast, I'll vouch for that. He's a good twenty

minutes behind us all, and we didn't lose any breath on account of the pace we made."

Larcum, however, did not make any response to the queries of his friends, but as the hostler approached to take charge of the horse, the young rider turned savagely to him and demanded, "What did you give me that kind of a horse for?"

"What's the matter with the horse?" responded the man, a sly grin appearing on his face for a moment as he spoke.

"What's the matter with him?" retorted Larcum, angrily. "He's not fit for a man to use! I've seen fool horses before, but this one's the worst of all."

"Did he throw you?" the man inquired, with apparent sympathy.

"No, he didn't 'throw' me! But he was scared out of his wits by the bray of a mule back there in the road, and almost drove the mule and the woman that was riding it off into the cañon. That's what he did."

"You said you wanted a good horse," suggested the man.

"Well, I didn't get it, if I did say I wanted it."

"That's one of the best horses in the stable.

That's our prize kicking broncho. We had him show off for Roosevelt when he was here."

"He thought you were big enough to be President, Larc — that's all," suggested Scott, demurely.

"You wait till I tell you about it," responded Larcum, somewhat grimly, and he at once related what had befallen him on the ascent. Even the hostler appeared to be somewhat impressed by the tale, and as soon as he could do so without being observed led the horse away to the stable.

"I congratulate you, Larcum," said Mr. Lawrence, warmly. "You had a very narrow escape."

"I wasn't thinking so much about that as I was about that woman. I should think you would have heard her squeals even up here. And it did look for a little while as if nothing could keep her from going over."

"Well, Larc, don't worry! Smile!" said Scott, lightly.

"Oh, it's all right now," replied Larcum, somewhat mollified. "But I wouldn't go through that again for ten thousand worlds."

"How about eleven thousand, Larc? Would that be any inducement?" inquired Lee.

The young traveller laughed, and the party at once sought their rooms to prepare for luncheon.

"I ordered an early luncheon," explained Mr. Lawrence, when his friends had assembled in the private dining room which he had fortunately secured. "We can go up Mt. Washburn this afternoon, or if you prefer, we can go over to Artist's Point. That, as you know, is almost directly opposite Point Lookout, on the other side of the cañon."

"I wonder why they call it Artist's Point," said Miss Jean.

"That was the spot selected by Moran, when he painted his great picture of the cañon. The picture itself is in Washington."

"Now?" inquired Miss Kate.

"Yes, so I understand," replied her father.

"We must see it the very next time we are there," exclaimed the girl.

"I don't want to interfere, and I'm ready for any plan that suits the others," said Scott, "but for my part I'm satisfied with the reality and don't care so much for a picture."

"He's afraid he'd find the aged Simeon there with spectacles on," laughed Lee; "or maybe he'd run across Peter's soldier having a blunderbus in his hands."

As the boys all laughed at Lee's reference,

Scott was compelled to explain. "I was trying to tell these fellows," he said, "something about the pictures I'd seen in Europe, and I happened to refer to a few that showed some anachronisms —"

"Oh, say that word again, Scott! Please do!" interrupted Lee. Then turning to John, he added: "Got that word, Jack? That's a good one for you."

"The word's all right for those who are capable of appreciating it," laughed Scott, as he resumed his story.

"It's a long ride up Mt. Washburn," explained Mr. Lawrence, when Scott ceased. "There is a special kind of light wagon in use, I understand, or one can go up on horseback if he prefers."

"Get a horse for Larc," suggested Lee, eagerly, "but be sure to get one with a gentle, antique gait. Better get a side-saddle for him, too, if they have such a thing out here."

"Mt. Washburn it is then," assented Mr. Lawrence. "And we must start at once."

The "peculiar kind of wagon" to which Mr. Lawrence had referred was secured for himself and Mrs. Lawrence and the two girls, but Miss Margaret insisted upon having a horse, as the boys did also, and with the understanding that

all were to keep well together, the start was soon made.

The long climb was at last successfully completed, and without any incident of special interest the party arrived at the summit, and as they gazed about them a silence fell upon the entire group. Ten thousand three hundred and eighty-eight feet above the level of the sea, and nearly five thousand feet above the valley below, the view was one of imposing grandeur. A hundred and fifty miles away snow-capped or barren peaks of the Rockies rose like ant-hills. Beneath, on the sloping sides of the mountains, the dark green of the forests of spruce and pine, on which the afternoon sun was falling, softened the ruggedness and the barren aspect of the towering hills. Here and there could be seen the shining waters of streams and waterfalls. Yellowstone Lake and the Yellowstone River, starting on its long journey of more than six thousand miles to the sea, were clearly discerned. Even the depths of the abyss into which, in the early hours of the morning, they had themselves descended could also be clearly seen. For a long time the members of the party in silence, wonderfully impressed by the ever inspiring sight, — “the most wonderful

in the world," the guide-book declared, — gazed at the heights and depths; but the reaction speedily came, and the characteristic inability of Young America long to be reverent reasserted itself.

"Miss Kate," said Scott, soberly, "do you know why they can't bring any barrels up here?"

"I should think they could bring them if they wanted to. Why can't they?" she inquired.

"On account of the wind."

"What has the wind to do with it?"

"Blows the bung-holes out of the barrels just as fast as they are brought up here. Can't build any houses either. The wind just blows the cellars right out from under them. Why, it blows the keyholes out of the doors, and the eyes out of the needles. Can't anybody do any sewing at all up here. I've heard, too, that even the knot-holes in boards can't stand against it."

"I don't see how the wind *could* blow out a knot-hole," said Miss Kate, seriously; "I don't understand that. Why, there would just be a larger —"

A shout of laughter greeted the sober assertion of the matter-of-fact girl, and then all turned into the downward road.

It was dark when the party arrived at the

hotel, and so wearied was every one by the exertions of the day that soon after dinner they all sought their rooms.

An early breakfast was obtained on the following morning, but early as were the members of our party at the dining room, the room itself was filled when they took their seats at the table.

"I thought we should avoid the crowd if we remained over a day," said Mr. Lawrence, as he glanced about him.

"That's what every one seemed to think, too," suggested Scott. "They're all here, and every one is hurrying, too."

"Yes, the order of the coaches changes now. On the way back to the Springs, 'it's first come, first served'; only no coach is allowed to pass another on the road."

"Did you tell our driver to be prompt?" inquired Mrs. Lawrence.

"I did. There he comes now," said Mr. Lawrence, as the coach drew up in front of the hotel.

Hastily the breakfast was completed, and in a brief time the party had taken their seats, and with a loud snapping of the driver's whip the return was begun, even the horses appearing to

be aware of the fact that they were homeward bound.

"A good many of the excursionists stayed over, too, I hear," said John, "and then there's another big party on its way to Monida. There will be a rush for seats at the tables when we stop at Norris's Basin."

"We're in the first coach, Jack, so don't let that worry you," laughed Larcum. "You'll get something to eat. Don't worry! Smile!"

"This is enough to make any one smile," said Miss Margaret. "Oh, do look there! Just see that huge creature!" she added excitedly, pointing, as she spoke, to an immense bear that could be seen among the trees only a few yards back from the road.

Instantly every one in the party looked in the direction in which the girl had pointed, and Bruin at that moment rose and moved a few feet farther back into the forest, but his fear manifestly was not great, and he soon stopped and gazed stupidly at the passing coach.

"My! but he's a big fellow!" exclaimed John. "It's the biggest one we've seen."

"Your horses don't seem to mind him, driver," called Mr. Lawrence. "I have always understood

that the sight or scent of a bear made a horse frantic."

"No, sir," responded the driver. "Our horses don't pay much attention to them. I never saw any get very badly scared."

"They're too tired, poor things," suggested Miss Kate. "I suppose they're afraid to show any fear. 'All the animals in the Park protected except the horses,'" she added.

The bear could no longer be seen, and the steady gait at which the four horses were moving soon brought the party into the very midst of a beautiful and stately grove of spruce, the trees appearing as if they had been trimmed by the hands of man.

"This is Christmas Tree Park," explained the driver. "It's a fine —"

The driver stopped abruptly as there came a hail from a surrey behind him.

"Let us pass," called the rear driver. "We've got a sick woman here, and we're trying to make time."

The driver of our party hesitated a moment, for the request was for something which was strictly forbidden by the rules of the Park. However, at Mr. Lawrence's suggestion, he drew to

one side, and the surrey speedily passed. A woman on the rear seat was leaning against the man beside her, with every evidence of suffering. As the wagon passed, John quickly turned to his friends and said: "Did you see who that man was? It was Mr. Smith. I tell you, fellows, there's a colored individual in the woodpile somewhere, you mark my words!"

CHAPTER XXXI

TRICKED

THE suspicion of John was not shared by his companions, for his feeling of intense dislike for the smug Mr. Smith was well known by them all, and was looked upon mostly as an unreasonable prejudice on his part. The interest in the ride soon banished even from the mind of John Adams Field, Jr., thoughts of the party that had passed, and when at last the coach halted on the brow of Virginia Hill, every one was intent upon the descent that was about to be made.

The road led close to the border of steep, precipitous sides that extended into the valley far below. There were bends and curves in the road, too, that shut out the sight of approaching pack-horses and wagons, and the peril, if any vehicles of that character should be met, would be vastly increased in an attempt to pass. Men

were working upon the road, which was soft in places, and it was manifest that the government was not unmindful of the danger in the descent of the famous hill.

"I want that big fellow up here in front," called the driver, nodding his head at Larcum as he spoke.

Larcum obediently left his seat and exchanged places with Lee, who had been seated beside the driver. He could see the timidity of his fellow-travellers, as for a moment Larcum glanced behind him at his friends, and he was aware, too, that the driver was not without anxiety also, for the man's face was drawn and he carefully gathered the reins in his hands.

In a moment, as soon as he was convinced that all things were in readiness, the driver spoke to his horses, that apparently were almost as nervous as the passengers in the coach, braced himself firmly as he threw his entire weight against the brake, and the exciting descent was begun. Whenever the driver approached a bend in the road, he uttered a loud halloo to warn any unseen parties that might be approaching of his coming. Once a heavily laden wagon drawn by eight mules was indeed met, and though the girls

clung to their seats and watched the driver with bated breath, the passing was accomplished without any mishap and the descent was continued. At times the wheels of the lumbering coach were within a few feet of the edge of the road, and no one could speak until the place had been safely passed, and even then the words of the boys seemed to betray chiefly a sense of relief.

The foot of the long hill was at last gained, and as the coach swung swiftly along the level stretch of road, the spirits of the young people found quick response to the sense of renewed safety as they broke forth into songs and laughter.

"That's the last bad spot in the road," said the driver.

"Down grade all the rest of the way?" inquired Larcum.

"Oh, it's first up and then down. Still, I suppose we're seven hundred feet or so above the Springs. You don't notice it very much, though."

When the party at last arrived at the luncheon station at Norris's Basin, and stepped out upon the piazza, they at once discovered Mr. Smith seated beside his recent "patient" in near-by chairs. Whatever the malady of the unfortunate lady may have been, to all appearances she had

entirely recovered from its effects, for she was laughing and chatting with her companion as they watched with interest the arrival of our friends.

"What did I tell you?" demanded John, as he turned to the boys, when he discovered who the two people were. "There's something wrong here, and we'll find it out pretty soon, too. I don't know what it is, but it's here, whatever it is. Just see, they're about the only ones that have come as yet."

"All right. Suppose they are? What of it, Jack?" demanded Larcum, lightly.

"Just wait," was John's reply, as Mr. Lawrence approached them and said, "Boys, we'd better go right into the dining room and get our luncheon. It's only half-past eleven, but there is such a crowd behind us that we must not wait. So just as soon as you are ready we'll go in. I'll secure our tickets while you are washing."

When the boys rejoined their friends, who were awaiting them on the piazza, the expression on Miss Kate's face caused Larcum to laugh and say: "What's wrong? Sorry you're leaving?"

"No, I'm glad. At least I feel so just now. Do you know every seat at the first and second tables has been reserved?" she demanded angrily.

"No. You don't mean it," replied Larcum.

"Yes, I do mean it!" retorted Miss Kate, warmly. "And the room won't be opened for half an hour yet, either! Father tried to get tickets for us. The clerk said that the man you call Mr. Smith had all the tickets for the first two tables."

"There!" exclaimed John. "That's what it meant! He got past us by saying he had a sick woman in that surrey, and he has come on ahead and got every ticket for those excursionists."

"His invalid seems to be feeling better," laughed Scott, as he glanced at the woman seated beside Mr. Smith. "Prospect of a luncheon does her good."

"I wish I was a physician," said Larcum, grimly. "I'd like to prescribe for her, and for the man that tricked us, too."

"What would you prescribe, Larc?" demanded John, lightly.

"A good strong mustard plaster, for one thing—one that would draw. I think if there ever was a man that needed a counter-irritant, that fellow ought to have the best one that has ever been invented. Lee, where are you going?" he asked in surprise, as his friend suddenly left them and

started directly toward the place where Mr. Smith and the invalid were seated.

Lee did not respond to the hail, and apparently unaware of the interest his departure had aroused or that his friends were intently watching him, he at once approached Mr. Smith, and said:—

“I understand you have secured all the seats at the first two tables, suh.”

“Yes, I have,” replied the man, his face beaming as he spoke.

“Well, suh, I should like to have you sell me enough for our party.”

“Oh, I can’t do that. I can’t really,” said Mr. Smith, hastily.

“Why not, suh? There are ladies in our party, and we were almost the first ones here. We would have been first if we had not turned out to permit you to pass us. How is the lady now?” Lee inquired, lifting his cap and bowing before the lady in question.

“Oh, I’m better, much better, thank you,” replied the lady, in some confusion. And yet there was a smile upon her face which seemed to indicate that her part in the deception had not troubled her seriously.

“I congratulate you,” said Lee, quietly. “I

heard some one say that if you were still suffering, he thought he might prescribe for you."

"Thank you, I am quite recovered now," the woman replied, glancing smilingly at Mr. Smith as she spoke.

"Now, Mr. Smith," said Lee, turning sharply to the man, "will you let me have the meal tickets I asked for?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't do it," replied Mr. Smith, shaking his head.

"Will you let me have enough for the ladies?"

"I can't do that, either. You see I bought them for —"

"Yes, suh, you bought them for that excursion party. I know all about it, suh. I'll pay you twice the commission the leader of it gave you."

The man hesitated a moment, but the woman by his side shook her head slightly, an action which did not escape Lee and only served to increase his anger.

"Very well, suh," said Lee. He spoke quietly, but a bright red spot appeared on each cheek, and it was evident that he restrained himself with great difficulty. "I think this is a great note," he said warmly. "Here we are in the second coach and would have been first if we had

not yielded to you — and your trick; and the rule of the Park is that the order of the return is ‘first come first served.’ I fancy if we report it to the superintendent and tell him about the trick that excursion man bribed you to —”

“You don’t know there was any trick,” interrupted the man; but his manner convinced Lee that his words had produced some effect.

As the young traveller glanced behind him, he could see a long line of coaches in the road, and was aware that in a few minutes the excursionists would be upon him in full force. What he was to do must be done quickly, and turning once more to Mr. Smith, he said in a low voice, “Will you sell me nine tickets?”

For a moment the man hesitated; then rising from his chair, he said hastily, “Come out here behind the hotel, and I’ll see what —”

“I’ll come nowhere, suh!” broke in Lee, warmly. “Will you let me have the tickets?”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t do it,” replied Mr. Smith, doggedly, glancing first at his companion and then looking apprehensively at the approaching coaches.

“Thank you, suh! Good-day, suh!” and Lee lifted his cap and at once returned to his friends.

"Don't worry! Smile! Lee," laughed Scott. "You look as if you had lost your last friend."

"That man is no gentleman," began Lee.

"Did you think he was?" inquired John, as the boys, much to their friend's annoyance, all laughed.

"I had my suspicions," replied Lee, ruefully.

"One meets people of every sort and kind when he's travelling," said Mr. Lawrence. "There is nothing in the world that shows what a man really is as travel does, for he acts out his true self then. But a successful traveller has to learn to put up with all kinds."

"We've 'put up' with this kind for the last time this trip!" said Larcum, warmly, as Lee related his conversation with the man. "Come on, let's get some chairs before they're all taken. Perhaps he's reserved them, too," he added, as he perceived that Mr. Smith had drawn a half-dozen unoccupied seats about him. Seemingly ignoring the attempt, however, Scott and Larcum ran to the chairs, and noisily calling to their friends as they did so, apparently were not aware of the anger manifested by the recent invalid at their actions. They each carried two chairs, and so secured seats for the ladies of their party. It

was too late, however, to secure more, for the rush had now come, and every seat on the piazza was seized by the members of the excursion party.

The desolation of the scene which Norris's Basin presented was even more impressive than when the young travellers had first beheld it. Steam was issuing from many places in the white formation, and the spouting geysers in the distance emphasized the barren aspect of the lifeless region. No vegetation could be seen, and the trunks of trees outside the barren tract were many of them dead and discolored by the escaping gases. The thought of luncheon was too keen to permit the boys long to be quiet, and soon Lar-cum and Scott arose and began to pace back and forth on the piazza and frequently to peer within the crowded dining room.

Their patience (or impatience) was at last rewarded, and after the party had joined the waiting throng in front of the doors, they were admitted and speedily secured seats. The quality of the food which was served in a measure atoned for the long delay, and when the party withdrew from the room, there was not one whose good humor had not been completely restored.

"How much time have we, Mr. Lawrence, before our coach starts?" inquired John.

"About three-quarters of an hour," replied Mr. Lawrence, after he had looked at his watch.

"Then we have time enough to take a walk over the formation," said John. "I'm going to do it, for I don't expect to come this way again very soon."

All the young people at once declared that they would go with him, but Mrs. Lawrence pleaded weariness, and said she would wait for them on the piazza.

"Be sure to be back on time, and be careful what you do," she called warningly as the party started toward the narrow board-walk.

The girls laughingly assured her that there "was no danger," and in high spirits they were soon, in single file, moving across the narrow pathway.

"I wonder if there really is any danger," said Miss Margaret, who was in the rear of the party, just behind Lee.

"There sure is. Just see how thin the crust is."

"I've a mind to try it, anyway."

"Don't you do it!" exclaimed Lee, quickly.

He too had now stopped and was somewhat anxiously watching the impulsive girl.

"I *shall* do it!" exclaimed Miss Margaret, with a laugh, and she immediately stepped out on the glaring surface. "There! See? It's perfectly safe!" she exclaimed as she moved a short distance from the walk and stamped her foot to test the strength of the crust. "Oh, do see that cunning little 'geeser' over there!" she added as she pointed to a tiny spring a few yards distant. "I'm going to look into it." And at once she moved forward.

Lee watched her nervously, yet still not seriously troubled, for he did not believe the crust would break beneath her. Her actions were foolhardy, and he was more angry than alarmed at her perversity.

"Come here, Lee," Miss Margaret called, as she bent over the spring. "This is a little beauty. You *must* see it!"

Lifting her head to look at her friend, she took a step backward, and the thin crust yielded to her weight. A piercing scream instantly halted the members of the party that were in advance, and without delaying an instant Lee leaped to the aid of the terrified girl.

CHAPTER XXXII

HOMeward BOUND

WHEN Miss Margaret had partly turned about to bid her friend join her, she had not perceived a tiny pool behind her whose boiling waters were noiseless. Around the border of this little spring the crust was particularly thin and extended several inches out over the water, but as the eager, thoughtless girl had not observed the spring itself, she was ignorant of the condition of the crust as well. When she had stepped backward, the fragile lime yielded to the pressure, and one of the girl's feet was instantly in the boiling water, as by a violent effort she threw herself forward upon the formation.

The piercing screams that came from the lips of the terrified girl startled every one within hearing, but Lee, who instantly had sprung to her assistance, assisted her to stand before any one could come.

"Oh, my foot! My foot!" moaned the girl.
"It's burned. I can't stand on it."

Sobbing and evidently suffering intense pain, Miss Margaret was assisted by Lee back to the board-walk, and the other boys of the party ran swiftly to their assistance, leaving Miss Kate and her sister to return as best they might.

"What is it?" demanded Larcum, who was the first to arrive.

"She has scalded her foot," replied Lee, quickly.
"We'll have to carry her back."

At Lee's suggestion he and Larcum made a "chair" of their hands, and Miss Margaret was soon being carried back toward the hotel. The news of her mishap evidently had preceded her coming, for as the boys carried the sobbing girl up the steps of the piazza, a crowd had already assembled there and gazed curiously at her, some with expressions of pity upon their faces, and some muttering that "it had served her right."

Whatever the justice of the complaint may have been, there was no disguising the fact that the girl was suffering intensely. Acting upon the suggestion of Mrs. Lawrence, the boys carried their burden to a room which was at once placed

at their disposal, and carefully laid the suffering girl upon the couch.

Turning hastily to Mrs. Lawrence, Lee said, "We'll go out and see if we can find a doctor anywhere."

Running from the room, they began to make inquiries among the tourists, but there was not a physician to be found. Still excited, the boys hastened back to the room where they had left Miss Margaret, but they were met at the door by Mr. Lawrence.

"Could you find a physician, boys?" he inquired quickly.

"No, sir. There isn't one here," replied Larcum.

"I am sorry; but Mrs. Lawrence is not helpless even if she has no doctor to tell her what to do. She's a natural nurse."

"Is Miss Margaret badly scalded?" inquired Lee.

"I fear that she is quite severely burned. We cannot tell just yet, but if we should be compelled to remain here with her, you boys of course must take the coach and go on to the Springs. Your plans must not be broken up just because ours chance to be."

The boys withdrew and sought their friends, who, unable to afford any assistance, had wisely remained upon the piazza. The return of Larcum and Lee was the signal for many questions, not only from their friends, but from the interested excursionists as well. Lee explained to his friends how the accident had occurred, but he did not feel called upon to do more than make a general response to the eager queries of the strangers, many of whom now crowded about him.

"Served her right," exclaimed one thin-visaged woman, tartly. "I hear she dared you to jump as far from the walk as she could. Is that so?" she demanded of Lee.

"I did not hear her," replied Lee, quietly.

"Poor girl!" said another woman, elbowing her way through the crowd, and approaching Larcum. "Is there anything we can do for her?"

"Thank you. I think she is being cared for," responded Larcum, with a smile.

"I hear it took all the flesh right off the bones of her foot. Did it?" inquired another.

"I think not. I do not know yet. We can't tell just how badly she was burned. It's bad enough, anyway," said Larcum.

"I say, boys," said a man behind them, and as the young travellers turned about at the hail, they perceived their former "guest," Mr. Smith, standing there, "do you think you'll have to stay here at Norris's Basin long?"

Larcum glanced at Scott, a twinkle of amusement appearing for a moment in his eyes, and then he replied, "I can't tell you, Mr. Smith."

"One of the young ladies has met with an accident, I hear."

"Yes, sir."

"Will it delay you long?"

"Of course we can't tell yet."

"You don't know then just when you will leave Livingston?"

"Not exactly."

"About when do you expect to start?"

"It all depends. We are hoping to get away in a day or two."

"That's too bad. I have to go on to Butte to see about some mining stock, and I was hoping that I might have the pleasure of your company on my return. I enjoyed it very much on my way out."

"Did you?" inquired Larcum, dryly.

"I did indeed. I may be able to return to-

morrow or the day following," suggested Mr. Smith.

"We want very much to leave to-night," replied Larcum, promptly.

"If the young lady is not able to return, you will of course wait a day or so for her?"

"She does not belong to our party. We were just together in the Park, that's all."

"Well, good-by, boys," said Mr. Smith, extending his hand as he spoke. "I shall hope to see you soon. It would be a great pleasure."

"The pleasure is all yours," said Larcum, soberly.

As soon as Mr. Smith was gone, Scott exclaimed: "That man is the most wonderful sight we've seen on this trip. Do you remember how we were arguing back there in Wendell, when Larc first suggested this trip to us? Whether we'd rather see first what man has done or what nature has done?"

"Yes. What of it?" inquired John.

"Oh, nothing; but I don't know but I am convinced now. I've seen Niagara, the Great Lakes, the Prairies, the Geysers, the Rocky Mountains, the Yellowstone Falls, the Yellowstone Cañon, and Mt. Washburn, but I haven't

seen anything to compare with Mr. Smith. I hope never to see him again."

"I don't know 'bout that," laughed Lee. "If he's half as great a sight as you say he is, we ought not to want to lose track of him. Is he ahead of the aged Simeon —"

"Oh, don't bother the old man now," interrupted John. "I am like Scott, but what I can't understand is how the man ever fastened himself upon us as he did, and why it was we simply couldn't get rid of him."

"I can't either," spoke up Larcum, quickly.

Nor did the young travellers understand until after their arrival at home, when their fathers explained. However, Mr. Smith was not seen by them again, and there was no one to interfere with their freedom or pleasure throughout their homeward journey.

Soon after Mr. Smith departed, Mr. Lawrence returned and said to the boys: "I think Margaret will be able to be taken back to the Springs. I am confident we shall have to remain there with her and give up our trip to the Pacific."

"That's too bad!" said Scott, quickly. "And all because she wouldn't do what she was told. Spoiled the whole trip for you!"

"Not quite so bad as that," replied Mr. Lawrence. "It can't be helped now. I think we can start for the Springs in half an hour. I don't want you boys to miss your train to-night. It would keep you over another day, if you should lose it."

When Mr. Lawrence went back into the hotel, John said, "I wonder if that girl will really learn anything from her accident."

"'Accident'! 'Accident'!" retorted Scott. "You don't call what happened to her an 'accident,' do you?"

"What do you call it, Scott?" demanded John.

"I don't know just what to call it, but whatever it was, it wasn't something which just 'happened.' There were danger signs posted all along the walk. Lee tried to keep her back, but she just went straight ahead and walked right into that boiling water."

"Perhaps she'll change now," suggested Lee, lightly.

"'Change'! 'Change'! Can the leopard change his spots or the Eth—"

"Bigger changes than that have occurred," broke in John, dryly.

"I'd like to have you tell me one — just one," demanded Scott, warmly.

"Well, I'll do it since you insist upon it," drawled John. "I heard of an epitaph the other day that beats the leopard's spots. Yes, sir. Even the Ethiopian's skin could be changed more easily than —"

"Epitaph!" sniffed Scott. "I wasn't talking about dead people."

"I wasn't either," said John, soberly. "This epitaph was not about what had taken place after death. It was just up to that time."

"Well, what was it?" demanded Scott.

"It was about a woman by the name of Mann," replied John. "And this was the way it ran:—"

" 'Here lies the body of Anna Mann,
She lived an old maid
And died an old Mann.' "

"Find that in Boston, Jack?" demanded Scott, as the others laughed.

"I found it — Here comes our coach, fellows!" John abruptly declared. "We must go up and see what we can do to help Mrs. Lawrence and Miss Margaret."

All the boys ran lightly up the stairway, and Larcum and Scott soon were carrying Miss

Margaret down to the waiting coach. Her face was drawn by her suffering, but she made no complaint, and consequently the sympathy of the boys became more manifest than it had been before. The girl was carefully lifted to her seat in the coach, and as soon as she had been made as comfortable as circumstances permitted, the last part of the long ride through Yellowstone Park was begun — the ride back to the hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs.

The suffering girl was silent, seldom uttering a complaint throughout the long ride, and her unexpected patience, as well as the knowledge that she was all the time in great pain, made the others in the party silent also.

At last the hotel appeared in sight, and as soon as the coach halted in front of the piazza the boys leaped out, and two of them carefully lifted Miss Margaret in their arms and carried her to the room which Mr. Lawrence quickly secured. A search was then made for a physician, and fortunately one was soon found, who at once visited Miss Margaret in her room.

A half-hour afterward Mr. Lawrence returned to the boys, who were still in the office, and said quietly: "Well, boys, we shall have to give up

our trip to the Pacific, or postpone it anyway. The doctor says Margaret must not be moved for several days. She was severely burned."

"It's too bad," said Scott, quickly. "It was her fault, too."

"It's too bad, as you say," replied Mr. Lawrence, quietly, "but that does not change matters. Margaret seems to be very much broken up over the trouble she has caused, and if she learns the lesson, perhaps the price we have to pay will not be wasted. At all events, we have seen the Park, and that experience cannot be lost. The only thing we can do now is to make use of the expression I have heard you frequently quote, — 'Don't worry! Smile!'"

"Is there anything we can do, Mr. Lawrence?" inquired Larcum.

"Not a thing. You must go over to Gardner to-night, and take the train just as you planned to do."

When the coaches were about to start for the station, after the boys had been upstairs to say good-by to Miss Margaret and Mrs. Lawrence, they were delighted to have Mr. Lawrence say: "Kate and Jean and I will go over to Gardner with you. We've had a long ride to-day, but

the girls declare they are not tired and want to go over to the station."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed Larcum, and at once they returned to the piazza.

In a brief time all seven had secured seats on top of one of the coaches, and despite the fact of their previous long ride through the Park there did not appear to be any abatement in their interest. They laughed and sang and pointed out familiar spots along the way, and when at last they stood on the platform of the station at Gardner, they were greeted warmly by Henry and George, who were waiting to take their suit cases.

"You know, Mr. Lawrence," called Lee, "the boys are coming South next year. I wish you all could come, too."

"Thank you. I'm afraid it won't be possible. How far does your car take you?"

"To Chicago," said Scott. "Then we're going over the Pennsylvania to New York. Lee, though, will leave us at Harrisburg. It'll be hard to have to come down to a common Pullman after riding in the 'Princess.'"

"Too bad," laughed Miss Kate.

"Come on! The train is going to start," called

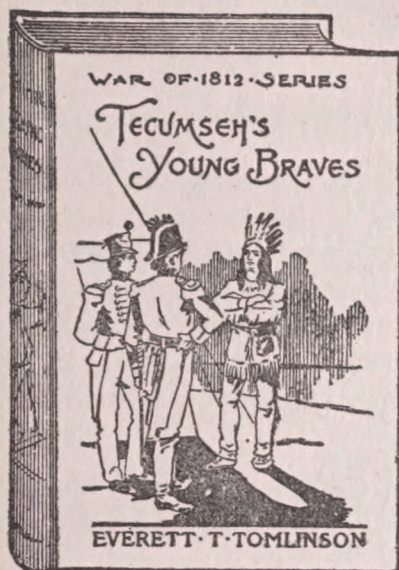
Larcum, quickly. And once more bidding their friends adieu, the boys ran to the end of the train, for their car was the last in the long line.

As the rumbling train began to move, the boys all stood in the rear of their car and, as long as their friends could be seen, called and waved to them. When the bend in the road hid them from sight, the young travellers entered the car, and the long homeward journey was begun.

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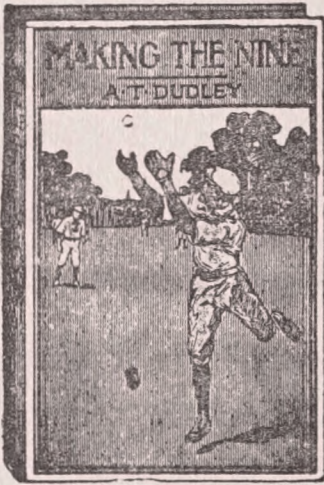
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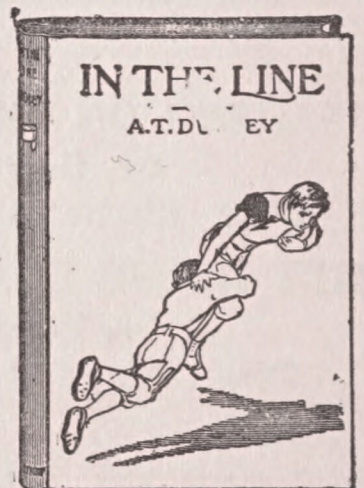
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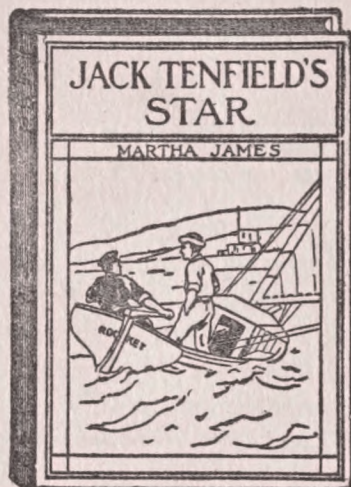
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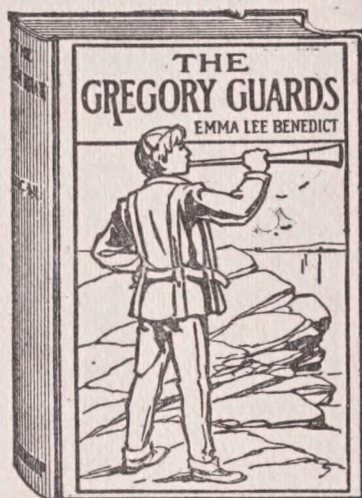
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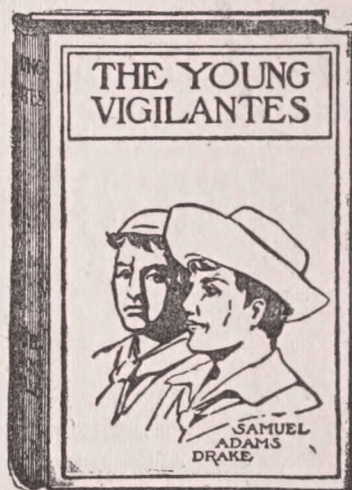
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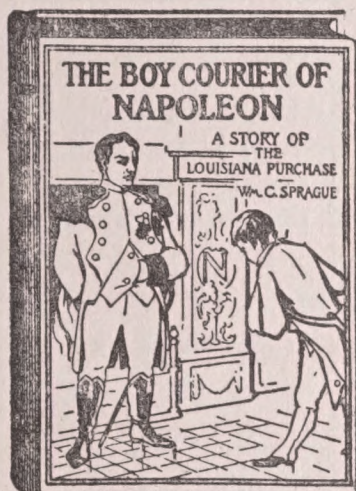
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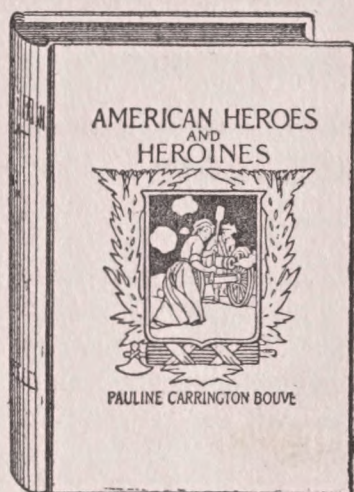
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